

The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy
thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

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WHAT SIN IS

There is a story about ex-President Coolidge, which states that one Sunday morning he attended church without Mrs. Coolidge. Upon his return to the White House, the first lady questioned him about the sermon he had heard. She asked about the subject of the sermon. Mr. Coolidge said the subject had been "Sin." "And what did the minister say about sin?" Replied Mr. Coolidge, "He was against it." Now I think Mr. Coolidge's laconic statement of his minister's attitude just about fully describes the attitude of most of us on the question of sin. We have very vague notions as to what sin is, but we do know that we are, or ought to be, against it.

We must first think a moment about the word "sin." How do we come to have such a word? We have this particular word because we live in an English-speaking, so-called Christian community, and because the word stands for a universal human trait. We must see clearly that the human trait was the cause for the origin of the word, and that the word was not the cause for the origin of the human trait. Man saw something in himself and others to which he wished to give a name. This name is different in different languages, of course. In our language the word happens to be "sin."

We can illustrate this further by taking some simple word we all know, and noting its origin. Once upon a time man saw growing out of the ground, into large trunks, branches and leaves, something of which he wished to speak to his neighbor. Between the two they finally settled on the sound, "tree," to designate what they had in mind. Now we still say "tree" when we mean that thing. So man saw in himself and in his

neighbor something of which he wished to speak, and finally out of his efforts at expression came what in various languages corresponds to the English word, "sin."

I am trying to impress the fact that the word "sin" is merely a tool of expression, by means of which we can talk and think about certain characteristics of human nature. Our interest is in human nature primarily, and not in words.

Still further, we must stress this difference, because the word "sin" has acquired a cluster of all sorts of fantastic and horrible meanings. There is a real meaning back of the word, which we must not lose, neither through befogging it with false meanings, nor through indifference.

The Bible, as we all know, was written principally in two languages, namely, Hebrew and Greek. The literal meaning of the Greek and Hebrew words which have been translated "sin" is to "miss the mark." Sin is that failure which is missing the mark. "The teachings of the Bible with regard to the doctrine of sin involve a desire on the part of the leaders of Jewish thought to give a rational account of the facts, the consciousness, and the results of human error." Man has at all times wrestled with consciousness of error and failure. It is a problem in our day, no less than in Bible times. The leaders of Jewish and early Christian thought were thus dealing with a modern as well as an ancient problem.

Let me say a few more words about this literal, original meaning of the word "sin," as used in our Bible. "To miss the mark" is to fail in something one has aimed at. One cannot fail in something he has not undertaken. One cannot aim at something without being conscious of it. If he fails in his conscious aim, he will also be conscious of

his failure. Do you see to what this brings us? It brings us to this—one does not sin without knowing it.

Now just one word more about the original, Biblical use of the word "sin." Sin is missing the mark. It is failure. Yes. But not merely failure in insignificant matters, such for example as failing to catch a train. Sin is failure in the things that pertain to God. But what, asks someone, are the things that pertain to God? This is a subtle and important question. Let us apply ourselves to its solution. God is working in all men, in a common urge to live as they ought. Man's attempt to interpret this urge, to conceive its objective, and to shape his conduct in such a way as to attain it, are his ideals. To make this point clear and practical let me say sharply that sin is man's failure, in the first place, to respond to the urge within him to live as he ought, and, in the second place, sin is his failure to be faithful to the ideals which result from his inner urge. The things of God are an inner urge to dutifulness, and ideals resulting from this urge. Sin is failure with respect to either one of these.

Perhaps we will be helped to understand what sin is by making a rapid survey of statements, made by men qualified to speak on the subject. It may be that one or the other of these statements will just strike our understanding in such a way as to seem almost like a revelation. "Sin is interruption of communion with God." "Sin is a severance between ideals and acts." "Sin is failure to identify oneself in active loyalty to his highest ideals." Kipling said sin is selfishness; it is having "too much ego in one's cosmos." "To him who knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin." "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin." "Sin is failure to do the good deed as well as to do the bad." "Sin is conscious non-conformity to ideals of right, and the tendency to such transgression." "Sin is disobedience to a voice behind us, saying, 'This is the way, walk ye in it.'" "Sin is what ought not to be."

Now let us again think our own thoughts on the subject. There are three aspects to sin. In the first place, sin is human error. In the second place, it is error in the things that pertain to God. In the third place, sin is conscious error.

I believe sin can be still further understood by comparing it with vice and crime. Sin, as we have said, is a violation of the

urge to duty, and the ideals resulting from that urge. Crime is the violation of civil laws. Vice is the violation of socially approved standards of behavior. Of these three kinds of offenses, sin is most to be avoided. Civil law and social standards are imperfect representations of ideals. If the time ever comes when civil law and social standards are perfect copies of ideals, we will truly have a Kingdom of God on earth.

Sometimes one must commit a crime in order to avoid sin. Practically all of the early Christians were criminals in this sense. The apostles were frequently imprisoned because they actually were, or were suspected of being guilty of crime. During the first centuries of the Christian era, the Christians almost unanimously refused to obey certain Roman laws, thereby becoming criminals, for which they were despised and persecuted. Moses, the leader of Israel, was a criminal. These men were criminals because they chose not to be sinners. On one occasion, when the Apostle Peter was accused of disobeying certain commands, he replied, "We ought to obey God, rather than man." Happy are we if we can obey both God and man. When the two conflict, we must place God above man.

Now I am going to make a classification of sins, which will bring us more directly to the practical aspects of our subject. There are three kinds of sins. There are, first, those sins which affect primarily oneself. There are, second, those sins which affect primarily one's fellowmen. I shall leave the discussion of those two for the moment. We will return to them later.

Let us turn our attention at this moment particularly to a third kind of sin. This is the sin which affects directly the relationship between ourselves and God. We may describe this kind by saying that it is the deliberate choice to be a sinner; the determination not to live as one ought, and to destroy all urge within one which would seem to point to better things. This kind of sin is active opposition, or wilful indifference to what one knows to be the best. This is the kind of sin which the New Testament calls the sin against the Holy Ghost; the sin which can never be forgiven because it can dwell only in an impenitent mind. This kind of sin is a sin against God, because it is the determinate refusal to give Him a chance in one's life. This kind of sin is a denial, either through active opposition or through indifference, of the reality of God

and the things which come from God. This is the most grievous of all sins. Only a genuine conversion to a new attitude can redeem one from it.

Now let us turn back to the first two kinds of sins, which were mentioned a few moments ago—those which affect primarily oneself, and those which affect primarily one's fellowmen. Precisely what deeds may be classified as sins? This is a question each one must answer for himself. What is sin to one person may not be sin to another. This is true, because while two persons may be equally honest they may not be equally intelligent, or they may not have had equal opportunities. What may be sin under some circumstances may not be sin under other circumstances. A deed must be judged in its context, so to speak.

While we cannot select a specific list of deeds, and say this is a complete catalog of sins, we can lay down a general principle to guide us. Let me see if I can state this guiding principle clearly and effectively. Anything that is not done in perfect honesty, perfect sincerity, and perfect devotion to the will of God, as concretely represented to us in what we know to be best, is sin. Whenever one fails to act on the basis of honesty, sincerity, and devotion to the best he knows, he is missing the mark, idealized in his best self in response to the urge of God.

Let us go a step further in our attempt to determine what particular acts are sinful. We can now proceed best by asking ourselves a question. What aim or purpose, for ourselves and others, will grow out of our submission to the will of God? I believe an abundant life for all will be one's chief aim as a result of perfect response to the urge of God within. Now upon what things does abundant living depend? It depends upon a variety of wholesome influences from without, and efficient functioning of body and mind within. From this suggestion we can derive some fairly concrete notions about sin. Acts which I know mar the present or future efficient functioning of my body and mind, are sins, affecting myself directly and others indirectly. Acts which I know mar the efficient functioning of the bodies and minds of others are sins, affecting them directly and me indirectly. Furthermore, failure to do those things which I know I should do, to enhance growth in mind and body for myself and others, is sin.

I think it best for me to stop with these general principles. From them each one must deduce what specific things he ought or ought not to do. The great sin is not to heed the urge of God within us. It is also sinful to fail in particular ideals growing out of our response to this urge.

I have tried to show you what sin is, by showing how the idea and the word originated. We saw that the origin of the concept of sin lay in a problem which is in our day also a problem, namely, what shall we think or do about the fact of human failure. We saw that sin is failure in the realm of ideals, and that ideals are our attempts to interpret the urge of God within us. Sin, therefore, is failure in the things that pertain to God. May we from now on not only be against sin, but seek more and more to know what sin is.—*Rev. Payson Miller.*

MAKING THE SUN SHINE

On the steps of a public building in Florence, Italy, an old disabled soldier sat playing a violin. By his side stood a faithful dog, holding in his mouth the veteran's hat into which, now and then, a passerby would drop a coin.

Presently a well-dressed man came along, observed the object of charity, and asked for his violin. Without hesitating the soldier passed it over to the newcomer, who quickly tuned it more perfectly and began to play.

The sight of the distinguished-looking man and his charming music immediately attracted a large gathering. One by one they began to contribute coins for the benefit of the soldier. The hat in the dog's mouth soon became so heavy with coins that the dog began to growl. It was emptied and filled the second time. Then the performer played one of the national airs, returned the violin to the owner, and disappeared quickly.

One of the company present said: "That was the great Amard Bucher, the world-renowned violinist. He did this for the poor soldier."

Before the gathering dispersed a comfortable sum of money was presented to the soldier. The great violinist, with a little kindly effort, had flooded the soldier's day with sunshine.

—*Sunshine Magazine.*

Above all things, let us have faith.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield St., Roslindale, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. McCaddin, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When writing to the Exchange for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

APPEALS

1. Mrs. Roy Hester, 213 N. Church St., Palestine, Texas, would be pleased to receive some reading.

2. Mrs. Lillie Morgan, 312 W. 42d St., Alton Park, Tenn., would enjoy some popular magazines and a book entitled "The Voice in the Wilderness."

3. Mrs. Maggie Foley, Buffalo Ridge, Va., hopes to be remembered with some reading and sewing materials.

4. One of my friends sends me her CHEERFUL LETTER Magazine and I enjoy it very much. My family enjoys reading and I am hopeful that the good friends will send us some. My husband likes the "Popular Mechanics" magazines, my little girl and boy, ages 5 and 7, find short stories very interesting and for myself, women's magazines and novels by Gene S. Porter are enjoyable. Perhaps someone would include a few quilt scraps. Mrs. S. R. Stroud, Route 3, Box 70, Shamrock, Tex.

5. Will you please publish a few lines in the CHEERFUL LETTER paper for me? I am

just a poor farmer's wife and have one little girl, aged 7. I would enjoy some reading, quilt scraps and bits of thread. I get very lonesome sometimes as we live off the road. I want to thank the one who sends me the little paper every month. Mrs. Austin Cogburn, Leo, Texas.

6. Thought I would write you a line in regards to the CHEERFUL LETTER Exchange, as I would appreciate very much some magazines and books to pass the time off. My mother and father, ages 76 and 78, live with me, neither are able to do anything and I haven't been away from home for three years. We live ten miles from town, in the mountains like. Hope to hear from some of the members with any kind of cheer. Mrs. Texie Hamby, R. F. D. 1, Box 44, Tellico Plains, Tenn.

7. Almond Finch, Route 4, Winder, Ga., is anxious for some reading; books, magazines, etc.

8. S. S. Graybeal, Creston, N. C., wishes some good reading.

9. Milton Duggan, Ironsburg, Tenn., wants any kind of reading matter.

10. It has been a year since I have heard from the Exchange and I am writing to ask for some National Geographics for my sons, Victor, 21, and Glyn, 18. I would be glad of some cretonne pieces for a comforter I have started. We live forty-five miles from the railroad in the mountains and it gets pretty lonesome. If anyone has some used Sunday School papers, I could use them with my grandchildren. Maude Emerson, Rupert, Ark.

11. My husband is dead and I have two children at home, a girl, 13 years old, with lung trouble, and a boy, 18 years old, with T. B. Times are hard with us and please won't someone send us something to read, or some little bit of cheer? Mrs. Ada Wilson, Route 3, Bassetts, Va.

12. Being lonely and sad, I am writing to the CHEERFUL LETTER friends and hope to receive some cheer. I have a little girl 3 years old and we live on a farm in a lonely country. I am hooking a rug, but need more material, and my little girl would like some picture books. I like to read, too. Mrs. Chester Couch, Archey, Ark.

13. I haven't heard from the CHEERFUL LETTER friends for a long, long time. My daughter has been in the hospital for an operation and I am sick most of the time myself. I could use some quilt scraps as I have five children at home and it takes several quilts for them. It has taken all we could work out to pay doctor bills and feed the family so I hope we will be remembered again with a little cheer. If someone has some discarded embroidery material it would be appreciated. Mrs. Maudie Sizemore, Sturgills, N. C.

14. Mrs. Lorena Davis, Route 1, Peachland, N. C., wants to become a CHEERFUL LETTER member. She has been married two years and has one little boy about a year old. The baby would be overjoyed if some toys could be sent and the mother wants some light reading. It is a very lonely place where they live and a bit of sunshine would be gratefully received.

15. Thanks for reading matter received. I am secretary of a club that discusses the questions of the day and would like to have some literature. Especially would like to have a book on parliamentary rules of order. Also, I do a great deal of writing and am out of ribbons. Would like to have some ribbons such as stenographers throw away before they are used up. Can use any width. J. M. Maddox, P. O. Box 473, Clovis, New Mexico.

16. It has been a long time since I have had a letter printed so I am taking this means to thank all who have sent me cheer in the past and also to thank the one who has been sending me the CHEERFUL LETTER Magazine. We certainly enjoy it. I am a widow with two daughters, ages 17 and 18. We get very lonely and would appreciate any kind of cheer anyone would send us, such as reading, quilt pieces and bits of embroidery. Mrs. Rosa Sharpe, Warrensville, N. C.

17. Will you please print a short letter for me in the CHEERFUL LETTER Magazine? I have been sick most all winter and not able to work and I have seven little orphaned boys that I am trying my best to care for. I wonder if it would be too much for me to ask for some story books, cards, or anything to help amuse them. Their ages range from 22 months to 7 years. Would enjoy a good book or two for myself. Believe me, I would have spent lots of lonely hours if the CHEERFUL LETTER friends had not been so kind to me in the past. Mrs. Maggie Wallis, Boyd, Texas.

18. Mrs. Babe Hale, Copeland, Ark., would appreciate some embroidery thread and quilt pieces. She is a young married woman and enjoys sewing.

19. We are in very poor circumstances. My husband has not been able to do much work for the past year. We are just renters and have to depend on what work we can get and that is very little here in these hard times. I have six children, four girls and two boys. My two oldest girls would love to embroider but we cannot afford the material or thread. I could use some quilt scraps and we all enjoy reading and pictures. Many times I come to the place where I can hardly see my way through but I always look to our dear father in heaven and pray that he will guide me. Mrs. W. W. Badger, Sturgills, N. C.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Mrs. H. B. Parkhill from Wilson, Okla., to Mannsville, Okla.

Mrs. Dovie E. Hall from Elamsville, Va., to Endicott, Va., Box 15.

Mrs. M. L. Rakes from Spencer, Va., to Dodson, Va.

Mrs. N. A. Clark from Gordon, Ala., to Headland, Ala., Route 5.

Never forget that once and for a whole year you were a ten-year-old kid yourself.

WHERE MAYA ART STILL LINGERS

Once upon a time the Maya Indians were great potters, the greatest, perhaps, that the American continent ever produced; and, as though to encourage their potters, they made a practice of smashing their old pots at the end of the year and replacing them with new ones. In the Maya settlements of the great river valleys of Honduras, every village site may be determined by the stratum of pots-herds which surrounds the village mounds. This pottery is of many types, from the common red water jar to fine glazed pottery with conventional designs in yellow, red and black; but the only ones which I have seen entire, or nearly so, were animal-shaped jars for cooling water and simple bowls with realistic pictorial designs. What the shapes of the older water jars were, one can only infer. The Greek amphora, which is still used in parts of the Mediterranean as a water jar, probably owed its pointed shape to the original drinking horn. The Indians had no animal which could provide them with such horns, so their primitive utensils were gourds and round-bottomed calabashes. To this day, the Indian pottery is made mostly with round bases.

One day in Santa Barbara, in Honduras, I hired a room in which was a water jug, fashioned in the old Maya style, in the form of a duck, the aperture through the beak being contracted cleverly so that the water jetted out in a thin stream. I had seen fragments of these jars from the ancient villages, some made in the shape of dogs or raccoons, conventionalized but quite recognizable.

These pots, I learned, were quite usual, as the Indians brought them down from Gracias, some fifty or sixty miles distant, and retailed them for a peso or less. With the advance of civilization into the country, however, they were gradually being replaced by kerosene tins. Later, as I approached Gracias, I encountered the pot carriers, sturdy, coppery Maya men and their little, yellow, waddling wives, carrying their immense nets of pots, a hundredweight at a time over the hill trails. They came, I was told, from Lacampa, so there I went.

My first sight of Lacampa was of its church, an immense white building, large enough to contain all the twenty mud huts of the village. It stood at the foot of a steep valley, where a tumbling stream turned abruptly from what seemed its nat-

ural course, and flowed through a fissure in a great gray cliff of rock. No doubt this valley had been a lake before that cliff had been split by some earthquake, and the clay sediment of ages had accumulated at the bottom. Now the church stood there, a typical Spanish-American church with an imposing façade in bad baroque. One thing only was original about it. High up on its pinnacles, where usually Greek urns in plaster add incongruity to bad taste, were two red water jars, symbolic of the livelihood of the community.

While I was looking at the church, I was arrested, a proceeding to which one becomes quite accustomed in Honduras. I was brought before the *alcaldia*. Five minutes later the *alcalde* turned out his staff to be photographed by me and lent me the messenger to show me around the village, where otherwise, for the Indians are very mistrustful, I might not have been welcomed.

I was taken to the house of a young Indian woman who lived by pot-making, and she showed me her methods. The clay was dug in the bottom by the river and was tempered with sandy loam from the hillside, then kneaded and pounded. The method of making the pot was by pinching small pieces of clay onto the sides already built, as thus the walls could be made thinnest; and, as fast as her hands could work, she built up a jar of perfect symmetry and in the old Maya shape, like a globe with a small neck at the top. The potter's wheel is, of course, unknown to these Indians, yet an artist could not have improved a line in her work. She was pleased and rather amused at my admiration. She had always made them of that shape, and it took her no more thought than one gives to putting on one's shoes in the morning.

The finished pots were stored in the shade to dry, their mouths covered with leaves so that they should dry from the outside in and not crack. Some dry gray pots she had decorated with designs in red ochre, and these would go into her cooking fire on the morrow. The ochre, she told me, was brought to Lacampa by the Indians of Santa Cruz, an immemorial trade. I asked her about the designs, which were obviously pictures conventionalized out of all knowledge, what they represented and what they were called. She was puzzled. They were designs, nothing more. So they had always been. In digging for clay by the river, they found pieces of the pots of the *antiguos*, always like this and with the same designs.

Why did they not put a rim of clay on the bottom, so that the jars could sit erect on a hard floor or on a table? I asked. She wrinkled her broad, low forehead doubtfully with the effort of thinking about unfamiliar things. "Perhaps it would not be comfortable when you carry it on your head," she suggested. It was a good reason, but not, I think, the true one, which is that they have always been made without a rim.

It is six hundred years since the Aztecs swept through this country and seized the overlordship of the Maya tribes; and now the Aztecs, too, have gone, and the Indians have forgotten the last legend of their greatness. But in this one corner, cut off from the excitements of life and the migrations of peoples, the Maya art still lingers. The women of Lacampa still make their pots beautifully, not for love of beauty, but blindly, because so they have always been made.

—*Selected.*

WASHINGTON'S FAITH IN GOD

Delving into various source-volumes, one is impressed by Washington's avowal of a protecting, interposing, and guiding Providence.

Of this great and good man, Chief Justice Marshall, his friend and fellow great servant of our country, records in the biography written at the behest of the family, "Without making ostentatious professions of religion, he was a sincere believer in the Christian faith, and a truly devout man." Henry Cabot Lodge's later study of the facts led to this statement, "He made no parade of his religion; for in this, as in other things, he was perfectly simple and sincere. He . . . believed always in an overruling Providence and in a merciful God, to whom he knelt and prayed in the day of darkness or in the hour of triumph with a supreme and child-like confidence." In the latest study on "Washington as a Religious Man," issued under authorization of Congress by the George Washington Bicentennial Commission, it is recorded, "At the age of twenty-three, he counted the bullet holes in his coat after Braddock's defeat and acknowledged with common sense practicality that a power higher than man had saved him; the Revolutionary War taught him lessons he was too honest to deny, and, as a result, Washington's belief in God became the simple faith of a child confirmed and strengthened by the actual, living experience of a man."

—*Bible Society Record.*

FOUR THINGS

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true;
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellowman sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely
To trust in God and heaven securely.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

MEXICAN KITCHENS

I wish I could show you a Mexican kitchen. We have nothing like it at home. It is a little room with a floor of red bricks. The range is a number of oven-like holes in a ledge of brick and clay, extending two or three feet from the wall with its top about four feet from the floor. Each of the holes is one cooking place. It is filled with charcoal and the draft comes in from an opening underneath. The Mexican cook wants no other stove.

One American here recently sent for a cooking range from the States. He had to tear a hole through the rear wall to make room for the chimney. After setting it up in his daughter's house, he gave instructions that it be used. Later his daughter reported that although the servants had struggled for hours, they could not make the new stove burn. When he went to investigate he found they had built the fire in the oven.

Home baking is almost unknown in Mexico, but many of the Indian villages have great ovens which are used in common. The family desiring to bake brings its own fuel, or sometimes several join together in a baking day.

The cooking pots, which are sometimes copper, but more often red clay, are set on the live coals, and water is boiled, soups are made, meats are fried, and, in short, first-class meals are prepared in this way. The fuel is comparatively cheap so that a workman's family can do its cooking on about two cents' worth a day.

—*Frank G. Carpenter, in "Mexico."*

June, with its roses—June!

The gladdest month of our capricious year,
With its thick foliage, and its sunlight clear;

And with the drowsy tune

Of the bright leaping waters, as they pass
Laughingly on amid the springing grass.

—*William Henry Burleigh.*

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

HALFWAY TO UTOPIA: IN NORWAY

Norway resembles a cross section of frosting, spread over the upper left-hand corner of Europe. And a very fancy frosting it is, too, broken into a thousand fantastic frills and lacelike ruffles, formed by jumbled islands, sinuous fiords, jagged lakes and bristling promontories.

For the most part, the frosting is very thin. But, gradually oozing down toward the bottom of the cake, it has thickened and there looks like a bulb on the end of a stiff, crinkly ribbon. At that place the country is 270 miles across, while farther north, at the narrowest point, where it stretches up over the corner of the continent, it is only five miles wide. It curves about the north end of its neighbor, Sweden, and used to go on past another neighbor, Finland, clear to Russia.

At that time it monopolized the coast line of the Atlantic and Arctic Oceans, shutting Sweden and Finland away from those waterways. But Finland wanted a little water front on the north, bleak and forbidding though it is, so Norway kindly receded a little, letting Finland push a corridor up to the outside world, between it and Russia.

Consequently Norway isn't quite so long as it used to be, but it's long enough—the longest country in Europe west of Russia.

The Norwegian coast line, with all its zigzags, is 12,000 miles in length and the country itself over 1200 miles.

It has not been easy to make lines of communication in this long narrow land, which consists largely of mountain crests and slopes, of bold, bare rocks, steep valleys, massive glaciers, numerous lakes, vast snow-covered wastes and deep, winding fiords thrusting their gnarled, sharp-pointed fingers in among giant precipices. Roads and railroads have to blast their way wherever they go and when they have once worked through to their destinations they have to carry on a vigilant struggle during a large part of the year to keep free from drifting snow. Because of this implacable hostility of the land to roads and railroads, the people do much of their traveling by water, using sail, motor, steam and row boats, piercing up fiords, dodging among islands, skirting promontories, hurtling through rapids.

But, whether on land or water, the Norwegians are constantly in the midst of stark, grand, gripping nature. They daily see glaciers without rivals in Europe; water-

falls which, mingling with the light of the northern sun, weave rainbows from tints found nowhere else; limpid, blue waters winding through mountain crevices that surpass the grandest canyons; bleak crags, stormy seas, furious tempests, and indomitable trees, which cling to bare boulders with a grip that defies hurricanes.

And these conditions, working on a little group of people through centuries, have turned it into one of Europe's hardest, most forceful, races. The Norwegians constitute one of the very smallest nations in Europe. They are a handful of folk, as a single big family. And the intimacy of their relationships have generated excellent qualities.

They are in a way the least pretentious of the Scandinavians, the most outright and the most earnest. They seem to be hampered but little by formalism, to have an especially keen sense of actuality, to have raised very few artificial barriers among themselves and between themselves and others.

And this is due not only to the starkness of life in their land, but also to their long struggle for complete independence. They have developed a temperament of opposition, of change. Norway's period of ancient glory, when its vikings ruled the seas, was in the very distant past. Since then it has undergone centuries of partial or complete subjugation. For decades it was small money, used by big states to complete bargains at diplomatic conferences, first being given to Denmark and then to Sweden. Generally speaking, its yoke was not very heavy, but any foreign yoke is unpleasant, so during the whole of the nineteenth century Norway strove for liberation.

It prepared itself for liberty; made that its great mission. It opposed established forms. Its history was in the future. Each day it was writing it; so the nation put forth all its energy to write it well. Thus history and nature combined to form a serious, dynamic people. Tall of stature, hardy, capable of unusual endurance, ardently devoted to ideals, they have won a place in the world of culture and well-being which many larger nations, living on richer soil, might envy.

Though winning their freedom only as late as 1905, they govern themselves in a very democratic manner, which assures women, peasants, workers and every group of people of a full share of authority.

Though the inhabitants are scattered over a large territory and many of them live in

sparse settlements, practically none of them are illiterate. Their state theater is one of the distinguished ones of Europe, and the plays of their greatest dramatists have appeared on the leading stages of the western world. The works of a number of their authors are read in almost every language from Sofia to New York. The Norwegian people have built a studio for their most gifted sculptor and provide him with a regular income, leaving him free to devote all his energies to his work.

Norwegian art, like its drama, has a robust, reforming aspect. It tends to lack some of the tranquillity of that of Denmark and the classic ease of that of Sweden, being more dynamic and provocative. It often preaches and exhorts. It is bold and "modern," but its modernism is not merely a mad revolt; it is rather a vehement sermon, a stern message.

The Norwegians have one of the largest mercantile fleets in the world; they possess far more ships per capita than any other nation. In the field of exploration they are among the first nations.

Less than a third of their 2,850,000 inhabitants live in the cities, of which the largest is Oslo, the capital. It is an attractive, genial, intimate city with 250,000 inhabitants, scattered over the sides of wooded hills, surrounding the end of a narrow, picturesque bay. Its broad main street terminates in a park at the portals of the royal castle, and only a low, wicker fence separates the sovereign from his people.

One of their choicest treasures is a viking ship nearly a millennium old. They still face unexplored seas, eager to search out new paths for humanity.

—R. H. Markham, in
Christian Science Monitor.

THE CALENDAR

JANUARY chills our noses,
FEBRUARY days are drear,
MARCH winds whisper springtime secrets,
APRIL smiles through rainbow tears;
MAY comes, offering buds and blossoms,
JUNE smells roses everywhere,
JULY sees our good flag flying,
AUGUST ripens corn and pear;
SEPTEMBER finds us schoolward skipping,
OCTOBER'S skies are blue and fair,
NOVEMBER moves us to thanksgiving,
DECEMBER'S best of all the year.

—By courtesy of *The Beacon.*

SCIATICA AND ITS SYMPTOMS

In the first place if you have pain down the outside of one or the other leg be sure to consult a good physician and arrive scientifically at the diagnosis of sciatica; do not jump at the conclusion that you have sciatica.

Sciatica is an inflammation of the largest nerve in the human body and the pain runs through the sciatic notch, deeply seated in the lower part of the buttocks, down the outer side of the leg to the outside of the ankle and under the foot to the base of the great toe. Pressure along the course of this nerve causes excruciating pain and other pains around the pelvis, hips or in the legs should not be confused with it. Bilateral sciatica, which is sciatica of both sides, is extremely rare and when pain is on both sides it is usually due not to sciatica, but to a tumor in the lower part of the spinal canal.

Sciatica occurs from some local or general infection; in consequence one should undergo a most thorough medical examination and have corrected any form of infection that may exist. As soon as sciatica is absolutely diagnosed the patient should immediately go to bed. It is unwise to treat sciatica while the patient is up. The extremity should be wrapped in woolen blankets or cotton wool; massage and electricity should never be given during the acute stage. Absolute physiological rest is essential. The patient should not take morphine, cocaine or any form of opiates and should take as few coal tar preparations for the relief of pain as possible. Absolute rest makes the inflamed nerve subside and the pain gradually disappears.

After the pain has practically subsided gentle massage may be given. During the course of the condition, if the pain is very excruciating the proper application of heat is of value. Liniments containing salicylates may be applied but not rubbed in. When the pain has subsided the patient may start getting up for a few minutes, and gradually increase the time until he is walking about. The treatment of a severe case of sciatica takes from four to eight weeks.—By *Beverly R. Tucker, M. D. (Gorgas Memorial Institute).*

You don't have to know how to sing. It's the feeling as though you want to that makes the day a successful one.

When we expect the best from anyone, we usually get it.

SEWING BREVITIES

A very efficient method of basting seams is done with the aid of pins by placing them in a row closely together and having the heads of the pins toward oneself. When stitching, remove the pins as you come to them, which is very easily accomplished when the heads can easily be reached. The writer keeps in the front drawer of the sewing machine a supply of pins for basting and drops them in as they are taken from the sewing.

A quick and safe method of ripping stitching is that of using a sharp-pointed pair of scissors instead of a razor blade or knife. Using the points of the scissors, lift and clip a stitch at a time about a half inch apart, continuing along the seam to be ripped. Then a firm steady pull will separate the stitching, leaving a number of short threads on one side of the material, while only one long thread is left on the other side to be removed.

When sewing buttons in a row, as for trimming purposes, place several lengths of thread together in the needle and take just a couple of stitches through each button carrying the thread along on the wrong side from one button to the next one until the last one is sewn, when the thread can be fastened securely, before cutting. This saves time, and the buttons are more secure, being all on one thread.

An easy and exact method of sewing buttons for trimming is to make a mark with a pencil on the upper side of the cloth and to sew from above instead of beneath.

Runs in hose are quite successfully mended by being stitched in a seam on the wrong side with a thread that matches perfectly. Just lay the edges of the run together in a seam and stitch.—*Clipped.*

UNDER THE SHADOW OF MOUNT RAINIER

I remember standing one morning with a party of Mountaineers upon a ridge of the Cascades. The earth was so drowned in cloud that only the greater peaks survived. To the west and south we looked down upon what appeared to be a frozen sea, broken in the far distance by an open water which we knew to be the Sound and beyond which on the very rim of space showed the Olympics like the half-guessed shores of some Antarctic continent. In nearer view foundered the hulks of Monte Cristo and Sloan and Whitehorse. To the north, we saw mighty

Baker dashed with cloud-spray and its weird brother, Shuksan. But again and again our eyes turned to the southwest where Rainier rose, a stupendous iceberg, with the waters still streaming down its flanks. In its presence, all other mountains in that solitude of sky were as snowy foot-hills. . . .

Compelling as this mountain always is by reason of its overwhelming mass, it is scarcely for a single hour the same. Before sunrise, often on mornings which afterwards turn to cloud, one may see it in grand relief. Only its larger features are discernible. At no other time is one so conscious of the mighty sculpture of its lines. Its dark buttresses reach far along the horizon, and sink deeply into the blue hills and forest. When morning is come above the Cascades, the air of the valley rises before it in a faint, silver mist like some exhalation of the dawn. It becomes invisible sometimes for hours, and, when slowly it reappears, it seems to have been transformed into another mountain. Its foreground of forest is turned to greener blue. Its lines are etched rather than chiselled. One sees the blue of its crags and rock-falls, its mottlings of shadowed snow, and the glisten of its upper icefields. As the sun westerns, it grows even more aloof from the world of men.

Some days it looks like a vast, dim snow-drift swept up out of the hinterland; on other days it is all a wild gleam and indistinguishable surge of mountain and cloud; again it seems departed from the earth altogether and soars to an incredible height, a very phantom of the air, shadowless, colorless, almost formless. And then comes sunset, which is the hour of transfiguration. A faint purple steals over the water, and the forest darkens into velvet. Above the horizon, a color of orange suspires upward into tender rose. Over all is the blue dome of the sky. Against this screen of evening, the lantern of the sun throws the tremendous image of the Mountain and plays over it an amethystine light.

—Robert Walkinshaw, in "On Puget Sound."

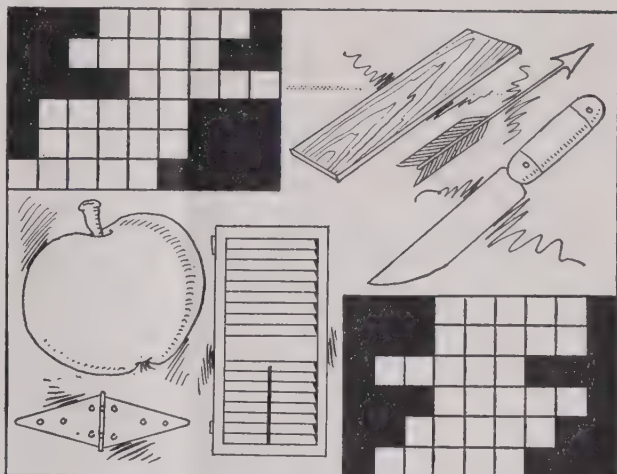
Father criticized the sermon, mother disliked the blunders of the organist, and the eldest daughter thought the choir singing atrocious.

The subject had to be dropped when the small boy of the family, with the school-boy's love of fair play, chipped in with the remark:

"Dad, I think it was a jolly good show for a penny." —*Cumberland Herald.*

FRUIT PUZZLE

If you will print the names of the six objects in a certain order in the horizontal spaces of the upper form, you will have, reading downward in one of the upright columns, the name of a certain kind of fruit. If you will then print the same words in another order in the horizontal spaces of the lower form, you will have the name of another kind of fruit reading downward in one of its upright columns. What are the two kinds of fruit?



(By courtesy of *The Beacon*)

WHEN INDIAN WARRIORS WENT TO
QUAKER MEETING

In the long ago days of the Indian Wars, there was a small Quaker settlement in Western Pennsylvania, where the Friends went to meeting every First Day as in days of peace. Sometimes they heard war whoops in the forest, and every day they heard of settlers who had been killed by Indians and whose cabins were burned.

One First Day, when all were sitting silently in the meeting, little Quaker boys and girls who were looking out the window, saw a fearsome sight. At least a dozen tall, naked, painted Indians, with feathers on their heads, and with scalps dangling from their belts, came to the meeting house door. In their hands were dripping tomahawks and scalping knives.

Imagine how terrified the children must have been when the Indians walked in one behind another in a frightful line. The poor little children expected to be killed right there in meeting. The Indians would have killed every one there, too, if they had not been Quakers.

But the minute those Indians looked in the meeting house, they saw only men of peace, with their helpless families, with not a gun, nor a sword in sight. All those at the meeting were sitting quietly in the presence of God, waiting for Him to speak to their souls.

The Indians laid down their weapons. Instead of killing anybody, they seated themselves, to join in the silent worship of

the Great Spirit. They could sit as still as any Quaker.

When the meeting was over the Indians went away. Before they left they stuck some feathers over the door of the meeting house in a way that would say to all other Indians,

"Pass by these friends. They worship the Great Spirit and will harm no one!"

As we all know, not one Quaker was ever killed by the Indians in the long ago!

—*Frances Margaret Fox,*
in *The Beacon*.

MY GARDEN

My garden is a pleasant place
Of sun glory and leaf grace.
Here are humming birds that come
To fill the tall delphinium,
Songless bird and scentless flower
Communing in a golden hour.
I wish some power would touch my ear
So I might know what the winged things
know.

My garden is a pleasant place
Of moon glory and wind grace.
O friend, wherever you may be
Will you not come to visit me?
A heart may travel very far
To come where its desires are,
Oh may some power touch my ear,
Be kind to me, and make you hear.

—*Louise Driscoll.*

Love is the fulfilling of the law.

SILKS AND SATINS OF THE MIDDLE AGES

The materials used as groundwork for mediæval embroideries were rich in themselves. Samit was the favorite—shimmering, and woven originally of solid flat gold wire. Ciclatoun was also a brilliant textile, as also was Cendal. Cendal silk is spoken of by early writers.

The first use of silk is interesting to trace. A monopoly, a veritable silk trust, was established in 533, in the Roman Empire. Women were employed at the Court of Justinian to preside over the looms, and the manufacture of silk was not allowed elsewhere. . . .

Silk garments were very costly, however, and it was not every lady in early times who could have such luxuries. It is said that even Emperor Aurelian refused his wife her request for just one single cloak of silk, saying: "No, I could never think of buying such a thing, for it sells for its weight in gold!"

Fustian and taffeta were less costly, but frequently used in important work, as also were sarcenet and camora. Velvet and satin were of later date, not occurring until the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Bauderkin, a good silk and golden weave, was very popular.

Cut velvets with elaborate patterns were made in Genoa. The process consisted in leaving the main ground in the original fine rib which resulted from weaving, while in the pattern these little ribs were split open, making that part of a different ply from the rest of the material, in fact, being the finished velvet as we now know it, while the ground remained uncut, and had more the appearance of silk reps. Velvet is first mentioned in England in 1295, but probably existed earlier on the Continent.

Both Roger de Wendover and Matthew Paris mention a stuff called "imperial"; it was partly gold in weave, but there is some doubt as to its actual texture.—From "Arts and Crafts in the Middle Ages," by *Julia deWolf Addison*.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

Mrs. H. A. Stevens, Chairman, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Secretary, Hingham, Mass.

Miss Edith L. Jones, Treasurer, 65 Langdon Street, Cambridge, Mass.

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters containing subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange. Money from the Sunshine Bags is payable to the Treasurer.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents* should be sent to the Chairman, Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. Rachel J. Sands, Brimble Avenue, North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, 20 Clark Road, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Circulating Libraries have been established in isolated communities of twenty-seven States, where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available; also in many schools and colleges in rural and mountain districts. A Circulating Library will be started in any small community that is in need of one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references given.

The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy
thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

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October 3, 1917, authorized July 17, 1922."

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE CHEERFUL LETTER FOR 1931-1932

It is the privilege of the secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to present her annual report for 1931-1932, during which time she has attended to the duties incident to her office.

The chairman of the Exchange, Mrs. Harry A. Stevens, has presided in her pleasing way at all regular meetings, which have been held on the first Friday morning of each month from October to May inclusive. She has faithfully striven to make these meetings real conferences with opportunity for questions and exchange of ideas. The Exchange has been honored by the presence of several officers of the General Alliance, the president of which, Mrs. Thomas G. Rees, has expressed her hearty approbation of its work.

That chairmen appreciate the help and inspiration to be obtained from these monthly meetings is evidenced by an average attendance of fifty with an average of thirty-four Branches represented. Fifty-nine Branches have been represented at least once.

It is to be hoped that more Unitarians, living at a distance, will acquire the habit of coming to Boston at least once during a year on the day, when the Exchange holds a meeting, and spending an hour and a half with enthusiastic fellow workers. A cordial invitation is extended to Alliance presidents to meet with the group.

The names of the following Branch chairmen, who have been called home during the year, are held in grateful memory: Mrs. Susan Weston of Bridgewater, Miss Caroline Perkins of Castine, Maine.

During the year five members of the Central Committee have spoken before seventeen Branches. There is no surer way to stimulate interest in the work. The officers of the Exchange are always ready to give their time for this purpose.

It is a matter of real regret to your secretary that space does not suffice to give full annual reports of the chairmen of standing committees. However, she trusts that the excerpts selected may serve to give an idea of their unselfish service.

Mrs. Stevens, chairman of the Exchange, in her annual report emphasized the fact that in this period of hard times, when of necessity workers' sympathies were wrung by appeals from their far away friends for material aid, the co-operation of Dr. Robert C. Dexter of the American Unitarian Association had made possible the investigation of 56 cases, where dire distress apparently existed. Through his office the local Family Welfare Society or the Red Cross were informed of the exigencies of each case. Usually he received a report of their findings and, where it was necessary, the local agencies gave help. This

is the ideal way of handling the situation. If every worker will send only such articles as the rules of the Exchange allow and will report to Headquarters the names of people in apparently desperate straits, she may be sure that every attempt will be made to alleviate their condition.

The beloved past chairman of the Exchange, Mrs. William B. Nichols, still shows her interest in its work by taking charge of the distribution of Bibles. This year she has sent 56 new Bibles and 22 Testaments.

Mrs. John A. McCaddin, chairman of the Book and Magazine Club, performs a valuable service by taking charge of the card catalogue of names and addresses of members. She assigns correspondents to workers and prepares the list of appeals in the magazine. She gives advice to old and new chairmen. It is possible for Branch chairmen to help her by promptly reporting changes of address, deaths of correspondents and names of dropped correspondents. If a writer has proved unworthy, state the reason, for Mrs. McCaddin does not wish to reassign her to some other Branch.

The following, taken from her annual report, will give a hint of the sort of thing, which keeps her at her desk many hours a day. "Some time back, I sent 100 return postals to members, listed in our files, from whom we had not heard for some time. Of those from whom we had not heard since 1925 all but twenty responded, expressing their desire to be continued on our rolls. Some of these names are still waiting to be assigned. From the writing of those remaining, it may be assumed that these people would appreciate magazines, comic pictures and quilt scraps but could not undertake a real correspondence. On the other hand, from a later check up, I have received answers from twenty, who probably would make satisfactory correspondents. They appear grateful to be remembered."

She recommended a policy thus: "I should like to suggest that for a while I be allowed to refuse all new members

for the Exchange. Many old correspondents, not recently reported by Branches, still have to be written to. There are many names of new people, awaiting references. I feel that there will thus be enough new names on the list next year. I should like to concentrate on old friends, who should have first consideration in this time of depression. If the cost of mailing is to increase, now is the time to trim our sails and do for those who we know appreciate our efforts in their behalf.

"Once again I thank chairmen for their co-operation. They have graciously taken my suggestions, have revised their lists so that one family shall not receive more than its share. It is through their efforts that the 2,500 families, whose names I have catalogued, have received the letters, books, magazines, seeds, quilt pieces and sewing material they have desired. My goal for 1933 is to have every name taken care of in the right way."

May your secretary endorse Mrs. McCaddin's desire to limit the correspondents to such a number as can well be served. There is no educational institution under private control in the country, whose membership is not limited. We may well take pattern from their example.

A distressing result of the present economic depression is the closing or curtailing of the school year in localities where educational advantages have always been meagre. How your Home Study Department is meeting this challenge shall be told you in the words of its ingenious chairman, Mrs. Rachel J. Sands. "1,745 books have been given this year. No figures have been kept showing the number of magazines, cards and clippings but if counted there would have been many thousands. Too much praise cannot be given Mrs. Austin and her Wollaston committee, who have sent quantities of educational clippings, mounted "Literary Digest" covers and a long list of other material. Many chairmen, whose committees have little money to spend, have given generously

of their time, preparing material. Sixty Branches have reported some home study work this year. Those outside of New England are Community and All Souls, both of New York City, Rutherford and Trenton, N. J., Germantown and Evening Alliance of First Church, Philadelphia, Pa., Milwaukee, Wis., Alameda and Berkeley, Cal."

"At Moorhead, Ky., is a school for teachers, which they attend from February to May, when they return to the mountains to teach for three months. The superintendent writes that many, interested in their work while in school, lose much of their enthusiasm because of lack of material and reading for themselves. At her suggestion these teachers are writing to the Home Study Department, stating their difficulties. This opens up work in an entirely new territory.

"A teacher in Greenfield, Mass., writes enthusiastically of her three pupils, one of whom, a girl in Arkansas, has completed a year's work in arithmetic in three months. A girl in Tennessee, studying current events and letter writing, has had much material sent her and is keeping up with her brothers and sister, who are able to go to school. A girl in Georgia is doing splendid work under a New York artist. A student in Arkansas has given much in return for the lessons he has received, for he can tell many a tale of Indian lore.

"The number of pupils on our list is one hundred; forty are teachers, through whom we help many children, thirty are mothers, ten are young boys and girls, the remaining are older boys and girls, men and women.

"For some time your chairman had felt that it was impossible for her to do justice to the whole of the work. She is glad to announce that Mrs. Isaac Sprague, Jr., will work with her next year. Mrs. Sprague will take entire charge of the elementary work; her new outlook and ideas will be of benefit.

"Your chairman thanks you all for your co-operation. The possibilities of

this work have hardly been touched and there is no doubt that the coming year will offer great opportunity for service; may we be ready to meet it."

May your secretary remind you that with the growth of the efficiency of the Home Study Department, its expenses increase. Even now there is many a Branch, doing no organized Cheerful Letter work, which could donate a dollar or two for this purpose and thus be included in the ranks of the faithful.

Have you ever considered what it would mean to live in a community, which boasted no public library, the schools of which possessed no books at all, and the inhabitants of which had literally no money to spend for reading matter? It is to serve such places that your Library Department strives. Its efficient chairman, Mrs. Henry R. Bowser shall tell you of its accomplishments in her own words. "There has been a greater demand for books this year than last. A year ago starvation conditions existed in the rural South and people were too concerned keeping body and soul together to think of books. This year, however, while the Southern farmer is hard pressed for money to meet taxes and other cash obligations, due to poor prices obtainable for his products, there has been food enough.

"More calls come from progressive schools in Georgia and North Carolina for libraries, in order to become accredited or to remain on this list. To these alert, modern, consolidated schools a good percentage of students travel many miles each day on foot, then some ten miles each way in the school bus. When such an effort is made against odds to procure an education, it seems worth our while to supply the library books, which the townspeople cannot afford to buy." May your secretary digress a moment to tell you that from several pupils of such a school in Arlington, Ga., Mrs. Stevens received a number of remarkably well written notes of appreciation for a library which had been placed in the building.

Forward to page 18

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield St., Roslindale, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. McCaddin, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When writing to the Exchange for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

APPEALS

1. Mrs. D. L. Robinson, 407 Greensboro St., Fayetteville, N. C., would like to receive the following books: "The Mine with the Iron Door," by Harold Bell Wright and "The Shepherd of Guadalupe," by Zane Grey.

2. Mrs. Pearl Hurley, Grassy Creek, N. C., asks for story books for her children and quilt scraps for herself.

3. If possible, please send me the following books: "Book of Etiquette," two volumes, by Lillian Eichler; Franklin's, "Autobiography"; "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics"; "South America, the Neglected Continent." I will pass them on to some other book lover when I have read them. Mrs. Beulah Davis, Route 2, Tolar, Tex.

4. I have received your little paper for years and it has afforded me much pleasure. I want to thank you with a grateful heart for the many pleasures received through it. My little grand-

sons are beginning to read and I am very glad because it will keep them satisfied at home many times when they would be restless and straying off. The boys' ages are 10 and 12 and I would be very pleased to receive back numbers of magazines or any books suitable for that age. Mrs. L. L. Lyon, Kelford, N. C.

5. Will someone please send us some cheer? I have four little ones to care for and cannot get out very much. The three boys' ages are 6 and 4 years and 2 months and the little girl, 2 years. I certainly would appreciate some story books and pictures for them, and something to cheer me up a bit, too. Mrs. K. L. Plowman, New London, N. C.

6. Mrs. C. R. Wagoner, Stuart, Va., is 34 years old, the wife of a farmer, and the mother of seven children; ages 22 months to 14 years. Mrs. Wagoner would like to receive some good books and papers, and a few quilt scraps.

7. Mrs. Hettie Hall, Box 15, Elamsville, Va., writes that she is in poor health and confined to her home all the time. She gets very lonesome and is very anxious to get some reading matter and sewing.

8. I sure have enjoyed reading the *Cheerful Letter* magazine with its many helps for the lonely and discouraged. My children would like some games and puzzles for amusement and I would enjoy some good reading. My youngest girl, aged 8, cannot attend school as we live so far away, so I hope someone will send her some reading. Just any kind of cheer will mean a great deal to us. Mrs. Neoma Autry, Crabtree, Ark.

9. I have changed my address from Rupert, Ark., to the one below and perhaps that is why I have not heard from any of the friends for quite some time. I am still shut in most of the time and would like to get some quilt pieces and bits of embroidery thread for pastime. My little 8 year old girl would be more than happy to receive some story books and baby brother, aged 16 months, wants some pictures. Mrs. A. L. Pack, Route 2, Box 6, Roswell, New Mexico.

THERE are two sides to everything. Two boys went to gather grapes. One was happy because they found grapes. The other was unhappy because the grapes had seeds in them.

Two men, being convalescent, were asked how they were. One said, "I am better today." The other said, "I was worse yesterday."

When it rains, one man says, "This will lay the dust"; the other, "This will make mud."

Two girls looking at a bush, one observes that it has thorns; the other that it has a rose.

Two children looking through colored glasses, one says, "The world is blue"; and the other, "It is beautiful."

"I am glad," says one, "that it is no worse." "I am sorry," says another, "that it is no better."

Says one, "Our good is mixed with evil." Says another, "Our evil is mixed with good."—*Christian Monthly*.

COCKROACHES

A CARIBBEAN TALE

Life among the early European settlers in the islands of the Caribbean Sea was not without interesting moments. Here is a striking example.

The place,—St. Thomas, Danish West Indies, now Virgin Islands of the United States. Period,—early part of the 17th century, when wooden wind-jammers rode the "seven seas," and the principal military weapons were brass cannon.

It happened that four cannons on the island were illegally sold by responsible settlers to an agent of the Spanish governor in the adjacent island of Puerto Rico. Subsequently, a request was sent to Denmark for others with the statement that the former ones were eaten by dangerous animals locally known as "cockroaches."

This statement created much discussion among the authorities. Opinions were divided. The cannons were not sent. However, the settlers were asked to transport to Copenhagen a specimen of the dangerous animal referred to.

Under the law all royal commands had to be promptly obeyed. The settlers concerned met in council. A reply was drafted which in substance informed the authorities that, because of the fact that a "cockroach" could eat brass, it would be an easy matter for one while at sea to gnaw a hole through the bottom of the vessel and thereby bring about a loss of lives and cargo.

Correspondence thereon was discontinued. The settlers carried their point. The cannons were sent.

Imagine the surprise, anger and laughter that came about among nobles and peasants in the "mother country" when a settler, discussing the "cockroach" issue in an unguarded moment referred to them as "household insects not more than two inches in length that are treated as pests on the islands."

In olden days, under the Danish law, fraud carried a severe penalty. The immediate arrest and return of the settlers were demanded. A slip of the tongue brought about their execution.

(Written especially for the *Cheerful Letter* by Rothschild Francis.)

ANNUAL REPORT OF SECRETARY

Forward from page 15

To continue with Mrs. Bowser's report, "Fewer appeals come from the old-fashioned one and two room schools, which are giving way to the larger, modern buildings. Wollaston has been doing effective work in supplying a two room school in Texas with needed books and materials, and has thereby given the teacher courage to go on. She is typical of many we know, self-sacrificing, working without pay, struggling against ill health and poverty to build characters as well as minds.

"More books than usual have been taken to local hospitals, to the American Merchant Marine, Seamen's Friend Society and other kindred organizations.

"With the progressive schools my interest is shared by the libraries in communities of educated, refined people, who are on our lists, because they live in the back country with no public libraries available. One such library in Arkansas serves a large area. Its librarian writes, 'I cannot hold to set rules in lending books here. So far I have lost only one book but some are getting well worn by being read by so many. "The Harvester" was read thirty times in one year and hasn't been home since first it left but I have known where it was all the time. I have appointed four ladies I call my committee and to them I send several books at a time and they lend them among their close neighbors. More are read than as though they all had to come all the way to my house for them. I check up on those loaned, when they are returned. In March, 1932, three hundred books were taken from the library.'

"Other community libraries in the poorest sections of our Appalachian Mountain regions have been aided this year. Here the need is for simple stories, both juvenile and adult, which will carry the minds of their readers on a vacation from the grinding realities of their hard lives.

"While numbers are satisfying things and the only concrete means of record-

ing annual accomplishment, we must never get away from the personal touch, the judicious appraisal of the needs of each call. In these times of counting your pennies, let every book you send, every expenditure you make be effective. Make your money go as far as it can by sending the just-right book to its suitable destination. The dregs of an attic should not be sent to educated people, like those in the Arkansas district. Latin grammars and text-books should not be sent to forlorn communities of poverty and toil-sick souls in remote mountain hamlets.

"In spite of extremely adverse conditions there has been a very large increase in the number of books and magazines sent over that of last year. The number of new libraries is also greater. This amazing discovery shows that the Exchange has vigor enough to weather almost any unpromising situation and proves its vital worth. In all 7,829 books and 5,867 magazines were shipped this year. 101 libraries were helped and of these 22 were new. Shipments were sent to 21 States and 2 Provinces of Canada. I am happy to announce that Wellesley Hills is the champion among the Branches this year with 2,287 volumes to its credit, a marvellous showing for a church in a town. The following Branches stand next in the order given, All Souls of New York City, Hingham, Medford, New Bedford, Cambridge First."

Your secretary bids you ponder upon this stupendous record. Has your Branch had a part in Library work? If not, ask your friends for some books, search your own library for books, which you have enjoyed but need no longer, and when you have collected half a dozen or more, ask Mrs. Bowser where to send them. The postage on a small number will be so little that you can finance it yourself. If each Branch not represented this year had given just six books, two thousand more volumes would be carrying cheer to their users, instead of standing unread on Unitarian shelves. Never forget that it is the multiplication of small efforts that produces large results.

Much of the success of the Exchange's work is due to its official organ, "The Cheerful Letter". This little monthly forms the basis of the work of many distant chairmen, while none, no matter how near, can afford to be without it. That it is prized by distant correspondents is proved by the long list of applications for it on file, from those who cannot afford to pay for it. Its modest, yearly rate of fifty cents is not enough to finance editing, publishing and mailing it. Every effort should be made to increase its circulation. It is suggested that each chairman take a copy to a Branch meeting in the fall and try to interest individuals to subscribe for one or more copies. Many Branches pay for subscriptions from their treasuries to be sent to distant friends; one Boston Branch subscribes for 36 copies.

Until the paid subscriptions increase greatly, the little sunshine bags must continue to do their part in collecting pennies to defray the magazine's expenses. That they have done so triumphantly this year shall be told you in the words of your "sunshine collector", Miss Edith L. Jones.

"Congratulations to every chairman of a Cheerful Letter Committee and to the members of the Branches, who have made possible a most successful financial year. The subscriptions for our paper, 'The Cheerful Letter' with the collections from the sunshine bags have enabled us to close the year with all bills paid.

"Our special fund is playing its part; at the regular May meeting five dollars were contributed from this Fund to help with the General Alliance appeals.

"In January, by the request of the General Alliance Treasurer, a vote was passed by the Cheerful Letter Exchange Committee to bank the sum collected from the sunshine bags with the General Alliance Funds. Since January 1, 1932 receipts have been mailed from the office of the General Alliance Treasurer, Miss Louise Brown.

"This year Wellesley Hills leads the list of contributors through the sunshine

bags, then come All Souls of New York City, Wollaston, Roxbury First, King's Chapel. These large amounts, although greatly appreciated, do not express any finer spirit of co-operation than the amounts raised by other earnest workers."

Two innovations were tried this year. Early in the Fall the secretary sent to each Cheerful Letter chairman, listed in the Manual and not usually present at the monthly meetings, and to the president of each Branch, where a chairman had not been appointed, a copy of the revised edition of the *Brown Book*, which states the purposes of the Exchange, a list of suggestions compiled to help workers, and in many cases the magazine, which contained the secretary's annual report. That interest was thus stimulated was evidenced by a flood of letters asking for advice and by the appointment of new chairmen. Also, this year's call for annual reports was in the form of a questionnaire, giving opportunity for workers to tabulate their reports easily. The many favorable comments made upon it and the unusually large number of reports received prove it to be a success. The secretary wishes to express her appreciation of the fine way in which you have adopted this scheme, which greatly simplified her rather stupendous task of making a whole of your numerous and varied reports.

In reply to the questionnaires, annual reports were received from 155 Branches, about three-fifths of the number listing Cheerful Letter Committees. Your secretary publicly thanks all, who sent reports and regrets that it is impossible to acknowledge each personally. It is her dream that, before she retires, she shall one year hear from every chairman, even if some reports only state "Progress" on a postal.

Again the indefatigable chairman of All Souls, New York leads in the total number of articles sent during the year. She has beaten all her own records by distributing the enormous number of 50,974 items. Next on the list comes the

First Congregational of Providence, R. I., whose very creditable record nowhere nearly equals the previous. Then follow in the order given: Wellesley Hills, Hingham, Brookline First, San Francisco, Cal., Cambridge First, Newport, R. I., and Community Church, New York City.

The reports of Branch chairmen make it evident that economic depression has spurred them on. The following tangible results may be mentioned. Books in addition to those given for Home Study and Library work were sent to individuals to the number of 4,910 making a total of 14,484. Magazines, numbering 48,240 were given; this is an increase of 9,550 over last year. Who can imagine the immense force for good that this reading matter has been in restricted lives. 209 subscriptions to magazines, other than *The Cheerful Letter*, went directly to correspondents from the publishers. This method is to be recommended to the busy woman, who has no time to do up parcels; it is often less expensive than paying the postage on an equal number of pamphlets, sent monthly. Quilt scraps are harder each year to obtain; yet 1,294 bundles of scraps were sent, a decrease over last year, which was more than offset by the sending of 392 parcels of sewing materials. One chairman often sends a tape measure as well as needles and thread in such packages, while another some times sends paper patterns. The Worcester chairman frequently sends lingerie elastic, which, as she says, "helps to keep the children's clothes intact." 961 Christmas boxes, an increase of 86 over last year, carried cheer to some 1,800 people.

Your secretary wishes to touch briefly upon three outstanding achievements, any one of which is worthy of much more space. The co-operation of several groups has made possible another year at Blue Ridge Mountain School for a young girl. A promising student, often on the honor roll, though working for half her expenses, she bids fair to be a credit to her friends.

The Evening Alliance of Salem Sec-

ond Church is interested in a Virginia family. One of its members has taught an older daughter, of whom she wrote thus, "She is a bright girl. Last year she had a chance to work for her board in a neighboring town and attend high school. She had no money for clothing or books. Our Alliance voted to provide her with necessities this year. She is happy and doing well. We hope to see her through for she is anxious to be a teacher and seems of the right material."

The third accomplishment was that of Hubbardston Branch, which arranged for its North Carolina correspondent of seventeen years' standing to come to them for a visit. The Hubbardston chairman, after acknowledging help in paying traveling expenses from Milton Branch, Dr. Mary Hobart, the local Branch and other friends, thus commented upon the visit, "We had untold satisfaction in arranging and carrying out this bit of missionary work and our friend received that which will be lifelong inspiration to her—who had never had much pleasure or beauty or rest."

It may interest you to know how distant workers, unable to attend monthly meetings, order their work. The chairman from the Alliance in Salt Lake City, connected with the only Unitarian church in Utah, whose nearest Unitarian neighbor is in Fort Collins, Col., sixteen hours away by train, reported thus, "I have made it a point to see one of our Alliance members, who is too feeble to go out, once a month. Another member lives in a small town forty miles away; to her I send regularly three magazines after we have read them; she in turn passes them on to the neighbors. I sent at Christmas cheer boxes to twenty-six elderly people in the neighborhood." The Ft. Collins chairman reported, also.

The secretary for the San Francisco Branch, one of the Exchange's best supporters, wrote that "the Disciplinary Prison at Alcatraz wishes all the magazines and books we can send; also old suitcases and bags, which they can mend and give to the boys when they are dis-

charged. We have been able to send them many magazines and twelve bags."

Another chairman wrote, "This has been a lean year in Detroit and last fall, we of the Alliance resolved to help our church with all the money we could. We thought that most of our Cheerful Letter work should be done near home. So magazines and playing cards were taken to local hospitals, but I have written to distant correspondents and have developed quite a liking for two of my people, to whom I think I have been of some benefit." Andover, N. H., chairman specializes in local work and at Christmas sent decorated, table sized trees to shut-ins.

Your secretary wishes to endorse the attitude of the above chairmen. In these difficult times there is no doubt that the first duty of every Alliance is the support of its own church. Yet never did people need cheer more. It is the finest sort of Cheerful Letter work to look out for those near home. Yet it is heartening to know that distant correspondents are receiving letters as well.

The chairman from Laconia, N. H., wrote, "I am alone on my committee but members of the Alliance give me quilt pieces. My Branch has been so busy earning money to 'keep going' that they have not paid much attention to me but they think it a *good work* and so do I. I shall keep on. I have enlisted friends outside the church and all like to give and do."

This information came from the First Congregational of Providence, "There have been fourteen meetings of our committee with an average attendance of seven. We have not only increased the number of articles sent but have improved the quality of work done and its originality. We have specialized on filling envelopes with the material on our shelves, prepared by members of the committee. The envelopes have been decorated with artistic or gay pictures; some being especially designed for children, others for adults. An immense amount of material is thus handled and made ready for distributing without the labor of pasting. One member has pre-

pared in her home 440 of these envelopes, while another has hired an assistant and sends a report of 6,272 articles prepared for the committee and 210 for individual distribution. In this year of stress we have not earned extra money but have spent carefully the Alliance appropriation, so as to make no further demands."

Your secretary finds the contrast between these two reports, one from a small country church and the other from a large city one, illuminating. Utterly different methods are employed with both working faithfully toward the same end and both showing Yankee thrift in making a little go a long way. It is workers such as these that are the backbone of the Cheerful Letter.

Community Church of New York City has a chairman, who reported thus, "In place of our committee pasting scrap books, we have cut out pictures and sent them with paste, scissors, and material for books to the children, instructing them how to use them. To one, who asked for discarded pictures to decorate her wall, we have sent attractive prints with material for *passe partout* and a sample for a copy. To one, confiding her ambition for a library, having in twelve years collected twenty-five books for a nucleus, and longing for a bookcase, we have sent drawings and advice as to how book shelves might be made from boards, with black and white paints for outside and inside finish. One of our members has arranged for her correspondent, a young girl soon to graduate from high school, to receive a correspondence scholarship in a secretarial school in New York."

Other Branches seem to object to making scrap books. The Cincinnati chairman wrote, "We've never made scrap books, because at Woolworth's the most delightful books for the most fastidious tastes can be bought for a song." On the contrary East Boston's chairman wrote, "The scrap books we have sent seem to have been much appreciated", while Wellesley Hills Branch has made 300 and Lynn Branch 253.

In far away Santa Ana, California is a chairman, who is a worthy member. She wrote, "We are a small band of old women. When first I heard of Cheerful Letter its line of service appealed to my imagination. I knew it would mean a great deal to me, were I situated as those poor, lonely people are. I suggested to our society that we take up the work. I was made chairman. I only regret not being able to do more for what appears to me to be a worthy class of people."

The chairman from Indianapolis wrote, "I haven't been in Cheerful Letter work long enough to send a very satisfactory report." (Here your secretary begs to differ.) "As for my feeling concerning the work, I am strong for it. I only wish I could make many others see the need. Answering an appeal in the magazine for salt and sugar bags to reline quilts brought a wonderful reply, from which I learned that some of the bags were used to make bloomers and aprons for the little one. Just think of that!"

The chairman from Schenectady, N. Y. summed up her feeling about her efforts thus, "I think it possible to give a great deal of help and pleasure in this way. I have seen mountain people in the South and I know that their lives are hard. They are a fine people." Denver chairman reported receiving requests from one such correspondent for more *temperance novels*.

More than ever chairmen stressed the fact that distant correspondents are their dear friends, a state which to your secretary seems one of the compensations of your work. A chairman wrote, "The joy expressed by a correspondent, who thanks me for books, is typical of the pleasure evinced in the letters from the rancher's wife in Wyoming and the farmer's daughter in Texas, with whom I have common interests. Living in a rural community I am able to understand and sympathize with their personal problems. There is inspiration in knowing that the message of hope and encouragement and personal activity I send out

will be joyfully answered by another mother in a distant state, whose hopes and aspirations for her home and family are like unto mine. I feel it not only a responsibility but a real privilege to represent the Toledo Alliance as Cheerful Letter chairman."

From Lebanon, N. H., the chairman sent the following extract from her Tennessee Mountain correspondent's letter, "Oh, dear Mrs. F—, I wish you would come to see us. I would like for you to come but we are so poor, I would feel bad but come just the same. My children all call you Grandma F—. Please don't get offended. You seem like a far away aunt of mine."

From Winchendon the chairman sent the following information: "I wish you to know that I still have my first Cheerful Letter correspondent, whom I had when the Branch was organized in 1905. She has been my valued friend for a long time. When I first knew her, she had an invalid husband, a family of eight children and was teaching school. Twenty-three years ago the ninth child and my namesake came. She still lives with and assists her mother, who is not strong but who, as the girl writes, 'does right much about the house'. Many of the children have married, a new house has been built and conditions are very different from what they were twenty-seven years ago. Two of our first Cheerful Letter committee, formed in 1905, still continue."

Although chairmen have written much more of accomplishment and less of problems than usual, there are still some troublesome factors. Lack of funds always will be one; just now the best way is to make the most of what you have. Your secretary must confess that from the reports of results obtained and the amount of money expended she is certain that some of you are much better planners than others.

The perennial, unanswered letter and unacknowledged package are not as prevalent as of yore, possibly because workers have become trained to send the stamped, self-addressed envelope in

each piece of mail, for, as the chairman of the Louise D. Beggs Alliance of Pittsburgh, Pa., wrote, "I enclose a stamp with every package, as I have found that these people cannot afford the very necessities of life."

There is still difficulty in interesting more workers. The method employed by Middleboro Branch might help elsewhere. The chairman described it thus, "The Cheerful Letter Committee has numbered 14. The Middleboro Branch, the Evening Alliance and the Ten Times One Club still work together and we have taken charge of one of the meetings of the Evening Alliance. This time we told of our work at Christmas, described the boxes sent and read replies received." The chairman of the Branch of the Church of Our Saviour in Brooklyn wrote that she finds the best way of interesting people in the work is by reading extracts from letters received, which is her method of giving reports at the local Alliance meetings, rather than by giving dry statistics. Your secretary is inclined to think that these two chairmen have come as near to solving this particular problem as is possible.

What woman would not feel a slight desire to help in some fashion, if she heard extracts from letters, such as follow?

A North Carolina boy of ten wrote thus, rather putting to shame some of your more favored young people, "I received your nice letter and package. I sure was proud to get them. We all enjoy them. Daddy can't read or write but he likes to look at pictures. I have all the books I need for school except the fifth reader. Tell your grandson that I play ball and spinning tops and ride on swings at school. In geography I am studying Asia and Africa. Please write me about your schools and town. I guess you are lonesome since your children married."

A Texas woman acknowledged garden seeds from a woman in Salem and added, "Well, I am sending you some new cotton seed. It won't do to plant it until

the ground gets warm. We plant here in April if it is pretty weather and warm nights. Cotton does most of its growing warm nights. Every morning you go out and it looks like it had done a lot of growing in one night. We have planted our Irish potatoes. Later we will set out sweet potatoes and plant some cane for syrup. I shall try hard to have lots of hens. You see we are going to try to raise our living at home. We shall have a corn patch, so we won't have to buy meal for bread. If nothing happens, we shall buy a yearling calf to can. So, I guess you can see we are trying to cut our grocer's bill. We shall only plant enough cotton for three or four bales. I suppose that you don't know that it takes fifteen hundred pounds to make one bale."

An invalid girl in Georgia, who distributes your cheer to her neighbors and is truly one of you, wrote to the chairman of Newburgh, N. Y., "My health is very bad but I can still use my hands a bit. If you had heard the phrases of appreciation of the people, to whom I distributed the contents of your parcels, you would have felt exalted for your generosity. One lady brought me a string of fish the next day. When I told her I didn't want anything in return, she said she was not trying to pay me but just showing how much she appreciated my giving her the things."

From Saskatchewan came this information to the Hackensack, N. J., chairman, "I was so rushed I couldn't enjoy Christmas. I invited six bachelors for dinner and had everything planned to make it easy. At ten o'clock in the morning a couple with three small children came. Out here we don't wait for an invitation but go when we take a notion. There are quite a few men living around here alone and they like to go some place for holiday dinner. I guess the poor fellows do get tired of their own cooking. They brought me so much candy I suppose I'll have candy until next Christmas.

"I have two pairs of pillow cases, laundry bag, cushions tops, kitchen cur-

tains, etc., made from bleached flour sacks, which are very dainty. I'm saving them to fix up the house of our nearest neighbor, a bachelor. He keeps it clean but it is bare. My husband says it will not be a kindness for he will not have time to wash things but I said he could bring them to me."

The enthusiastic word of the Manchester, N. H., chairman shall close this report, "Cheerful Letter work offers a wonderful opportunity to give cheer to those less fortunate than ourselves. It is a job as big or as little as one makes it. Working up enthusiasm in others, who should be interested, is a thrilling phase of the task. I have produced satisfactory results in this respect during the past year."

Respectfully submitted,

ETHEL LANE HERSEY,

Secretary.

TWO SEEDS

Two little seeds, quite long ago,
Were planted where they, both could
grow.

God planted them, and watched them
through

The days to see what they would do.

Two little shoots came up one day,

And grew beside a woodland way.

They were so like, however well

One looked, no difference could he tell.

One said: "I'll live upon this tree,

And sting whatever touches me,

Caring alone for me and mine."

It grew to be a poison vine.

The other said: "I'll live to bless

Each passer-by with loveliness;

I'll perfume every wind that blows

My way." It grew to be a rose.

—CLARENCE E. FLYNN.

(Courtesy of *Sunshine Magazine*)

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

Mrs. H. A. Stevens, Chairman, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Secretary, Hingham, Mass.

Miss Edith L. Jones, Treasurer, 65 Langdon Street, Cambridge, Mass.

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters containing subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange. Money from the Sunshine Bags is payable to the Treasurer.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents* should be sent to the Chairman, Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. Rachel J. Sands, Brimble Avenue, North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, 20 Clark Road, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Circulating Libraries have been established in isolated communities of twenty-seven States, where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available; also in many schools and colleges in rural and mountain districts. A Circulating Library will be started in any small community that is in need of one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references given.

The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

Vol. XLI

SEPTEMBER, 1932

No. 3

THE HYGIENE OF PERSONALITY

Till we all attain unto the unity of faith, unto the fullgrown man, unto the stature of the fullness of Christ.—Ephesians 4:13.

Whenever the word hygiene is mentioned we think of the subject of health. The word is derived from the name of the Greek Goddess, Hygeia, who was worshiped as the Goddess of Health. She was represented as a virgin holding a snake in one hand which was drinking from a cup held in her other hand. The snake was regarded as a symbol of health.

Hygiene is defined as,—“The branch of Medical Science that relates to the preservation and improvement of health, both in individuals and in communities.” Health is universally desirable and disease is universally undesirable; like the Kingdom of God, it is a pearl of great price. We need health of body, mind and spirit, for with health comes power. In speaking of “The Hygiene of Personality” we do but give to the subject of health the widest possible range in human lives.

There is a strange interdependence and interaction between body and mind, between one part and all other parts of human life. When physical laws are known and obeyed how the mind is reinforced and strengthened! How the body is invigorated and renewed when the laws of intellect are known and obeyed! How man's whole being is transformed and transfigured as the eternal verities of faith, hope and love are given full right-of-way in all the purposes and activities of his life! Robert Browning was thinking of this when he said we know not that body helps soul here more than soul helps body. He even specu-

lated as to how far the body could project the soul on its journey through Eternity.

Personality means more than body and mind and their laws of physical and mental health. One individual may be a physical giant but in mentality a dwarf, another an intellectual giant but a moral dwarf, and so on. We are justified in assuming that personality is the largest and truest term we can apply to a human being.

In our conception of personality (as now constituted) all the qualities and characteristics, physical, mental, moral and spiritual ought to be made to blend in their proper proportions into one harmonious whole; such as St. Paul found in the unique personality of Christ, and which he describes for us in his letter to the Ephesians thus,—“Till we all attain unto the unity of faith, unto a fullgrown man, unto the stature of the fullness of Christ.” What a flower is to a true poet, what an atom is to a true scientist but more, personality was to the great Prince of Conscious Life. According to Christ man is a child of infinite potentialities.

We have life and must learn how to live and use it for large and noble ends. We do not need to hear less about the laws of physical health but we do desperately need to hear and do more than we do and hear about the laws of intellectual, moral, and spiritual health. We need to deepen our thought of human life and expand our conception of health until it includes the whole life of man. We need to be concerned as never before with “The Hygiene of Personality.”

There are sick personalities just as truly as there are sick bodies, that need

Forward to page 26

Publication Office
49 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.

Monthly, except August
50 cents a year. Single copy, 5 cents

Check, post-office order, or stamps should be
sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office
at Boston, Mass.

"Acceptance for mailing at the special rate of
postage provided for in Section 1103. Act of
October 3, 1917, authorized July 17, 1922."

GIFTS OF THE SUMMER

So many precious gifts it holds for
those who have eyes to see, ears to hear
and hearts to understand.

The blue of sea and lake and sky,
under the light of summer sun, the glory
and fragrance of the flowers, the ripened
orange and gold of field and garden, the
majestic beauty of moon- and star-lit
nights, yes, even the thrilling power of
storm and tempest or the quiet patter
of soft rain, after which the earth comes
forth clean, refreshed and at peace,—
these are summer's gifts to us.

So in our lives the crashing storms
may come, the heavy shadows fall, and
the clear-shining of the sun be hidden
for a time. But always the sun and stars
are there, always they are held to their
courses by the power of the Eternal,
always the dawn comes after the dark
night.

"What, then, your little candle flame
blown out,

And all the world in darkness for a
minute?

Why, even so, the stars still shine no
doubt,

Enough to strike a match by—and
God's in it."

How blessed it is to know that watch-
ing over us is One who never changes,
who never forgets, and who never for-
sakes us, whose ear is always open to
our cry, whose love is ever with us. "The
strength of the hills is His also. The sea
is His and He made it, and His hands
formed the dry land." And He is Our
Father, to whom we may go like little
children, with sure confidence, for com-
fort, guidance and hope. —B. D. D.

Forward from page 25

to be cured. In fact if we could find
remedies for many of the diseases of
personality we would discover that we
had found remedies for half of all the
other diseases that we mistakenly had
thought to be the common lot of all man-
kind. Lack of thoughtfulness, will
power, self-control, self-discipline, self-
mastery; and impatience, hypercriticism,
self-conceit, selfishness, a lawless spirit,
dishonesty, immoral conduct and "man's
inhumanity to man," these are both sins
and diseases of personality; the hope and
safety of the world depend upon their
being dealt with in their incipient stages
and not allowed to fester and become
open sores that call for drastic and
heroic treatment.

What man needs is not only physical
and intellectual power but spiritual
power; the power that comes to him
through the exercise of his religious
faith, such as came to Christ and to all
who walk in the ways of the spirit. If a
book on "The Hygiene of Personality"
should ever appear it would contain four
chapters.

Into the first chapter would be con-
densed all the knowledge we have gained
of the body and its need of fresh air,
pure water, wholesome exercise, a selec-
tive diet and well-cooked food and the
importance of proper relaxation, rest
and repose.

Into the second chapter would be con-
densed all the knowledge we have ac-
quired of the wonderful activities of the
mind, conscious and subconscious, and of
the marvelous interdependence and in-
teraction between body and mind; how
power comes to both mind and body
through obedience to known laws, espe-
cially the laws of thought and straight
and honest thinking. How noble thoughts,
never allowed to drop out of active con-
sciousness, have the power to transform
and transfigure human lives. How cheer-
ful and kindly thoughts tend to produce
good health and how gloomy and selfish
thoughts tend to produce ill-health.

Into the third chapter would be con-
densed all that we have learned about

the sense of right and moral heroism and what they have done to lift individual lives to higher levels of life and conduct and the life of Humanity to higher levels of civilization. It would tell of the still small voice of conscience and how it has ever pointed to the polar star of truth. It would tell of the degradation of those who have refused to heed its gentle admonitions. It would tell many a sad story of martyrdom and likewise of many thrilling and successful struggles against the enemies of human progress.

Into the last chapter would be condensed the religious history of the human race and the biography of its spiritual leaders and of the spiritual heroism of individual lives, the world over. This would be a story of faith, such as we find in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, but more real and wonderful and comprehensive. No story like it or equal to it in meaning and surprise, in wonder, beauty, truth and divine reality has ever yet been told by mortal man. The conclusion would be that our greatest debt of gratitude is due to the men and women of faith, who have lived in all ages and in all climes, who have never lost their faith and have never faltered in their loyalty to what they have believed to be right and just and true; those who have trusted God to the uttermost and have faced without flinching the events, experiences, disappointments and sorrows of their daily lives.

There are some things that can be done by the power of a strong right arm. There are problems and situations, innumerable, that may be met and settled by the power of intelligence. There are duties and temptations and wrongs that demand of us moral stamina.

But there are things that cannot be dealt with successfully in any one or all of these ways. Unexpected events, unforeseen experiences, untried burdens, perplexities, difficulties, calamities and sorrows; these will only yield to the exercise of the highest power of our being; they call into action the supreme power of the spirit that is in man.

Thus "The Hygiene of Personality"

covers the widest possible range in human lives and finds the laws of health operative everywhere. Health it pictures as the positive and constructive element and disease as the negative and destructive element in personality; diseases and wrongs must be eliminated from individual lives and from the Social Order by the power of the spirit, leaving man free to work out his higher destiny.

St. Paul gained this power for himself by becoming like Christ, by putting on Christ as he was fond of saying; if we so desire we can have our lives so blessed as his life was blessed; by discipleship and imitation and faith in his God and our God.

If health and happiness and progress are to bless our lives we needs must have this supreme power in larger and ever larger measure, and we may be sure that with this power we can always go forward to dare and to do, to endure and to overcome: "Till we all attain unto the unity of faith, unto the fullgrown man, unto the stature of the fullness of Christ." —*Rev. Frederic W. Smith.*

Whichever way the wind doth blow
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.
My little craft sails not alone;
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas;
And what for me were favoring breeze
Might dash another, with the shock
Of doom, upon some hidden rock.
And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to waft me on my way,
But leave it to a Higher Will
To stay or speed me; trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Through storm and calm, and will not fail
Whatever breezes may prevail
To land me, every peril past,
Within His sheltering Heaven at last.
Then whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so;
And blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

—*Caroline Atherton Mason.*

CORRESPONDENTS AND APPEALS

MRS. JOHN A. McCADDIN, *Chairman*, 21 Ashfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

A correspondent writing to the Exchange for the first time should always give as reference the name and address of her minister.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice should be sent to Headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., and to those persons who have been sending letters and reading matter.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of its magazine by addressing letters asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who disobeys this rule will be dropped from the list, and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by the Central Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to the Chairman of this Department.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

APPEALS

1. It has been some two years since I wrote you dear people, but all the time I have been enjoying the love and tender fellowship of you all by reading the little magazine. I am now a minister out in the Evangelist field and work among the poorest of people. My little girl, aged 11 years, is learning to do patch work and would love to receive some colored pieces. All my other children have gone out in the world and there is just Mary Alice now, and I like to keep her mind busy. Perhaps some good friend has some story books on Christ life and picture cards that they would send along. Yours in Christian love, Mrs. Ella Simmons, Route 2, Malakoff, Tex.

2. Mrs. Della M. Clay, R.F.D. 2, Malakoff, Tex., writes for some quilt scraps and any kind of good reading. She is a farmer's wife with nine children to make a living for. Her husband is troubled with rheumatism so the oldest boy has to do the plowing and the younger ones the hoeing. She appreciates *The Cheerful Letter* paper very much.

3. Hello, *Cheerful Letter* friends! I wonder if you could help me out a little. I need some old cloth for quilt linings and some quilt pieces. We are just poor

people, my husband earning only 75c a day. We have two sweet little boys, ages 3 years; and 6 months. We manage to have a pretty nice garden, but we work very hard for the little we have. I like pretty things to work, but it is impossible to buy them. Hoping to receive a little cheer before long. Mrs. Opal Brooks, Bray, Okla.

4. Miss Florence Bailey, Route 1, Campobello, S. C., is fifteen years old and a cripple. Her mother has been dead for two years and she does a little housework for her father, two brothers and two sisters younger. Her daddy is out of a job and unable to buy them any amusements. She has lost trace of her mother's *Cheerful Letter* friends and hopes some new ones will send her some quilt scraps and reading matter for her family.

5. I want my letter printed so I can thank all who have cheered my family in the past year; I just couldn't get postage to answer each one. I wonder if someone would send me a hymn and tune book if it is not asking too much, and the children would love some picture books. Mrs. Florence Shepherd, Apple Grove, N. C.

6. Mrs. Dean Kilby, Rugby, Va., sends word that her husband has been very ill and not strong enough to work for quite

some time. She is anxious for some cheer for them in the way of reading and sewing.

7. It has been a long time since I have written to *The Cheerful Letter* Exchange and I hope I will be remembered again. I like sewing and the children, ages 10, 5 and 2, would enjoy some stories and picture cards. I read the little paper every month and thank the one who sends it to me. Mrs. Wade Roland, Clifton, N. C.

8. Mrs. T. W. Iles, Tolar, Tex., has been borrowing *Cheerful Letter* magazines from her sister-in-law and says she likes them fine. She wonders if some of the friends would send her some reading material.

9. I am the mother of a two-year-old boy. We live way up in the mountains and it is so lonely. I hope someone sends me some quilt scraps and crochet thread and something to amuse little Warren. Mrs. Mae Wyatt, Thaxton, N. C.

10. To the dear *Cheerful Letter* friends. I want to thank you all for the kindnesses and help you have been to me and mine. I have tried to answer all letters and parcels, but some addresses have been so torn that I couldn't get the address right. So I want to thank you all through the dear little paper I enjoy reading so much and also thanks to the one who sends it. My health is very poor and I cannot get out very much. You certainly have been a blessing to us. We all enjoy reading. The older girls and myself like sewing, and the little ones the cards, and to hear us read the stories to them. I never can thank you all enough for the joy and happiness you have brought us in these hard times. We haven't money to buy reading matter and our children are studying the school books you have sent and learning fast. Would it be too much for me to ask for the story of the Bible? We would appreciate one so much. Hope you will not forget us, as it would be so lonesome if we were forgotten. Mrs. Margaret Johnson, R.D. 2, White Top, Va.

11. I enjoy the *Cheerful Letter* magazine and wish to thank the one who sends

it. I have three boys, ages 20, 17 and 11, who would appreciate any kind of cheer. We live on a farm and times are very hard here. When the boys are at work I get very lonely so would like some stamped goods to work at. Mrs. Malinda Brammer, Dodson, Va.

12. Mrs. J. W. Parsons, Grassy Creek, N. C., writes that she has been sick for over a year and her health is getting even worse. She is not able to do much, but thinks she could sew a little if she had some quilt scraps and thread.

13. I am not strong and take bad spells of rheumatism so cannot walk at times from three weeks to three months. If it is not asking too much I would be glad to get some quilt pieces, bits of crochet and embroidery thread to pass off the lonely days. I am not strong enough to get out and go as others do. We don't own any home, just renters, so any cheer you could send will be gratefully received. My seven-year-old boy would enjoy some books and cards. Mrs. Myrtle Greer, Clifton, N. C.

14. Verla Merrifield, Route 4, Box 4, Chillicothe, Tex., writes again to thank each and every one who has cheered her this past winter. Her mother is dead and she keeps house for her father, brother and little sister. Any kind of cheer would be welcomed.

15. It has been two years since I have had a visit from the dear *Cheerful Letter* friends. During this time I have changed my name from Miss Grace Adams to the one below. I have a darling baby boy, aged one year. We live in a very lonesome place and I hope some of the friends who remembered me at Lansing will cheer me at this new address with some good reading and sewing material. Mrs. Roger Neaves, c/o Walter Barker, Grassy Creek, N. C.

16. Frederick W. Keene, 501 Cleveland St., Raleigh, N. C., would like a copy of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush."

17. I want space to tell the *Cheerful Letter* friends how much I appreciated their kindnesses to me and what a blessing it has been to me and my family. I have nine children at home and it is a

large family to care for. Their ages are 2 to 18 years. We would enjoy any kind of reading, pictures and sewing scraps. Mrs. Hattie Hartsog, White Top, Va.

18. Will you please publish a few lines in *The Cheerful Letter* magazine for me? I am just a poor farmer's wife and have one little girl, aged 13. I would enjoy some reading, cotton pieces for quilts, bits of embroidery thread or most any fancy work material. Mrs. Jim Pendleton, Elamsville, Va.

19. I haven't had a letter printed in *The Cheerful Letter* for a long time. I have six children at home, twin boys five years old who were born on Independence Day, twin girls ten years old and two girls ages 13 and 15. We all enjoy reading matters. I would also appreciate quilt scraps or any kind of embroidery material, as we are unable to buy any. I take this opportunity to thank the one who sends me *The Cheerful Letter Magazine*; I think it is a wonderful paper. Thanking you for your kindness in the past and hoping to be remembered in the future, I remain, Mrs. Luther L. Pack, Route 2, Fort Cobb, Okla.

GRAPE JELLY

Prepare your grapes for cooking. Don't put any water in them except what is on them from washing. Cook them and strain the juice. Set on the back of stove where it will stay hot but *not boil*. (This is the real secret of success with this recipe.) Measure juice, and for every cup of juice allow a heaping cup of sugar. Put in a pan, set in oven, and stir occasionally to keep it from browning. When the sugar is real hot pour it into your juice, and when the sugar is all melted your jelly is done.—*Sent in by Mrs. Felix Barr, West Jefferson, N. C.*

When God made the stars and the sunshine,

The rain and the flowers and the trees,
He also created a Mother,

Because she was like unto these.

—*Exchange.*

DAWN AND DUSK IN PALESTINE

Never have my wanderings taken me to a land where the atmosphere is more crystal-clear than in Palestine. At dawn the mountains receive the eastern sun like an army with golden banners; at dusk the mountains are great cups loaded with purple and scarlet jewels. Nothing can be more exciting than the first awakening in Palestine after the long midnight train journey from Egypt. The eyes open upon a long green low land of orange groves. Sinai is the swift dream of a night. An exquisite air fills all space. The people in the train with you are the new colonists, the Jews who are reclaiming the sterile desert. What a pride they have in the groves of orchard and olive that the train passes. You halt at a small station, duly announced in English and Hebrew and Arabic. A band of young men and women from an adjacent colony get into the train.

Here are young men in black or khaki jerkins, open at the neck, and shorts halfway down an expanse of bronze thigh. And here are girls with lustrous hair unbound or cut firm to the head. You might deem them German Wanderbirds. But they are not. These are Jewish lads and maidens, pioneering. They find their places in the train, and suddenly the whole train shakes with the song they break into—a folk song, arisen as spontaneously among their own wheat as the poppies that still blaze scarlet there.

The train leaves the green valley now. You have entered the defiles of the mountains of Judea. Higher and higher you ascend toward the city on the hills. It is evident that these slopes—steeper than you think to find in Palestine—were terraced with vines once. The platforms are still apparent, despite the ignorant centuries which have sought to obliterate them with rubble. But you may be sure that the purple clusters will hang down before long, terrace upon terrace, to the green tops. Now and again we pass near enough to a settlement for the small children to run out to the sound of

the train and shout to us and wave their hands. What red cheeks, what sturdy limbs, what lively eyes! Of all the flowers and fruit that grow in this land are there any of more promise?

These are the people of the dawn in Palestine. But the evening also has its loveliness, and none lovelier than evening in Nazareth.

Early one morning I took the road that climbs the austere Galilean hills to sink gently at length into the green basin of Nazareth.

I reached the lonely city by mid-day and the last gusts of the "khamsin" blew surlily, as if somewhere in the baking southward deserts a great hand were opening and shutting the door of a furnace larger than a province. That is why my memory of Nazareth that day is a bright chaos of camels snarling and bent, Arabs hammering scarlet shoes and great vaults where carpenters labored at a craft more sacred in this town than priesthood. I remember also abrupt gulfs of shade and oleanders leaning over me, boughs laden with pink blossom and a hibiscus flaring like a tree of tongues. But more than all of these, clear and lovely above the bright and dark tumult, I recall a small Arab girl who had just drawn water from the Well of Mary, a great black and red-striped jar upon her head, her naked feet like doves, her eyes large and lustrous, a lilac gown hanging down from her shoulders.

If I had not seen the rest of Nazareth so confusedly through the torn ribbons of heat I should not have seen the lilac-vestured maiden so clearly take into herself the whole character of Nazareth, its ancient meaning and its present sweetness. And the Church of the Annunciation would have been for me one of the ten thousand churches or synagogues or mosques I have entered upon my way-faring, instead of a house tended by a maiden. And I know with certainty that that evening I should not have taken one certain path out of all the paths that lead from Nazareth out into the olive-groves and the scattered terraces where the "fellaheen," the Nazarene laborers,

live. I do not see how I should have stepped aside from the rocky path to bid Salaam to the peasant seated among his lilies with his cloak folded about his head. For the small girl in the lilac gown was not there at the moment. It was only some minutes later that she appeared out of the secrecy of the garden, like one of its own flowers rendered into a substance less gross, because more diffused, than their own.

"Salaam!" the Arab replied, and bade me mount on to the small terrace that fronted the tiny square block of his house. It was with gesture rather than with speech that he thus invited me. I ascended upon that platform slung out above the valleys of Nazareth and sat down on a reed-plaited four-legged stool he brought out from the roots of an olive tree.

So we greeted each other and so we fell upon silence. And this was the strangeness of that evening, that so much was divined and so little said, or, if you will, that so much was said, though so few words were uttered.

The wind blew from the desert no longer, but from the west and the setting sun, out of the nostrils of the cool sea. A fawn dog, hoarse and unconvinced, barked perfunctorily and barked no longer. As quietly as the stars came out, the peasants on the further slopes of the valleys lit scattered fires of waste weeds to be manure for their steadings. The terrace where I sat was banked round with flowers; it was kinglier than Versailles. About the dark threshold, flowering shrubs soared out of petrol tins. They were lovelier than all the marble urns of the gardens of Rome. Geranium uttered the very scent of the earth. Carnations and petunias, lilies and stocks, made smudges of color and perfume against the last ridges of western light. Higher than these, a herd of camels going down upon the road to Haifa was outlined exquisitely, like an object carved by a Chinese craftsman out of jade. Their bells across the translucent distances were the phantom of music.

I suppose that in a Palace of Horti-

culture this peasant's flowers would have made no great show. But I knew as I looked on that old man going among his flowers, watering them with water from Mary's well, that he loved them more than any millionaire fanatic loves his priceless and incredible orchids. And that was why I was touched as I have rarely been before when he plucked from his flowering trees great burdens of blossom and loaded my knees with them where I sat, and made a great bouquet of "otra," that strange and lovely and highly special flower of these regions, which the perfume-makers in the bazaars distill into small phials that you may carry away with you, even to Manhattan or Glasgow, this quintessence of Eastern perfume.

Peasant as he was, he was a perfect host. So he clapped his hands and cried "Maria!" For though some of his children had wandered far from him, as far as America, one remained. And I was not surprised to see that she was the lilac-vestured Mary that came running on bare feet silently onto the terrace, and looked at me with eyes lustrous even in the late evening. It was as if I had known she must be here. I bowed to the frail minute lady. Her father uttered a few words to her. Swifter than I could see she was away from the terrace where she had stood, and effortlessly as a bird, was swinging high in the branches of a laden almond-tree. The tree seemed a miraculous fusion of almond and lilac, putting forth at one time green nuts and towery blossom. Her black hair swung out behind her head against the ultimate flush of sunset. Sunset was quenched a moment later. A moment later she put a load of clustered almonds on the platter that the flowers made for me. Soon in a charred space beyond an olive-tree she was kindling twigs, she had a fire burning that lit up the ivory perfection of her face. And now punctiliously, like a priestess, she made refreshment for her father and his guest. So she blew the twigs and brought the fragrant stuff to the boil, once and twice and again a third time. And she poured it out of the brass

damascene jug in which she had boiled it, into a smaller jug, and so into two small cups. So I ate the green fresh almonds, and so sipped that incomparable beverage, faintly tintured with the scent of "otra." And so we sat among his flowers, this Arab peasant from Palestine and this wanderer from England, looking on the waning fires of weeds and the growing gleam of lamps. The fire-flies wandered between.

And so we sat and listened to the silence of Nazareth—the silence of a land gathering itself together for a new and lovely history. It was the silence of a growing tree, the silence of the exquisite dusk of Palestine.—LOUIS GOLDING in *Christian Science Monitor*.

WORK

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom;
In roaring market-place or tranquil
room;

Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work; my blessing, not my
doom;

Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done, in the right
way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor
small,

To suit my spirit and to prove my
powers;

Then shall I cheerful quit the laboring
hours,

And cheerful turn, when the long
shadows fall,

At eventide to play and love and rest
Because I know for me my work is best."

—Henry Van Dyke.

In every heart there is a wireless station. So long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, grandeur, courage, and power from the Earth, from men, and from God, so long is the heart young. When the wires are all down because of the storms of pessimism and the ices of cynicism, then indeed has the heart grown old. May mercy be upon the heart grown old.

—Anon.

MRS. FLORADELL'S FIRST CUSTOMER

Floradell lay basking in the autumn sunshine. The small, white house, so named, was surrounded by flowers. They crowded down on it from the sloping hillside behind; they spilled over into the lots across the narrow, dusty street. Dahlias and zinnias had been nipped by the first frosts, but Michaelmas daisies, asters, marigolds, hellenium made splashes of color; and everywhere were the spikes of gladioli with here and there a dash of color, like an exclamation mark, showing a late bloom among the green.

Far in the distance Mount Baldy, its top covered with snow, stood out clearly, and in the valley between lay the town.

We strolled up the little road that ran past the white house and over to a group of potting sheds.

"Why, look!" I cried, "they have built a greenhouse!" We peered through the small glass panes.

The low shelves were covered with pots, a tiny slip was in the exact center of each small pot; and there, standing before a low table tenderly planting the slips with short, thick fingers, was "Mrs. Floradell."

She heard us and looked up. Her plain, sunburned face broke into a smile. "Well, well, it's you!" she said; and began walking toward us, setting her feet in the flat-heeled shoes down carefully, as if she would tread softly on tender, growing things, dusting her hands one against the other as she came.

We shook hands.

"You been away, yes?" she asked.

"Yes, all summer. And now I have come for my Japanese lanterns."

She nodded. "We haven't many this year. He cut them back."

"He" is "Mr. Floradell," I explained to my friend.

She nodded. "They got running wild so. Getting over into the 'gladiolias.'"

"You have so many more this year, 'Mrs. Floradell.'"

She beamed. "Sixty thousand. Forty varieties and still we could use more. Soon we will begin digging the bulbs."

Her eyes swept the beds of green spikes fondly. "In the winter we clean them. Pull off the roots and the little bulblets and cut off the tops. The winter goes quickly so, and it is spring again!"

"Why, Mrs. Floradell, the winter seems almost to vanish when you say that!" I cried.

"A time to plan for spring," said Mrs. Floradell. "That's all."

"I see you have added more lots."

"Every year we add more. It is not much like the little Floradell when you first found it here!" she smiled affectionately.

"Tell her, dear, how Floradell happened," I urged.

Mrs. Floradell began the story that we both enjoyed so much.

"We came here ten years ago," she began. "He started out to find a place for us. He looked everywhere and one day he came back and said: 'I have found it, my Floradell!' 'Good,' I said, 'let me see it, then.'"

"When we got here, there was nothing but the little white house. No growing things. No water, no lights. 'Floradell!' I cried. 'Where are the flowers? Where is the water? The neighbors? Friends?'"

"Don't look at that," he said; "look at the soil!"

Mrs. Floradell stooped and picked up a clod of black earth. She crumbled it through her fingers and it fell to the ground, without leaving a stain on her hard, firm hand.

"That fall we planted bulbs. All we had money for. Tulips and daffodils."

"And in the spring," I broke in, "I was out looking for wild service blossoms one day, because I was going to have a party; and I turned up a narrow, steep little road and I found Floradell! Yellow tulips, yellow daffodils, rippling and bowing in the spring breezes!"

It was Mrs. Floradell's turn now. "She was our first customer," she said, beaming.

"I forgot all about the wild service blossoms, and took home all the yellow tulips and daffodils I could carry, because I found I could afford them! Mrs.

Floradell was selling them two dozen for a quarter!"

"I made good money on them, too," Mrs. Floradell insisted.

"But not on the extra dozen or so you were always throwing in!" I cried.

"The next day we had customers all day," said Mrs. Floradell.

"Naturally, everybody at the party wanted some yellow tulips, too," I said.

"In the fall we sold the bulbs and the next year we bought two more lots. The owner sold them for so little! He was glad to get rid of them, he said. That year we made off the flowers more than the cost of the lots. Many people do not know the value of land." Mrs. Floradell stooped to pick off a seed pod.

"Many people do not know how to grow flowers, Mrs. Floradell," I said.

"Anyone could do the same," she said. "There's just one thing."

"What is that?" asked my friend.

"You must love them," said Mrs. Floradell.

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

HAVE SOME AIR!

Take a deep breath. Now take another! Doesn't that feel good?

Breathing is the most important work of the human body. If we stop breathing for a very, very short time, we die. Yet so marvelously are our bodies made that we go right ahead breathing, hour after hour and day after day, without ever thinking about it.

Good air is more important to us than anything else in the world. If your supply of air has ever been cut off for a few seconds, you realized this very quickly. And if you have ever had to breathe impure air for a long time, you know how bad it makes you feel.

Since air, and good air, is so important, we should see that our bodies get lots of it. Be outdoors as much as you can, throughout the year. Sleep with your windows open. Breathe deeply, so that your lungs get an ample supply of this wonderful, life-sustaining substance.

—*Sunshine Magazine.*

The optimist finds the grin in grind.

THINGS YOU CAN MAKE

Now that the long summer days are over and schoolroom duties demand one's time and attention, one finds that he thinks more about the indoors and ways to make that attic or hall bedroom usually assigned to the boy of the family more attractive. One young lad of 14 quite artistically inclined, tells us how to make attractive and useful articles that would be acceptable as gifts or for use in one's own room.

Ornamental door stops and plaques can be made with only a small coping saw, or jig saw, if obtainable. Select a smooth piece of wood not more than half an inch thick, and 12 by 8 inches or larger. Next select a suitable picture, possibly from a magazine cover. For the door stop such subjects as a dog or cat, a coach or ship are most suitable while a wider range of subjects is adaptable for the plaque.

Mount the picture on the board, using a thin coat of glue, smooth out air bubbles and allow to dry thoroughly for at least 24 hours. With the coping or jig saw cut carefully around the outline of the picture. Then give the finished piece a thin coat of shellac and allow to dry. Lastly fasten a wedge securely to the bottom of the board for the door stop, or, for the plaque, bore small holes in the top and hang with silk cord in harmonizing color.

Watch the magazines and mount your favorite covers in this way.

THE DONKEY STUNT

At your next party try this donkey stunt. We'll bet that you will be just as much of a donkey as the rest of the folks. A donkey's head is drawn on fairly thin wrapping paper. It is minus an eye. The guests are taken into another room and led out one at a time. They are shown the donkey, then they are blindfolded and told to walk up to the donkey and poke their finger through the eye. When they poke, their finger goes into a jar of cold cream held by a confederate. And do they yell when they feel the soft, slippery mass!

—*Clipped.*

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

THE VALUE OF A MINUTE

"Gee, Uncle Tom, anyone would think to hear you talk that it was a dreadful thing to waste a minute. A minute does not amount to anything, anyway."

"I was brought up to believe that time is precious," was Uncle Tom's rather grave reply, "and I think it is. If you waste it you cannot get it back, not even a minute, though, like England's dying Queen, you offer millions for it."

"Oh, but you cannot accomplish anything worth mentioning in a minute."

"Don't be too sure of that, my boy. I was reading the other day of a man who was offered a farm in South Africa for a suit of clothes. At first he thought that even that was too much to give for what appeared to be only a heap of rocks, and he went away. But he heard strange tales of valuable diamonds having been found in just such rocky tracts, so he finally decided to take it. He went back, only to find that it had been sold and that the papers had been signed three minutes before he got there. Shortly afterwards the land proved an almost inexhaustible diamond mine, worth millions."

Another big fortune was lost by less than two minutes. It was out in California when new and valuable land which had been prospected was to be allotted in large claims. Those who wanted to get them had to "peg out" their portions and then deposit their papers at a register's office.

There were often exciting races, won usually by the best horseman with the greatest endurance.

The best claim there, now known as the "Los Patis" mine, worth over \$400,000, was discovered by a man who suspected from a hasty inspection that it was exceedingly valuable. But there were others of the same opinion, and on the appointed day over forty riders appeared for the forty-mile-and-back race.

Burton Neville, who was the first man to suspect the great value of the claim, was the first man on the ground. He marked his claim, and started on the race back.

When he was only a mile from the registry office his horse foundered!

He dismounted and ran on foot the rest of the way, but found some one had got ahead of him and had registered his claim two minutes before he got there!

The old saying: "Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves" is just as true of minutes as of pence. Make good use of them and you will have no wasted days or years to regret.

I once heard of a man who spent all his spare time for 15 years trying to balance a broom on his chin. I also heard of a young man who made his spare time count for something worth while.

He was a poor young man and had not had much chance to get an education. He was hardly more than a boy when he had to go to work. He started at the bottom in a big mercantile house. Frequently when sent on errands he had to wait half an hour or more. It occurred to him to use that time studying Spanish because the business was connected with Spanish interests. In time he became so proficient in the language that he was of great assistance to his employers, and finally became one of the firm.

You see the difference between the two men—one was worth while, and made good, as they say. The other—balanced a broom on his chin!—*By courtesy of The Beacon.*

THE SINGING DAY

When the sky is gloomy

And the world is gray,

When the rain is pouring,

That's my singing day!

Courage is not needed

To sing when life is gay,

But when troubles gather,

Be that your singing day!

—*Shaemas O'Sheel.*

"So that new girl of yours is lazy?"

"Lazy! Why, the other morning I caught her putting popcorn into the pan-cakes to make them turn over themselves."

—*Jester.*

FRANKLIN'S INDUSTRY AND FRUGALITY

Reading was the only amusement I allow'd myself. I spent no time in taverns, games, or frolics of any kind; and my industry in my business continu'd as indefatigable as it was necessary. I was indebted for my printing-house; I had a young family coming on to be educated, and I had to contend with for business two printers, who were established in the place before me. My circumstances, however, grew daily easier. My original habits of frugality continuing, and my father having, among his instructions to me when a boy, frequently repeated a proverb of Solomon, "Seest thou a man diligent in his calling, he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men," I from thence

considered industry as a means of obtaining wealth and distinction, which encourag'd me, tho' I did not think that I should ever literally *stand before kings*, which however has since happened; for I have stood before *five*, and even had the honor of sitting down with one, the King of Denmark, to dinner.

We have an English proverb that says, "*He that would thrive, must ask his wife.*" . . . I had one as much dispos'd to industry and frugality as myself. She assisted me cheerfully in my business, folding and stitching pamphlets, tending shop, purchasing old linen rags for the paper-makers, etc., etc. We kept no idle servants, our table was plain and simple, our furniture of the cheapest.—*From "The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin."*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

MRS. HARRY A. STEVENS, *Chairman*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

MISS ETHEL L. HERSEY, *Secretary*, Hingham, Mass.

MISS EDITH L. JONES, *Treasurer*, 65 Langdon Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Meetings at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, at 10.30 A.M. the first Friday of each month from October to May inclusive.

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, and to give to those living far from a church some of the inspiration of the printed word by the publication of one good sermon, or similar article in each issue of the *Cheerful Letter Magazine*. Only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed upon by all churches are printed.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To establish Circulating Libraries in isolated communities, schools, and colleges in rural and mountain districts where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available.

WHERE TO WRITE

Letters containing subscriptions to the paper, fifty cents a year, and money from the Sunshine Bags should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

Letters asking for correspondents and appeals to be printed in the Cheerful Letter Magazine should be sent to Mrs. John A. McCaddin, *Chairman*, 21 Ashfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

Letters asking for help in studying at home should be sent as follows: *General Information*, Mrs. Rachel J. Sands, *Chairman*, Brimble Avenue, North Beverly, Mass.; *help in elementary subjects*, Mrs. Isaac Sprague, Jr., *Assistant Chairman*, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, *Chairman*, 20 Clark Road, Wellesley Hills, Mass. A circulating Library will be started in any small community that is in need of one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references given.

The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

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No. 4

A SERMONETTE

"Here have we no continuing city."—
Hebrews 13:14.

The Jordan valley was formed ages ago by a crack or fault in the earth's crust. The western half of that fault collapsed, but the eastern half still stands, an irregular precipitous wall, several thousand feet in height with spurs or promontories jutting out into the valley, and with rocky gullies or ravines running back into the plateau. The last chapter of the Book of Deuteronomy gives us a vivid picture of an old, old man standing at the tip end of one of those jutting promontories and looking off towards the west—across the Jordan at his feet, into the highlands of Judea, the mountains around Jerusalem, the olive groves of Bethany, and in the dim distance the wheat fields of Beth Horon. That was Moses on Mt. Nebo, on the last day of his life. He has come out here to gaze upon the Promised Land—the Land of his dreams, the goal of his labors. He may not visit that land in person. But he has come out here to gaze upon it, and to thank his God that at least he has come in sight of what he has wanted to do, before he lies down to die.

As we think of Moses standing there on Mt. Nebo we are inevitably reminded of a clumsy little four line stanza by Tennyson:—

"I have climbed to the snows of age, and
I gaze at a field in the past
Where I sank with the body at times in
the sloughs of a low desire.
But I hear no yelp of the beast, and the
man is quiet at last
As he stands on the heights of his life,
with a glimpse of a height that is
higher."

Figuratively, Moses was standing on

the heights of his life, that morning of his death. And it was a very considerable height. Never had he been so much loved and trusted, so much honored and revered as he was then. He was at the zenith of his earthly fame. Behind him there was a record of conspicuous achievement. Few lives have been blessed with such a wealth of actual accomplishment. Few men have been permitted to actually do so much in a practical earthly way. And yet standing here on the heights of his life, there is that tantalizing glimpse of a height that is higher. Here upon the last morning of his long, arduous, and tremendously successful life, all he can do is to thank his God that he has at last come within sight of what he has tried to do.

In the very nature of the case we cannot speak with assurance. We are most of us far from the snows of age, and far from the heights of life. But we suspect that this experience might be corroborated by the experience of countless hearts all over the world, and all through human history. Perfect satisfaction is the most unattainable thing in life. The sense of perfect achievement is the most elusive thing in the world. At the end of the longest, most successful, most richly rewarded life, there is the Promised Land still in the distance.

And that experience awakens very sober and reverent thoughts. This earthly life at its best is but a fragment of something bigger. Its very successes are contingent. Its best achievements are but a preparation. Here have we no continuing city, says Paul, and the words are just as true for us as for him. Here have we only a chance to explore the meaning of life, a chance to wonder and

Forward to page 38

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A SERMONETTE

Forward from page 37

learn, a chance to labor for the meat which perisheth not, a chance to attain character and prayer and faith and purity of desire before we go on into the next waiting mystery.

Help us, O God, while it is day to work, and to attain, and to succeed. Give us wisdom to guide our labors, to turn our eyes and fix our affections upon those objectives that shall endure. Give us the strong counsels of trust, to tell us that back of our earthly incompleteness is thine eternal purpose, and back of our life's mystery is thy love.

—Rev. Charles E. Park, D.D.

SCHOOLS THAT GO TO THE CHILDREN

The railroad that penetrates the hinterland of the Canadian North has along its trail the initial developments that are gradually opening up a new era of human activity. Northern Ontario, for instance, is dotted with small communities, where the pioneers of transportation live with their families a life of geographical isolation. There one finds little Jack Canuck, as versed in the lore of the woodlands as the native Indians; he learns the habits of the inmates of the forest wilderness, and at an early age he has to become skilled in the use of the trap and snare. He is a child of the underbrush and slash, whose only contacts with the outside world are the passing trains that he waves at from his home.

The matter of acquainting little Jack Canuck and his small sister with the intricacies of the "three R's" was a problem that long troubled the Ontario Department of Education. The commu-

nity was too small to afford a rural school. It looked as if the sparsity of the population would prevent the growing children of those localities from acquiring the education necessary to make them good citizens. Very few of the parents, if any, were in a position to send their children away to school.

SOLVED BY RAILWAYS

The problem was solved by the two Canadian railway systems, the Canadian National and the Canadian Pacific co-operating with the Ontario Department of Education. In other words, the school goes to the children instead of the children to the school. The two transportation systems supply two specially constructed cars that meet the double purpose of being a schoolhouse on wheels and a home for the teacher. The schoolroom has all the facilities of a well-equipped rural school; there are a dozen desks of the usual school size, grading from those for the larger pupils to the smaller ones in the first grade. At the so-called front is the teacher's desk with a blackboard behind. Another blackboard runs three-quarter way along one side of the car. Behind the schoolroom is the bedroom of the teacher and in the rear of this is a kitchen equipped in the most modern way, having a stove, ice-box and other conveniences that are greatly admired by the mothers in the communities visited by the car.

The teachers have the background of training and experience necessary to meet the needs of the backwoods children. Each car stops in about six communities a month, remaining from three to six days. During that time the children are constantly in school, and when the educational car leaves each child has been given sufficient homework to assure a continuance of studies until the car returns in four or five weeks. The ages of the pupils vary from 5 to 18 years.

This educational experiment began in a modest way with two cars, giving instruction to some 85 children. It is the aim, however, of the department and the two co-operating railway systems to bring this unique school to all the chil-

dren located along the 3000 miles of steel tracks that make up the railway mileage of the Canadian northland. The numbers attending these movable schoolhouses are limited to 10 or 12. When the number increases above that figure a regular rural school will be established.

TEACHERS STRONG ON ENGLISH

The duties of the teachers of these schools are many and varied; frequently the pupils are of foreign extraction and a thorough training in English has a major place in the curriculum. The teachers endeavor, as far as possible, to help the foreign born parents and other adults to acquire a working knowledge of the English language.

The car carries a small lending library containing works of reference, some of the latest fiction and other books of general interest.

In talking to the teachers, the writer listened to many stories of deep human interest. In the first place, the school-room itself was a never-ending source of wonder, and the teacher a wizard who held the key to unknown realms beyond their ken. Among the scholars were children of fourteen who had never had a pen in their hands, and to them the opportunity to attend school was the realization of the ambition of many years. According to the teachers, the progress of the pupils is very exceptional. They do not work under compulsion. On the contrary they concentrate all their energies on advancing as fast as possible. —THORSTINA JACKSON WALTERS in *Christian Science Monitor*.

COVERED BRIDGES

Search as I will, to find where New England first found her idea of covered bridges, I come back to a firm conviction that her particular type was peculiar to her alone. . . .

The nearest approach to our covered bridge is one type found in Switzerland, across an arm of Lake Lucerne. This bridge has a steep arched roof, and the bridge is completely made of timbers. The sides are open with a deep open overhang of the roof, and a sort of

wainscoting of perhaps two and one-half feet on either side of the bridge, running its full length. The bridge is very narrow, and can be used only by pedestrians. The pointed arch between the beams, which supports the roof, is also used as a gallery—and pictures in oil are framed by the beams—and beneath, on the cross-beam, is the inscription or title. These paintings depict the historical events and epochs of the country, and the blue waters of Lake Lucerne and the distant mountains are framed by the open sides of this bridge, making a most enjoyable sight for tourists as well as the industrious native.—From "Covered Bridges of New England," by CLARA E. WAGEMANN.

AUTUMN THE PRODIGAL

Warmed by the sun, while Summer played
The drowsy hours away,
Fair Autumn, 'neath her bed of leaves,
Slept sound through Summer's day.
But Summer now has gone her path,
And none her loss retrieves;
For cold and chill the wind blows down,
And scatters Autumn's leaves.
Slowly the dreaming nymph awakes;
And lifts her lovely arms;
Pressing aside the leafy boughs,
That strive to hide her charms.
"Tis cold," she muses; "Summer's gone
Too soon for my desires."
So, rising swiftly from her couch,
Fair Autumn lights her fires.
Hill unto hill they beckon on
Like rubies set in gold;
Flash upon flash like sparks of flame
Their loveliness unfold.
Ah, Autumn, stay thy hand! this blaze
Has naught to feed upon
Save its own beauty—Winter cold
Will come! . . . But Autumn's gone!
—A. Jacqueline Shaw.

One person I have to make good: myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I may.
—Stevenson.

Love is the fulfilling of the law.

CORRESPONDENTS AND APPEALS

MRS. JOHN A. MCCADDIN, *Chairman*, 21 Ashfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

A correspondent writing to the Exchange for the first time should always give as reference the name and address of her minister.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice should be sent to Headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., and to those persons who have been sending letters and reading matter.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of its magazine by addressing letters asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who disobeys this rule will be dropped from the list, and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by the Central Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to the Chairman of this Department.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

APPEALS

1. It has been several years since I last wrote you so I am coming again to thank you for the past you have done. It is quite lonesome here, after leaving all my relatives, so I would be pleased to receive quilt scraps or most any fancy work, as I can do any sort. I would also be glad to get cards and pictures for my four-year-old daughter, Dolores. My former name and address: Miss Sena Foster, Post, Tex. Now it is Mrs. T. W. McNiel, Box 81, Basalt, Colo.

2. Mrs. G. R. Stike, Crumpler, N. C., writes that she hasn't had a letter printed for a long time and wishes to take this means of thanking for past favors. She has a girl, 16, and a granddaughter, 4, and hopes something will be sent to cheer them. Mrs. Stike would like some quilt scraps and reading.

3. Will someone please send us some cheer? Two years have gone by since I have had a letter published and I would like to hear from some of the *Cheerful Letter* friends. My health is not good and I have the care of six children. My three oldest girls would enjoy some stamped pieces or any kind of sewing; some good reading for a boy of 13; and

anything to amuse a girl of 10 and a baby brother, 4. If it is not asking too much, I would be glad of some quilt scraps for myself. I have changed my address from 1926 Clinton Ave., S.E., to 1514 Kirk Ave., S.E., Roanoke, Va. Mrs. B. J. Hall.

4. It has been so long since I have heard from the *Cheerful Letter* friends. School soon begins and the cold winter days will be lonesome so I hope someone will send me some reading, quilt pieces and thread, as I cannot afford to buy them. We haven't made anything on account of the dry weather. M. L. Bennett, Dodson, Va.

5. Will you please publish a few lines in the *Cheerful Letter* paper for me? I am a poor widow woman, aged 22, with one little boy, 17 months old. We live with my aged father, and sister, 18 years old, and brother 20 years old. Cheer of any kind would make us all feel much better. I would enjoy some reading, quilt scraps, and embroidery material; also some drawing material so I could draw some nice pictures. Thanks to the one who sends me the little book each month. Mrs. Jessie Belle Pearson, R.F.D. 2, Sylvester, Ga.

6. Mrs. John Howard, Montclare, S. C., says she is in very poor health and so lonesome where she lives. She would like some magazines and sewing material. Her husband earns forty cents a day, which does not allow for very much cheer.

7. There is just my husband and I and we have to keep the house going and no work in sight. We sure do see a hard time. I hope to hear from some of the good friends and would thank them so much for any kind of reading or sewing. I enjoy both, but it is quite impossible to have either just now. We are both Christians and like religious papers. Mrs. Gennetta Crowe, Evensville, Tenn.

8. I hope you will have my letter printed and that it will be as a seed sown in good ground. The Lord has been kind to me in many ways, although I am not blessed in worldly goods. My oldest son married in April and his wife hasn't got much to do, so I hope you can send her some scraps for patchwork or any kind of sewing material. Any kind of cheer will be welcome. Mrs. Cutler Hill, Lawsonville, N. C.

9. I have been a member of the *Cheerful Letter Exchange* for seven years, but haven't received any kind of cheer from any of the dear sisters in a long, long time. Someone sends me the little paper and I sure have enjoyed reading it with its many helps for the lonely and discouraged. I want to thank the one who sends it with a grateful heart. I am in very poor health, confined to my home most all the time, and it is so lonesome. Will someone please send me some scraps and bits of thread? Mrs. Morris Thomas, Route 2, Box 49, Polkton, N. C.

10. Mrs. Walter Pendleton, Stuart, Va., hopes to see her letter in print. She has a daughter, 11 years old, and a baby girl, 1 year old. Her husband is in poor health. She would appreciate any kind of sewing material and something to amuse the children. She includes thanks for the *Cheerful Letter* magazine which comes each month.

11. I want to thank you good people for the cheer which I have received in

the past. I have just gone through a serious operation, which keeps me at home all the time. I guess it will be some time before I recover my full strength again. I would certainly appreciate some cheer. I cannot send the children to school for want of proper materials, so I am trying to teach them at home. Perhaps someone will send us some school material and some reading matter. It gets so lonesome here, we live so out of the way. I think the *Cheerful Letter Exchange* is wonderful. Mrs. Nancy Autry, Crabtree, Ark.

12. I have been a member of the Exchange for thirty years and it has been such a comfort and help to me. I am now old and feeble and have lost my health. I am under the care of a doctor and have been unable to do any work for some time. I suffer untold misery from neuritis and cannot sleep half the night. I was 71 years old September 21 and my husband is 73. He is very feeble and not able to do much of any work. We are so lonely and discouraged. Times are very hard; we have had no rain to wet the ground in many months; crops are a failure; and the main crop of corn is no good. We would like to have someone stay with us, but we really cannot afford to hire anyone. I would appreciate some good books to pass the lonely hours. I will pass them on to my friends; and would like a few scraps to finish my quilt. The most I can do is to read and sew. From your far away friend, Mrs. Joe Dodd, Route 2, Box 69, Sandidges, Va.

You have a dollar, we have a dollar, we swap; now you have our dollar, we have yours, and we are no better off.

You have an idea, we have an idea, we swap; now you have two ideas, and we have two ideas, and that's the difference.

There's another difference: A dollar does only so much; it buys so many potatoes and no more. An idea that fits your purpose may keep you in potatoes all your life, and it may incidentally build you a place to eat them in.

—Exchange.

STREETS OF GOLD

Forty-eight hours north of Bombay I stood looking eagerly out of the train window. I could see only, close against the track, a wall of rank swamp grass and willow. But—"Now!" said my companion. "We're just there!" And at that moment, no more wall, but under a mighty scintillating high heaven a great distance of gray sand stretching away to the purple foothills of the Himalayas, where everlasting snows were shimmering pink in the sunset. The train was hurrying over a mile and a half of empty riverbed and drawing near to a stream flowing deep and green against a rich old brick wall. Beyond that wall, flat roofed palaces rose, square tower against square tower, veranda above veranda, through a haze of poet-blue smoke rising from the evening's cooking. And nearer me I saw that this wall was screening from the street beyond it, stairs leading down into the river's water. . . .

I was driving down one of them. Into that lofty nave shafts of gold were slanting down over me, making all the quivering little sheshem leaves shine like flowing copper, lighting into glory clouds of dust kicked up by laden donkeys and flocks of milk-goats. From a thousand such afternoons' experience I know now that through that glow, black-bearded Sikh soldiers, khaki-clad, with scarlet ephod-shaped turbans half a yard high, were leering along, swinging canes. . . .

All at once where a tree was missing from the row the sunlight shot down through the dust in shafts against the wall of a house and bounded back in waves impossibly purple gold. Further on, instead of contiguous houses, were cabin-like piles of pine logs whose hurling, crashing journey down the flooded river from their Himalayan birthplace to the railway had intensified their fragrance—the only familiar one in all that spicy Babel. Beyond them I saw a hedged garden of roses grown for attar, bounded on the further side by banana trees whose leaves flapped raggedly against a mauve horizon. Then we came to a lemon hedge trimmed high above a

brick wall, and a gate. That gate I remember because when we drove in through it, on a gravel driveway outlined with pots of chrysanthemums, beyond a dusty tennis court, on a brick wall a peacock with spread tail was preening in an amethyst light.—MARGARET WILSON, in "Trousers of Taffeta."

THE CHINA TEA SET

A china tea set—just to own

A china tea set was her dream—

Dear fragile cups, quaint little bowl,

A cunning pitcher for the cream!

So graciously she'd pour the tea,

Her friends would chatter bright and gay:

"Such perfect tea! Such lovely cups!

I'm glad I happened in today!"

But he to whom her life was joined

Thought money would be better spent

For land, for implements and stock—

And to his will her will was bent.

His toil and gain were all for her—

And when the two were old and gray,
That she might have no wish denied

He brought the tea things home one day.

Dear fragile cups, quaint little bowl!

She thanked him with her patient smile.

She placed them in a shining row,

Admired them there a little while,

Then packed them all away. You see
No friends were left to drink the tea.

MRS. B. Y. WILLIAMS.

WHAT CONSTITUTES SUCCESS

He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory is a benediction.

—Mrs. A. J. Stanley.

THE MAN AND THE SPARROWS A METAPHOR

A man was reclining on a pile of new-mown hay in a great barn, looking up at the sparrows who darted and twittered above him. He envied the cheerful little creatures, for though he had many friends, much money, and the beautiful gift of writing songs that everyone liked to sing, he wasn't happy. He always went about with a face so gloomy that no one cared to associate with him. He took no notice of friends and neighbors; neither used his money for himself nor others, and found no beauty in the world.

As he lay alone on the sweet-scented hay, with the afternoon sunshine streaming in, and the busy birds chirping overhead, he said, sadly, "Happy sparrows, I wish I were one of you; for you have no pains or sorrows, and your cares are very light. All summer you live gayly together, and when winter comes you fly away to the lovely South."

"Neighbors, do you hear what that lazy creature down there is saying?" cried a sparrow, peeping over the edge of her nest, and addressing several others who sat on a beam near by.

"We hear, Mrs. Skim, and quite agree with you, that it's very little that he knows about our affairs," answered one of the sparrows with a spry chirp, like a scornful laugh. "We work harder than he does any day. Did he build his own house, does he get his daily bread for himself? How many neighbors does he help, how much of the world does he see, and who is the happier for his being alive?"

"Cares, indeed!" cried another. "I wish he'd undertake to feed and teach my brood. Much he knows about the anxieties of birds!" and the little mother hustled away to get supper for the young ones, whose bills were always gaping wide.

"I, for my part, don't envy him," cried Gossip Wing, who was fond of speaking her mind. "Men and women think they are lots better than birds. Now just look at this man and see how he wastes his life. There never was anyone with a better chance of doing good, and yet he

mopes and dawdles his time away."

"Well," spoke kind-hearted Mrs. Dart, "I quite agree with you that he would be happier if he would stop wearing such a sour face and forget *himself* a little, but maybe he doesn't know how. I believe he would be glad, Gossip Wing, if you would tell him a few things that he could do that would make him happier."

"Well, well, my dear," answered Gossip Wing, "I have seen a great deal of the world and this poor man is welcome to my advice, if he will listen. He could sing some of his great songs for some poor shut-ins and he'd see that every time that he made anyone else a little happier, he would feel happier, too. And besides, one time I slipped into a church and listened just as carefully as I could, and this is what the man said: 'If you wish to be happy, you must try to make someone else happy.' And when I looked around I saw a beautiful sign which said 'Love one another.' And I am thinking, if the man was busy trying to make someone happy, he wouldn't have time to be sad."

The man awoke with a start. "Thank you, neighbors," he said, and walked away with the first smile his face had borne for weeks.—*Adapted from "Morning Glories," for Sunshine Magazine.*

THE EARTH AND MAN

A little sun, a little rain,

A soft wind blowing from the west—

And woods and fields are sweet again,

And warmth within the mountain's
breast.

So simple is the earth we tread,

So quick with love and life her frame:

Ten thousand years have dawned and
fled,

And still her magic is the same.

A little love, a little trust,

A soft impulse, a sudden dream—

And life as dry as desert dust

Is fresher than a mountain stream.

So simple is the heart of man,

So ready for new hope and joy:

Ten thousand years since it began

Have left it younger than a boy.

—*Stopford Augustus Brooke.*

FIGHTING FOREST FIRES WITH RADIO

"Another advance toward making timber-growing profitable," is the way in which A. Gael Simson, of the U. S. Forest Service, characterizes the recent use of portable radio apparatus by fire-fighters in *The Scientific American*.

One of the most necessary weapons in this work, he says, is communication, largely carried on by radio or telephone. The radio part is new, owing to the former lack of efficient portable apparatus.

"The Forest Service maintains an extensive net work of telephone lines, totaling approximately 40,000 miles, made up of thousands of short lines which tie in with commercial lines serving National Forest areas. Until the last few years, however, almost nothing had been done with radio because apparatus in the proper form to meet the requirements of Forest Service use had not yet been developed.

"Radio, in order to be a practical tool for the forester, must be extremely portable; for forest protection forces are made up of small units—often one man, sometimes two or three.

"When these units are stationed at fixed points, as in the case of guards and lookouts, they are probably best served by telephone, but with mobile units such as patrolmen, smoke-chasers, and road and trail crews, radio offers interesting possibilities. That it be usable by a smoke-chaser or patrolman, the apparatus must be light enough for him to carry in addition to his fire-fighting tools, food, and other equipment. It must be so simple that a man with no knowledge of radio can use it. It must furnish reliable communication over distances of at least ten miles, the cost must be within reasonable limits, and it must be so rugged that packing over the roughest trails will not damage it.

"Unfortunately, radio equipment of this sort could not be found. Moreover, opinion was pretty well divided among radio experts as to whether or not it would be possible to 'get out even a mile'

in dense forest with radio apparatus of even pack-horse portability; as for using apparatus light enough for one man to carry—pish, and likewise tush!"

The Forest Service decided to take a chance, and a forest officer was asked to assemble a radio transmitter-receiver for foresters. The result was a seventy-nine-pound set. Field tests demonstrated that when it was set up even under a dense forest, signals were transmitted tens and, on occasion, hundreds of miles. Seven of the sets were in service during the 1930 fire season. Mr. Simson proceeds:

"The results of the 1930 tests showed the need for two special types of transmitter-receivers. These were: (1) A general purpose transmitter-receiver capable of transmitting voice or code over a distance of at least ten miles, to be used for communication on large fires, communication with mobile units, and where telephone service was not available. (2) A code transmitter-receiver of the utmost compactness, weighing approximately ten pounds, with a minimum range of ten miles, to be used by smoke-chasers in reporting on fires, and scouts on large fires in reporting to their chiefs.

"Apparatus to meet these requirements has been built. The larger weighs, complete, fifty-nine pounds. It is housed in two small boxes; one contains the set proper, the other contains the dry batteries, head-phones, and antenna. Putting the set to work involves three operations, the first of which is to hang up the antenna and plug it into the set. The antenna is about seventy feet long and is usually tied to bushes or trees. Second, plug head-phones into set. Third, plug in battery cable. The set is now ready. There is no tuning of the transmitter, and the change-over from 'transmit' to 'receive' is done with a single switch. This set has a range of ten miles with voice and twenty-five miles with code.

"The small code transmitter-receiver is also contained in two packages—a box which houses the set itself, the head-phones, and filament battery; and a small

canvas bag in which the plate battery and antenna are carried. Total weight is about 10¾ pounds. Putting this set 'on the air' is even simpler than is the case with the larger radiophone.

"Though this transmitter has, in many instances, been heard over distances of several hundred miles, the maximum reliable working range is rated at twenty miles.

"Arrangements have been made to install twenty-six radio-phone units and ninety-three code units on National Forests of the Northwest this year."

—From *The Literary Digest*.

SOME ONE HAD PRAYED

The day was long, the burden I had borne
Seemed heavier than I could bear.

And then it lifted—but I did not know
Some one had knelt in prayer.

Had taken me to God that very hour,
And asked the easing of the load, and
He,

In infinite compassion had stooped down
And taken it from me.

We cannot tell how often as we pray
For some bewildered one, hurt and
distressed,

The answer comes—but many times those
hearts

Find sudden peace and rest.
Some one had prayed, and Faith, a reach-
ing hand,

Took hold of God, and brought Him
down that day!

So many, many hearts have need of
prayer—

Oh, let us pray!

—Grace Noll Crowell.

So long as there are human beings to
reach for the stars, the world will move
on.

Let every dawn of the morning be to
you as the beginning of life. And let
every setting of the sun be to you as its
close. Then let every one of these short
lives leave its sure record of some kindly
thing done for others; some good strength
or knowledge gained for yourself.

—Ruskin.

AFTER MANY DAYS

There were once two boys working
their way through Leland Stanford Uni-
versity. Their funds got desperately
low, and the idea came to one of them to
engage Paderewski for a piano recital
and devote the profits to their board and
tuition.

The great pianist's manager asked for
a guarantee of two thousand dollars.
The boys, undaunted, proceeded to stage
the concert. They worked hard, only to
find that the concert had totaled them
only sixteen hundred dollars.

After the concert the boys sought the
great artist and told him of their efforts
and results. They gave him the entire
sixteen hundred dollars, and accom-
panied it with a promissory note for four
hundred dollars, explaining that they
would earn the amount at the earliest
possible moment and send the money to
him.

"No, boys," replied Paderewski, "that
won't do." Then, tearing the note to
shreds, he returned the money to the
boys, and said to them: "Now, take out
of this sixteen hundred dollars all of
your expenses, and keep for each of you
10 per cent of the balance for your work,
and let me have the rest."

The years rolled by—years of fortune
and destiny. The devastating war came,
and Paderewski was striving with might
and main to feed the starving thousands
of his beloved Poland. There was only
one man in the world who could help
Paderewski and his people. Thousands
of tons of food began to come into Poland
for distribution by the Polish premier.

After the starving people were fed,
Paderewski journeyed to Paris to thank
Herbert Hoover for the relief sent him.

"That's all right, Mr. Paderewski,"
was Mr. Hoover's reply. "Besides, you
don't remember it, but you helped me
once when I was a student at college, and
I was in a hole."—*Reprint from Edward
W. Bok's "Perhaps I Am."*

Blessed is he that considereth the
poor: the Lord will deliver him in time
of trouble.

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE TWINS ARE TEN

By MARY LOUISE STETSON

"Tomorrow's our birthday," announced Lera. "We'll be ten years old."

Miriam drew in her breath and her dark eyes brightened.

The three little girls walked on together for a while in silence. Every one of them was thinking of a party. Often there were parties at the doctor's house when the twins were having birthdays. Miriam had been invited to more than she could remember, but the other parties had not fallen on Saturday when there would be a whole afternoon for games and ice cream and cake! Miriam hoped there was to be a party when the twins were to be ten years old. Perhaps if she waited long enough, Lera or Lorna would say something about the plans for next day. Perhaps, even then, one of them was carrying in her pocket a little envelope with the words "Miriam Weeks" written in ink across the middle of it. Miriam earnestly hoped so.

The school bell rang and the three little girls broke into a run.

"Are — you — going — to have — a PARTY?" gasped Miriam after a while.

The twins bobbed their heads and kept on running.

"How—many?" persisted the curious, eager Miriam.

"Six," answered Lorna.

Miriam thought hard and fast, counting off names on her fingers. Six was not a large number, and yet she was sure that the twins didn't like any other Fifth Grader better than they liked her, unless, perhaps, it was that freckle-faced Estes girl from the River Road, or that pugnosed Mayers girl that was so good at skipping rope.

"Who—are—they?"

"It's—a secret," answered Lorna, and shut her mouth so firmly that she simply had to breathe through her nose as Daddy says she ought to do always.

Miriam tossed her head. By recess time, almost every Fifth Grader in the school yard had learned that there was to

be a party at the doctor's house on the very next day. Many pairs of eyes were turned toward the pockets of the twins. If any invitations were coming from that source, it seemed strange that they did not come. Perhaps the invitations had been sent by mail.

Inquiries were made by many Fifth Graders as soon as they rushed in from school, but every mother or big sister or brother said, "No." Then there was some pouting, and several Fifth Graders made up their minds that when they had birthday parties, the White twins should not be invited.

Meanwhile, Lera and Lorna were so happy in their plans for next day that they had quite forgotten that there were any Fifth Graders. They felt too grown-up even for High School when they thought of being so old. Just after one more night, it would take two figures to tell their age ever after, till they got to be one hundred.

Besides, it wasn't to be a really-truly party. It was to be a luncheon, and everything was to be as grown-up as when Mother gives luncheons to her friends.

After a long, long time, Saturday dawned. The twins were up as soon as the sun. The first guest would arrive on the ten o'clock train. Daddy would meet her at the station with the car, but the twins must have their morning tasks all done, and must be clothed in their light blue party dresses in time to welcome the out-of-town guest.

* * * * *

Honk! Honk! Honk!

At last Daddy's signal had been given. The out-of-town guest would soon step up to the front door and ring the bell. The twins, each bright of eye, rosy of cheek, and dressed in a light blue dress, stood on either side of the hall. Both heard a slow footstep outside. Both heard the ring of the bell. Both dashed forward and somehow, both, with a deal of giggling, managed to turn the knob and to open wide the door.

"How-do-you-do, Mrs. White! Come right in! We are glad to see you." The twins nodded and smiled as they said in perfect unison the words that they had practised before sunrise that morning.

The guest laughed, knelt just inside the door, and put an arm tenderly about each small hostess.

"God bless you, dears! How very formal you are with your Grandmother White!" she cried, and kissed two rosy cheeks.

Soon Grandmother White and the twins were in the living-room and were having a delightfully informal time entertaining one another.

It was a long while before the doorbell rang again. When it did the twins excused themselves long enough to welcome other luncheon guests. These proved to be Cousins Matilda and Sarah Wilkins. Just how they happened to be cousins, the twins could not say. They had helped Cousin Matilda celebrate her eightieth birthday, and even Cousin Sarah must be as old as Grandmother White, but the twins loved Cousin Matilda and Cousin Sarah and cordially greeted them at the door.

Soon arrived Mrs. Martin, the neighbor across the way who feels lonesome because her children are all married now, but who hasn't forgotten how to make crinkly cookies with sugar on top.

Then came Mrs. Nelson, who can tell such wonderful stories about animals and flowers!

And, finally, came Aunt Rosa Haskins, the white-haired teacher who had threatened to adopt the twins and to send them to Normal School by and by.

There, the twins need no longer listen for the door-bell. All the guests had arrived. The dining-table looked beautiful. Odors that made even ten-year-olds starving hungry wafted in, now and then, from the kitchen. The luncheon would soon be served.

Just before the time came to leave the living-room, Mother came in. A little blue-gowned girl stood blushing at either side of her and then Mother spoke while the twins smiled. This is what Mother

said: "The twins are so glad to welcome on their tenth birthday you friends who have done so much to make their ten years of life happy ones!"

And, would you believe it, when the other Fifth Graders had parties, the White twins were invited, as usual!

—*By courtesy of The Beacon.*

WEEDS AND DEEDS

A naughty little weed one day

Poked up its tiny head.

"Tomorrow I will pull you up,

Old Mr. Weed," I said.

But I put off the doing till,

When next I passed that way,

The hateful thing had spread abroad

And laughed at my dismay.

A naughty little thought one day

Popped right into my mind.

"O-ho!" I cried, "I'll put you out

Tomorrow, you will find."

But once again I put it off

Till, like the little weed,

The ugly thing sprang up apace

And grew into a deed.

So, boys and girls, heed what I say

And learn it with your sums:

Don't put off till tomorrow, for

Tomorrow never comes.

Today pull up the little weeds,

The naughty thoughts subdue,

Or they may take the reins themselves

And some day master you.

Sunshine Magazine.

A funny little man told this to me: "I fell in a snowdrift in June," he said. "I went to a ball game out in the sea; I saw a jelly-fish float up in a tree. I found some gum in a cup of tea. I stirred my milk with a big brass key. I opened the door on bended knee. I beg your pardon for this," said he. "But 'tis true when told as it ought to be. 'Tis a puzzle in punctuation, you see." —*Speakers Library Magazine.*

Blessed is the man who believes in his fellows, for it is more blessed to be deceived in some things than to be suspicious of all things.—*From "John the Unafraid."*

SONG

Sing, little bird, oh, sing!

How sweet thy voice and clear!

How fine the airy measures ring,

The sad old world to cheer!

Bloom, little flower, oh bloom!

Thou makest glad the day;

A scented torch, thou dost illumine

The darkness of the way.

Dance, little child, oh, dance!

While sweet the small birds sing,

And flowers bloom fair, and every glance

Of sunshine tells of spring.

Oh! bloom, and sing, and smile,

Flower, bird, and child—and make

The sad old world forget awhile.

Its sorrow for your sake!

—*Celia Thaxter.*

Blessed are the peacemakers.

A business man found difficulty in collecting his bills from a certain client. Finally, losing patience, he wrote his client a rather threatening letter and in reply received the following:

"Dear Sir: What do you mean by sending me a letter like the one you wrote on the tenth inst.? I know how to run my business.

"Every month I place all my bills in a basket, and then figure out how much money I have to pay on my accounts. Next, I blindfold my bookkeeper and have her draw as many bills out of the basket as I have money to pay.

"If you don't like my way of doing things, I won't even put your bills in the basket."—*Clipped.*

The optimist finds the grin in grind.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

MRS. HARRY A. STEVENS, *Chairman*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

MISS ETHEL L. HERSEY, *Secretary*, Hingham, Mass.

MISS EDITH L. JONES, *Treasurer*, 65 Langdon Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Meetings at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, at 10.30 A.M. the first Friday of each month from October to May inclusive.

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, and to give to those living far from a church some of the inspiration of the printed word by the publication of one good sermon, or similar article in each issue of the *Cheerful Letter Magazine*. Only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed upon by all churches are printed.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To establish Circulating Libraries in isolated communities, schools, and colleges in rural and mountain districts where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available.

WHERE TO WRITE

Letters containing subscriptions to the paper, fifty cents a year, and money from the Sunshine Bags should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

Letters asking for correspondents and appeals to be printed in the Cheerful Letter Magazine should be sent to Mrs. John A. McCaddin, *Chairman*, 21 Ashfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

Letters asking for help in studying at home should be sent as follows: *General Information*, Mrs. Rachel J. Sands, *Chairman*, Brimble Avenue, North Beverly, Mass.; *help in elementary subjects*, Mrs. Isaac Sprague, Jr., *Assistant Chairman*, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, *Chairman*, 20 Clark Road, Wellesley Hills, Mass. A circulating Library will be started in any small community that is in need of one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references given.

The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

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THE GOOD TIDINGS OF THE KINGDOM

The early Gospel records say: "Jesus went about in all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues and preaching the good tidings of the Kingdom."

The phrase was constantly on His lips. According to the Gospel writers there was hardly a day in Christ's public life in which it was not found. It was the central content of his teaching from the beginning.

The phrase was not new. It was something of a watchword in Christ's day. It was often on the lips of others besides Jesus. It embodied a great expectation and had power to thrill the hearts of men. But what had been to the greatest prophets primarily a spiritual ideal, had been turned by not a few into a mere political program. At that period, as is always the case, some reduced their religion to a form of patriotism. The ideas of the Kingdom current in Christ's day were not of the loftiest kind. Almost always that seems to be the fate of inspired dreams. The popular notion comes to be little more than a caricature of the ideal. Men pull down the lofty thing and fashion it in some meaner form.

On the other hand, there is much in the Gospels that points to a very different sort of interpretation. Most Christians probably feel that when Jesus said God's good time was at hand, He meant in effect that there was no need to wait till the Roman garrison had been driven into the sea, till vast social and political changes had taken place.

Right here and now, any man may live in the light and beauty of it! For ages men had pointed to the future, immediate or remote. But Jesus seems to say that

"in the will of God, the Kingdom is always at hand, the Divine order is always seeking to break through into our chaos if we will."

Jesus himself was the evidence of it. The light on His face is the light of the Kingdom. His peace and His joy are the beatitudes of the Kingdom. There He lives at the source of every precious thing, in the sunshine of God's fatherhood.

In Him the dream is fulfilled, beyond all telling wonderful. In the view of Jesus when seen, it is worth a man's while to make any sacrifice to possess it. He told two very suggestive parables of the Kingdom. In one He compared it unto treasure hid in a field, which a man suddenly comes across while ploughing. The plough strikes something hard; with feet or hands he moves away the earth and uncovers the treasure; then counts up all his savings and goes to buy the land from the agent. Men did from time to time come across buried treasure in that way and Jesus used the experience to illustrate His idea of the Kingdom. It was there at hand, beneath the soil on which men stood, if they could only believe it, and if they were only keen enough to possess it.

His other parable was of a pearl merchant seeking goodly pearls, who one day comes across the most beautiful gem ever seen and sells out all his stock to make that Pearl of Price his own.

So, He says, is the Kingdom, the supreme treasure among all man's quests, but so few seemed aware of it, or were willing to pay the price that made it their own.

Any Kingdom of Heaven, or reign of God in society, can only come as the reflection, the working out of that Kingdom

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in the hearts of men. In a word, the reformed society can only come through the reformed man. Those who refuse or fail to see that, are simply wasting their breath, and spending their energy for naught.

In the Kingdom that Jesus proclaimed, the conditions of entrance were internal, not external. The only way in was the way of the changed heart. "EXCEPT YE BECOME AS LITTLE CHILDREN," He said, "YE CANNOT SEE THE KINGDOM OF GOD." The familiarity of these words rather blinds us to their extraordinary nature! How many among us have ever really qualified? And, if we are fond of lording it over others, there hardly seems to be a place in this Kingdom for us, for there the only lordship is that of service, and the only greatness and dignity recognized is that of lowly ministry. The world has Kingdoms to which wealth is the passport. It is useless for any except the rich to apply.

But in this Kingdom Jesus said riches were something of a disability; they made it harder to get in by making it more difficult to fulfill the conditions.

That is at least part of the meaning of Christ's words, that the poor had the good tidings preached to them.

It was not that by some dramatic social or political changes, the poor were suddenly to become well-to-do, but rather that their poverty did not disqualify them for possessing life's supreme treasure, the Kingdom, with its light and peace and joy. Jesus himself was a poor man, and He taught that there were some cases where a man might have to sell all he had before he could find entrance. The

rich young ruler saw the pearl of price, but refused to buy it!

Jesus' teaching of the Kingdom means that we have to get our values and our emphasis right; that rich and poor alike we should seek first the Kingdom; the Kingdom which is not for the proud, but for the meek; not for the self-satisfied but for the penitent; not for the revengeful but for the forgiving and the peace-makers; for those who are seeking to be worthy children of that Father Who sends His rain on the just and the unjust and causes His sun to shine on the evil and on the good.

So many men find the greatest blessedness along the common ways of earth, even though their circumstances are as unideal as were those of Jesus. That is not the least part of the "good tidings of the Kingdom." — *From The Churchman Afield in Boston Transcript.*

THE YOUNG PATRIOT

(A Tale of the American Virgin Islands)

Now! that a terrific hurricane has crossed over the Virgin Islands of the United States and left in its wake an aftermath which needs speedy attention, a story that vividly portrays the patriotism of these people in the Caribbean Sea comes fresh to memory.

During the early days of 1917, when this nation became a belligerent in the World War and Admiral James H. Oliver was Governor of the Islands, marines had placed powerful guns on parts of the Crown Mountain range, known as Ma-folie. This was done to protect the coast lines of the Islands from expected German submarine raids.

It happened that one afternoon the Admiral while traversing that region met a young native, who looked at him in a very unfriendly manner.

"What's wrong?" queried the Admiral.

"You look like a German spy," replied the boy.

"You are mistaken," countered the Admiral. "I am the Governor of the Islands. Don't you recognize me?"

"No, I don't," thundered the boy, "and

I shall take you to the manager of the estate."

The Admiral smiled, made no further comment, and followed willingly his young escort. At the gate of the estate the manager was eagerly engaged observing the rays of the setting sun. Suddenly he looked towards the east, recognized the Admiral, and exclaimed, "How do you do, Governor. Pleasant afternoon, isn't it?" The Admiral admitted that it was. Realizing his mistake, the young patriot made an apology that would have convinced any judge of his sincerity and loyalty. At its conclusion the Admiral continued his journey.

Upon his return to the Executive Mansion he related the story to the Government Secretary and demanded that the boy be brought before him the next afternoon. The manager was immediately notified by telephone, and he in turn assured the Secretary that his employee would appear.

After being informed of the Admiral's request, the young patriot spent a sleepless night. Fear entirely dominated his mind. He abused the "devil" for misguiding him and prayed incessantly. At the break of dawn he obtained an interview with the manager. Assured that nothing serious could develop, he still entertained doubt as to the outcome. His journey to the Executive Mansion was not free from anxiety. The "devil" again came in for his share of blame.

Promptly ushered into the presence of the Admiral, he reiterated his apology. The Admiral smiled and said, "I sent for you to commend your vigilance on behalf of the people of the Virgin Islands and your patriotism towards the Government of the United States. Here's a check for twenty dollars. Make the best of it."

With a broad grin the young patriot accepted the gift, thanked the giver, and bowed himself out of the chamber. In the open street he nimbly mounted his donkey, and whistling the folk-song, "The Kaiser Ran Away," he rode out of sight. —Written especially for *The Cheerful Letter* by Rothschild Francis.

THE SONS OF MARTHA

By RUDYARD KIPLING

The Sons of Mary seldom bother, for they have inherited that good part,
But the Sons of Martha favor their mother of the careful soul and the troubled heart;
And because she lost her temper once, and because she was rude to the Lord, her guest,
Her sons must wait upon Mary's Sons—world without end, reprieve or rest.

* * * * *

They say to the mountains, "Be ye removed!" They say to the lesser floods, "Run dry!"
Under their rods are the rocks reproved—they are not afraid of that which is high.
Then do the hilltops shake to the summit; then is the bed of the deep laid bare,
That the Sons of Mary may overcome it, pleasantly sleeping and unaware.

* * * * *

Lift ye the stone, or cleave the wood, to make a path more fair or flat—
Lo! it is black already with blood some Sons of Martha spilled for that.
Not as a ladder from Earth to Heaven, not as an altar to any creed,
But simple service simply given to his own kind in their common need.

* * * * *

And the Sons of Mary smile and are blessed—they know the angels are on their side,
They know in them is the Grace confessed, and for them are the Mercies multiplied.
They sit at the Feet and they hear the Word—they know how truly the Promise runs,
They have cast their burdens upon the Lord, and—the Lord he lays it on Martha's Sons.

(Printed by request)

The woman who drives from the back seat
Of a car
Is like the man who cooks
From the dining room table.

—Sunshine Magazine.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER

CORRESPONDENTS AND APPEALS

MRS. JOHN A. MCCADDIN, *Chairman*, 21 Ashfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

A correspondent writing to the Exchange for the first time should always give as reference the name and address of her minister.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice should be sent to Headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., and to those persons who have been sending letters and reading matter.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of its magazine by addressing letters asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who disobeys this rule will be dropped from the list, and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by the Central Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to the Chairman of this Department.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

APPEALS

1. Mrs. P. E. Kirkpatrick, Route 2, Telephone, Tex., c/o Turner Hayes, wants to let her friends know that she has married during the summer. Her husband is just a wage earner and not a great deal of work going on now. She would welcome some reading matter for her new home and any kind of embroidery work.

2. It has been a long time since I have written to the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange and I would be very glad to be remembered again. I am a poor woman, 57 years old, and am not strong. I would appreciate some cheer in the way of quilt pieces, bits of crochet thread and some reading material. I enjoy the *Cheerful Letter* paper and wish to thank whoever sends it. Wishing you and your work much success and hoping you will see fit to print my letter, I am, very truly yours, Miss Rose B. Tyne, Lansing, N. C.

3. I sure would be glad to be a member of the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange. We live several miles from any town or church, so you see how lonesome it is here. We are just poor renters, and my husband is troubled a great deal with arthritis and is not able to do much work. The children are none large enough to farm, but we manage to live somehow. Life is

awful lonely way back in these hills. We are not able to take any paper or get reading matter for the children and cannot send them to school. It sure is very discouraging. Please remember us this winter with some cheer. Mrs. Rosa Egger, Route 2, Scotland, Ark.

4. Mrs. Odie Haskins, Whittles Depot, Va., sends a request for reading matter and pictures for her children.

5. I take this time to write to the *Cheerful Letter*, as I sure do want to thank all the kind friends who have been so kind to me in the past. If I have failed to answer every letter it is because of not having postage. I hope if any of the dear friends have any quilt scraps they will send them along, as we need bed clothing to keep us warm this winter, and the children would be glad of pretty pieces of ribbon and lace to make doll dresses. I also wonder if anyone takes the "True Story" magazine. I would love to get copies second hand. Mrs. Baxter Neaves, Jefferson, N. C.

6. I am thanking all the *Cheerful Letter* friends for remembering us. As school will soon begin and I have five children, four large enough to attend, I am hopeful that some school material can be sent. My oldest boy, Eldren, would be

glad of any second hand seventh grade work, bits of pencils, little pieces of writing paper, or just anything that would help in their school work. I could use some bits of thread and sewing material. Mrs. Elsie Jamison, Dodson, Va.

7. I take this way of thanking all the kind friends who have remembered me in the past and sure do thank all for their kindness and will be glad if they remember me this winter with any kind of cheer. I have seven children, six boys and one girl, from sixteen down to eight months. Work is very scarce here and any remembrance, no matter how small, will be a great blessing to us during the hard winter to come. Mrs. Lessie Taylor, Crumpler, N. C.

8. I hope you all have not forgotten me, for it has been a long time since I have heard from any of you. I have a little baby now that is 18 months old. The girls are 9 and 6 years old and both go to school. The baby and I get lonely when the children are gone and hubby works in the field and away from home part of the time. I hope someone will remember us with some cheer, quilt pieces and thread. Mrs. J. B. Shepherd, Thaxton, N. C.

9. It has been a long time since I have had a letter in the *Cheerful Letter* magazine so I want to thank the ones who have remembered me all these years and especially the one who sends the little magazine. My dear father has just passed away, leaving us so very sad and lonely. I trust the friends can send me some quilt pieces and thread of any kind to help pass the lonely days this winter. I have an invalid husband to care for, so am confined at home. My two boys, Charlie, aged 18, and Elgin, aged 14, will appreciate reading. We are far back in the mountains and far from school, so we thank you in advance for any cheer that is sent. Mrs. G. Lee Roberson, Dodson, Va.

10. Mrs. Annie Bryant, Scotland, Ark., has just lost her dear husband and has six children to take care of. They have just finished working on the last crop and a long, lonely winter is ahead, as they live way back in the woods, and

find it quite impossible to get to town. Mrs. Bryant would enjoy some quilt pieces, reading matter and pictures.

11. I am wondering if there would be a little space in your paper for my letter. Just a word of cheer in this awful drought would be very comforting. It is so long since we have had any rain, just little showers, that we couldn't grow any garden and there isn't any fruit in miles around. My husband worked about a month this summer in a rock quarry and then it shut down, and he hasn't found any work since. But I guess the dear Lord will not let his people suffer too much. If anyone has any reading, bits of lace or embroidery, it would mean so much to me if they would send it along. My baby has been sick most of the summer. He was ten months old in September and weighs sixteen pounds; he is so cunning and cute. I am hoping to hear from some of my good friends soon. We live on a little place where there isn't any water, except what we can carry about one-third of a mile. People that have good water don't know how to enjoy it until they don't have it. I certainly appreciate all past favors. Mrs. Bernard Wallace, Route 1, Box 95B, Glasgow, Va.

12. Mrs. R. A. Beard, Route 3, Box 93, Lenoir, N. C., would like to receive the following magazines: "Better Houses and Gardens," "Boys' Life," "American Boy," "Good Housekeeping," or any others which someone would care to pass on.

13. I am an old member of the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange and wish to thank all the kind friends who have sent me cheer in the past and hope that I may be remembered in the future. My husband and I are both 74 years old and get very lonesome. I would be glad of quilt pieces and bits of yarn of any kind. My husband would enjoy good reading, as it would help so much to pass away the lonesome hours. Thanking you in advance, Mrs. Bettie Hundley, Route 5, Stuart, Va.

14. Dear, kind friends, I would be glad to have my name on the *Cheerful Letter* list. I have been shut in all this summer and not able to do any housework and my husband can't work much, either.

I have six small children, only one girl, who is 14 years old. I would like some patchwork and the children would like some books and pictures. Mrs. Beulah Wright, Bassetts, Va.

15. Dear friends, I think I must be one of the members belonging the longest time. I have not walked since I was a child. I would enjoy letters or any cheer on my birthday, December 3. Now my hand is too lame to do fine needlework as I did, so am interested in old envelopes or stamps. I collect them and sometimes sell to collectors to get postage. Please write me about them. I would like yarn, even small balls, to knit. Will hope to hear from many to cheer a shut-in's winter. Alma Newcomb, South Brewer, Maine.

16. Mrs. Anne Carter, Route 1, c/o W. H. Lyon, Chillicothe, Tex., sends word that she has not heard from the friends for a long, long time. She is anxious for some more books and embroidery material.

17. Your kindness means so much to me and I do enjoy your wonderful paper so much. Our crops were not successful in Parkdale, so we have moved back to Dabney again and will have to start all over. Any kind of cheer that you care to send will be sincerely appreciated by us, dear friends. We are so discouraged. Mrs. Mary Hill, Dabney, Ark.

18. I have been receiving the *Cheerful Letter* paper for about eight years and I certainly thank the one who sends it, because the little paper means a lot to me. My husband has been dead nearly five years now and I was left with six children to care for; three boys and three girls, ages 7 to 18. The youngest would like some story books and pictures, and I would be glad of any cotton pieces or cretonne. Times are hard and I have no money for things to amuse the children. Mrs. E. H. Shelton, Route 1, Stella, Va.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Mrs. A. L. Pack from Rupert, Ark., to Route 2, Box 6, Roswell, New Mexico, c/o Greenhaven Camp.

Mrs. Hettie Hall from Elamsville to Endicott, Va.

Mrs. B. J. Hall from 1926 Clinton Ave., S.E., to 1514 Kirk Ave., Roanoke, Va.

Mrs. Walter Pendleton from Elamsville to Stuart, Va.

Mrs. Anne Carter from Route 4 to Route 1, Chillicothe, Texas.

Mrs. Mary Hill from Parkdale to Dabney, Ark.

MARRIAGE

Miss Verla Merrifield, Route 2, Box 4, Chillicothe, Texas, is now Mrs. P. E. Kirkpatrick, Route 2, c/o Turner Hayes, Telephone, Texas.

OFFER

The Brookline (First Parish) branch will send packages of old Christmas cards to those desiring them. Apply to Miss Martha Suter, 23 Dudley Street, Brookline, Mass.

HAPPINESS

Talk happiness. The world is sad enough
Without your woes. No path is wholly
rough;

Look for the places that are smooth and
clear

And speak of those to rest the weary ear
Of earth; so hurt by one continuous strain
Of human discontent and grief and pain.

Talk faith. The world is better off
without

Your uttered ignorance and morbid
doubt.

If you have faith in God, or man, or self,
Say so; if not, push back upon the shelf
Of silence all your thoughts till faith
shall come;

No one will grieve because your lips are
dumb.

Talk health. The dreary, never-changing
tale

Of mortal maladies is worn and stale.
You cannot charm or interest or please
By harping on that minor chord, disease;
Say you are well or all is well with you
And God will hear your words and make
them true.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

UNTIL THE PORT IS REACHED

Rewards are won by those intrepid souls who, having created an ideal, forge steadily ahead.

Nearly four hundred and fifty years ago a young man started out from the west coast of Europe with three small ships and an ideal. He wanted to find a shorter route to Asia. Instead, he found a new continent. Even when it became known that he had discovered a new land, it was still thought that it was a part of Asia. But this mattered not. The point that was of importance was that the young man set before him an ideal and let nothing come before him until he had achieved it.

Histories will tell you how he appealed to nearly all the crowned heads in Europe, seeking money to defray the expenses. These same books will further relate how, after getting Queen Isabel to sell some of her jewels to pay the expenses, he found that his troubles had only begun. For days they sailed with no sign of land. The crew became frightened and threatened to turn about, but still he bade them to follow the true course.

Day after day they sailed, and still no sight of land. Again they came to him and urged him to turn back, but still he gave them the same answer: "Sail on! Sail on! Sail on, and on!"

Eventually they came to what is now the greatest country in the world. A new hemisphere was discovered. A new theory was created and the old belief that the world was flat was later proved to be false.

And it was all because of an ideal.

Less than a century ago a young mechanic was looking for something to make. After groping about for a while, he began to work on a curious, odd-shaped contrivance that he called a cotton gin. It was a crude affair and many laughed at his efforts. But today that "odd-shaped contrivance" saves billions of dollars in labor and time. No one can determine the cost and effort that would be

spent were it not possible quickly to separate the seeds from the cotton ball by means of the gin.

Another result obtained from an ideal.

Look all about you and you will see hundreds of improvements, the majority of which have been brought about in the last half-century. All of these are the results of some person who has set up an ideal and worked toward it until the goal has been reached. In like manner, study the lives of those men who today regulate the world's commerce. Read their lives and pick out the single thing that has made them successful. In every instance you will find it about the same:

They have taken one single thing and worked at it until it was accomplished.

Just as the mariner sets the compass due north and sticks steadily to his course, so, too, do those who really achieve success choose a certain course and let nothing come between them and their goal until the port is reached.—*Adapted from Forbes, in Sunshine Magazine.*

MY DREAM COME TRUE

I dreamed a wondrous dream one day

Of a friend so fine and true,
Who'd walk with me 'mid sunny skies
And 'mid those no longer blue;
A friend who'd fill my life with light
And a joy so rich and fine,

Who'd fill me with a peace supreme
As she clasped her hand in mine;
A friend who'd stand through every test,
Who would be my friend and stay;
With whom I'd roam and talk and plan
All along life's winding way.

I dreamed this wondrous dream, you see,
And ne'er thought it might come true;
But God looked down and smiled on me,
And I found that friend in you!

—Mary L. O'Hara.

Cheered by the presence of God, I will do at the moment, without anxiety, according to the strength which he shall give me, the work that his providence assigns me. I will leave the rest. It is not my affair.
—Fenelon.

HOME STUDY DEPARTMENT

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

1832 - 1932

A TRIBUTE

Just one hundred years ago this month Louisa May Alcott, beloved by all readers of "Little Women" and "Little Men", was born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, where her father, A. Bronson Alcott, was at that time in charge of a school belonging to the Society of Friends. Mr. Alcott was an unworldly idealist, of whom it was said that he "belonged to the Christ class; his manners were the most gentle and gracious, under all fair or unfair provocation; he had a rare inborn piety and a god-like incapacity in the purity of his eyes to behold iniquity." These qualities were confirmed by the beautiful domestic life of the Alcotts, by the unabated love and devotion to her husband of Mrs. Alcott, a woman who came from two very distinguished lines of ancestry, and the loyal appreciation with which Louisa always spoke of her father. His character was an important element in her life, which was, through force of circumstances, closely bound up with his, even to the end.

Mr. Alcott was a pioneer in the theories of what a century later became known as the New Education, and, like all pioneers, he found his path rough and thorny. For many years he met with failure after failure, but his purpose and courage were unflinching and in the later years of his life he met with the recognition he so richly deserved.

The four Alcott girls grew up in a home which was poor in the world's goods, but rich in those spiritual gifts which come from such a father and mother. There was abundant moral instruction, by example and teaching. Under it Louisa developed into a girl of very enterprising and adventurous character, of vigorous health and high spirits. When she was only eight years old she began to write bits of poetry, and although she is better known as an author of prose, many of her later poems have a rare beauty of thought and expression.

She was but eleven years old when Mr. Alcott started a small community on an abandoned farm, hopefully christened "Fruitlands." For three happy years the four little Alcott girls revelled in the joys of a life out-of-doors, hunting and picking berries in woods and fields, but the project was finally given up and the family returned to "The Hillside" in Concord. Two years later they moved to Boston, where both Mr. Alcott and his wife found employment. Of these years Miss Alcott writes: "Our poor little home had much love and happiness in it . . . father and mother had no money to give but they gave time, sympathy, help; and if blessings would make them rich, they would be millionaires."

In addition to teaching, Louisa found pleasant recreation in amateur theatricals, and both she and her older sister, Anna, wanted to go on the stage, but their mother opposed the idea. About this time Miss Alcott began to write, at first plays, and later stories. Her first story was published in 1852, and she received \$5 for it. Her first book, "Flower Fables", was published in 1854, and brought her \$32, a sum which would have seemed insignificant thirty years later when in 1886 the sale of her books brought her \$8,000 in six months; but she says she was prouder over the \$32 than over the \$8,000.

In 1857 the family returned to Concord once more to occupy "Orchard House," which became their home thereafter.

During the Civil War Louisa Alcott went into a hospital in Washington as a nurse. Her experiences are graphically and dramatically told in "Hospital Sketches." In 1865 she went to Europe for a year and upon her return became a regular contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*. In 1868 she became the editor of *Merry's Museum* and was asked to write a girl's book. Her answer to this request was "Little Women", followed in November of the same year by "Little Men." The next year she wrote "An

Old-Fashioned Girl."

From this time on her life was passed in happier and easier circumstances, although she had her share of loss and sorrow. The death of Ralph Waldo Emerson in 1882 was much like that of a member of her family. Of him she writes, "The nearest and dearest friend father ever had and the man who helped me most by his life, his books, his society. I can never tell all he has been to me . . . his essays on Self-Reliance, Character, Compensation, Love and Friendship helped me to understand myself and life, and God and Nature."

In 1879 her father, then eighty years old, inaugurated the Concord School of Philosophy, with thirty students. But the care and work proved too much for the aged man, and in November of that year he was prostrated by paralysis. He partially recovered, however, and lingered six years, tenderly cared for by his daughter, Louisa.

Her own health had broken down under strenuous years of teaching and writing, and when her father died in March, 1888, she survived him by only two days. Her pastor said of them, "The two were so wont to be together, God saw they could not well live apart."

One of her finest poems was a tribute to her mother, and the closing stanza may well apply to Miss Alcott's own life.

"Teaching us how to seek the highest goal,

To earn the true success,—

To live, to love, to bless,—

And make death proud to take a royal soul."

Old Time, in whose banks we deposit our notes,

Is a miser who always wants guineas for groats;

He keeps all his customers still in arrears
By lending them minutes and charging them years.

—O. W. Holmes.

The happiness of people is all that makes business or anything else worth while.

—Exchange.

A PRIZE OFFER

Boys and Girls! Attention! The Home Study Department offers two prizes. The boy and the girl who write the best essay on "Louisa May Alcott and Her Books" will each receive one of Miss Alcott's books as a prize. Please note the following rules. Essays must contain not more than 750 words; must be plainly written in ink or typewritten, on one side of the paper only; and must be mailed to Mrs. Rachel J. Sands, 266 Brimble Ave., Beverly, Mass., not later than December 31, 1932. Prizes will be awarded during January and winners announced in a later issue of *The Cheerful Letter*.

COURSE IN
ELEMENTARY ENGLISH

The Home Study Department announces a course in Elementary English, Part I, consisting of eight lessons. For full information write to the chairman of the department, Mrs. Rachel J. Sands, 266 Brimble Avenue, Beverly, Mass.

BY A NEW BEGINNING

There can be no peace if it must wait for the rightings of all wrongs and the balancing of all accounts. Grievances, wrongs, menaces, oppressions, and injustices are too many, too complex, too completely incommensurable, and too colored with emotion and prejudice, ever to be solved, even by a parliament of Solomons. Only by forgiving and forgetting can peace come—by a new beginning which will not settle old quarrels, but which will forget them in the light of a new day.—ARTHUR E. MORGAN, *president of Antioch College*.

A certain church in the vicinity of Boston was hearing candidates for the vacant position of basso in its choir. The first one who came sang, "Consider and hear me." The next appealed to a higher tribunal, for his selection was "Judge me, O God."

We can't help feeling that that would be a rather dangerous prayer for some singers whom we have heard.

—Watchman-Examiner.

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE COW WITHOUT A BELL

By G. LITTLE

Azizan was feeling just a little sad. There was really everything to make him gay, for the morning was fine and he had nothing to do,—but there lay just the trouble, for Azizan wanted something to do. And that something must be a job.

He was poor, was Azizan—and poor too, very, very poor, was his mother.

They had just one valuable possession in life and that was their cow. They let her have one corner of their miserable hut at night, for they feared lest wild animals should attack her were she left outside in the dark. But by day she was a bit of a problem too. Azizan wanted to work; his mother wanted to work, too, but someone had to mind the cow. And she had to be minded all the better because she had no bell around her neck as had the cattle of their neighbors, all of whom set up a jangle when they moved.

Their cow moved quietly, without a bell, and there lay the danger. Had she one, its clank would frighten away from her any wild beasts, but, alas, Azizan's mother could not even afford the small amount necessary to buy that bell for the cow.

It was a constant worry to her that the animal should be without a bell. It was a constant worry to Azizan, too. Both of them longed for a bell and neither had the money to buy it. Both of them could have got work, but neither dared—all because of the cow.

So while the mother prepared the meals, Azizan lay on the grass and watched the cow grazing nearby.

Presently an Englishman came along. Azizan was very much interested, for he had not often seen one. He watched him, quite forgetting about the cow.

And when the man came nearer, he stopped and spoke to the boy.

"I have left my bag under a tree on the hill behind us, and I do not want to go for it, so you run along and bring it to me. You will find it under the tall pine at the very top of the hill."

Azizan shook his head.

"Too lazy," suggested the man. "It is nice to sit about here doing nothing, I admit, but get a move on, youngster!"

Azizan thought he had better explain. "I would go, willingly, but I cannot leave the cow. Only last week was our neighbor's cow killed in broad daylight by a leopard. I cannot leave ours. That had no bell around its neck, nor has ours. Does the Sahib see?"

The Sahib did see, but he still insisted on the youth doing as he was told.

"I'll keep an eye on the old cow for you," he exclaimed, so Azizan set off.

It was two miles to the top, and he was tired out when he reached it, for the day was hot and the climb very steep. He found the bag. For a moment he stood there with it in his hands, longing to know what was inside, and then he opened it.

There were papers, many papers, and some bank notes.

One of those, thought the lad, would buy many bells for the cow,—indeed it would lift this weight of poverty from us for a very long time, if we only had it.

He could easily have said that he could not find the bag. He could have hidden it and come back for it later. All these things entered his head and tempted him, but he remembered how his people had always been loyal,—why, they had sheltered people during the great Mutiny,—and how could he, their descendant, disgrace his line, even if he was a poor cowherd and nobody in the wide world would know about his wrong doing, if he took the bag.

Carefully he held it, and ran down the hill again.

"There's your bag," he said, and thrust it into the stranger's hand.

His mother came out at that moment.

"See here," said the man, "may your son guide me to the next village if he returns this even?"

"He may guide you for days," she replied, "as long as he earns something by so doing. We need money; I can mind the cow, since someone must mind it, as

it has no bell."

"No bell, no bell—why I thought every animal among these hills wore the biggest possible bell for protection."

"So they do, but we are poor people, too poor to buy a bell, until we have earned money, and work is hard to get."

"There is a shop with bells here?" he asked.

"Surely," answered Azizan. "It is not the shop that is lacking but the money."

The stranger strode off and returned with the biggest bell in the village.

No cow, thought Azizan, as he delightedly tied it around the creature's neck, would have so big and beautiful a bell as their cow. It hung big and glittering, and when the animal moved ever so slightly it tolled forth with a great clanging, enough to frighten anything away.

No more would they have to worry about the cow.

"And now," said the man, as they marched on to the next village, "I have looked in my bag, and I see you were not tempted to take anything from it, though you are poor. How was that, Azizan?"

"My father — my grandfather — they were loyal to their employers. I must be the same. You sent me to fetch the satchel. It was a trust to me; a sacred trust. I could not abuse your faith in me."

There were monkeys capering about the hillside above them. The sun was beginning to sink.

"And you will have to go home in the dark, lad?" asked the man.

"I shall sing to frighten things—just as the cow rings her bell to frighten them—I am not afraid."

"Oh," cried the man, "you have two necessary qualities—courage and loyalty. You can work for me, Azizan, and your mother can live with you; even the cow can come, for it will need no looking after there. It is on the plains I live, not among these great hills with their dangerous beasts."

So Azizan won not only a bell and some money for his afternoon's walk, but a post which lasted him many years, and provided a comfortable home for his mother. (By courtesy of *The Beacon*)

INSIDE O' ME

There is a feller that I know,

Born just about as long ago

As I; and with me bound to grow—

The boy inside o' me.

Sometimes I wish he were not there,

For when in games I'm not quite fair

He says to me, "Stop! Is that square?"

That boy inside o' me.

It really does no good to hide

A thing from him, b'cause I've tried,

And so I'm glad I'm on his side—

That boy inside o' me.

—*Author Unknown.*

BEING LAUGHED AT

We all hate to be laughed at, for ridicule is one of the cruelest weapons in the world. But above all else, most boys and girls hate to be laughed at by grown-ups, or by older boys and girls.

You feel that way, I'm sure. But have you ever stopped to realize that children younger than you feel the same way? For instance, how about your younger sisters and brothers? Do you ever point a scornful finger at them, laughing at something they have said or done which seems silly or childish to you? If you do, you can be sure that they feel just as badly as you do when you are ridiculed by an adult.

Younger children often do and say things that to us seem rather foolish. That's because we are older, and look at things differently. But to them, their remarks or actions are perfectly sensible, and they resent it deeply when we laugh at them.

Remember this, particularly about little sister and little brother. Be helpful and considerate, rather than scornful. They will appreciate it.—*Sunday Globe-Democrat.*

If wisdom's ways you wisely seek,
Five things observe with care:

Of whom you speak,

To whom you speak,

And how and when and where.

—
"It is the little daily kindnesses and smiles that inspire trust."

UNSEEN BEAUTY

In the wildness of the forest waits full
 many a lovely thing
 Which shall some day be discovered by
 a wanderer in spring,
 And in every heart, I fancy, like a forest
 violet,
 Lies some hidden bit of beauty that is
 undiscovered yet.

—Edgar A. Guest.

One of the most terrible examples of
 reckless driving is a woman at work with
 a hammer and some nails.

Quiet minds cannot be perplexed or
 frightened, but go on in fortune or mis-
 fortune at their own private pace, like a
 clock during a thunderstorm.

—Stevenson.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better
 than medicine. When you smile or laugh,
 your brain for the moment is freed from
 the load that it ordinarily carries.

Learn to tell a helpful story. A well-
 told story is as wholesome and as wel-
 come as a sunbeam in a sick room.

Learn to keep your troubles to your-
 self. The world is too busy to linger over
 your ills and sorrows.

Learn to stop croaking. If you cannot
 see any good in the world, keep the bad
 to yourself.

Learn to greet your friends with a
 smile. They carry too many frowns in
 their own hearts to be bothered with any
 of yours.—*Masonic World*.

As long as you are right, you have not
 failed.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

MRS. HARRY A. STEVENS, *Chairman*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

MISS ETHEL L. HERSEY, *Secretary*, Hingham, Mass.

MISS EDITH L. JONES, *Treasurer*, 65 Langdon Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Meetings at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, at 10.30 A.M. the first Friday of each
 month from October to May inclusive.

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, and to give to
 those living far from a church some of the inspiration of the printed word by the
 publication of one good sermon, or similar article in each issue of the *Cheerful
 Letter Magazine*. Only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed
 upon by all churches are printed.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies
 by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To establish Circulating Libraries in isolated communities, schools, and col-
 leges in rural and mountain districts where public libraries and other educational
 privileges are not available.

WHERE TO WRITE

*Letters containing subscriptions to the paper, fifty cents a year, and money
 from the Sunshine Bags* should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon
 Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the
 Cheerful Letter Exchange.

Letters asking for correspondents and appeals to be printed in the *Cheerful
 Letter Magazine* should be sent to Mrs. John A. McCaddin, *Chairman*, 21 Ashfield
 Street, Roslindale, Mass.

Letters asking for help in studying at home should be sent as follows: *Gen-
 eral Information*, Mrs. Rachel J. Sands, *Chairman*, Brimble Avenue, North Beverly,
 Mass.; *help in elementary subjects*, Mrs. Isaac Sprague, Jr., *Assistant Chairman*,
 Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries should be sent to
 Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, *Chairman*, 20 Clark Road, Wellesley Hills, Mass. A cir-
 culating Library will be started in any small community that is in need of one, if
 proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references given.

The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

Vol. XLI

DECEMBER, 1932

No. 6

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

O little town of Bethlehem
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by.

Yet in thy dark street shineth
The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

O morning stars together
Proclaim thy holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

For Christ is born of Mary
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

CHRISTMAS

The peculiarity of Christmas joy is that it belongs to the present life, to the present hour, to earth, homes, human love, and is therefore universal. Christmas stands for the blessings which all men inherit by being born under the influences of Christianity,—the birthright blessings of all of us. It is the festival of childhood,—of children who have no religious opinions of any kind. It is a feast of joy even in the homes of those whose faith has died out of their hearts. As the sun shines on the evil and the good, on the just and the unjust, so Christmas pours its liberal light into every home. All are in fellowship with each other around the Christmas tree. All are Christ's little ones together. This is the blessed feeling which Christmas brings every year,—a communion of joy in the coming of a little child. For one week we have a truly

catholic and universal Church, in which are no divisions, no sects, nor parties, no saints nor sinners. Around the cradle of this infant all are one.

Christmas is the apotheosis of infancy. It hallows all infants. It makes all childhood sacred. It is no longer as necessary to say, "Take heed how you despise these little ones," as it was when Jesus said it. Christmas makes an aureole of heavenly light around all the infants in Christian lands.

But Christmas is more than this. While Easter gives hope of an immortal life, Christmas brings to us the hope of a better life in this world. There descends on humanity every Christmas Day an implicit hope that the world is to be redeemed from its wrongs and sins.

Evil is overcome for a while by good. Whatever be the cause of this glad, hopeful feeling which pervades all Christian lands at this time, the fact is evident.

There is a beautiful legend that on Christmas all evil spirits are deprived of their power to harm, and that even the devils and the accursed in hell enjoy a brief rest from sin and misery.

However that may be, it is certainly true that many evil spirits are held in check by the coming of Christmas. This is a presage of the time when all wars shall cease; when the whole church shall be one; when the Christ of love and truth shall be everywhere accepted, obeyed, and loved, and the knowledge of God shall fill the earth as the waters cover the sea.

What a feeling of awe, reverence, love, comes over us when at this Christmas season we stand by the birthplace of the infant of Bethlehem! From that short life what a sacred influence has gone forth to make all the earth more holy. In Judaism and Mohammedanism God is the

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almighty Ruler; in Christ he becomes the Heavenly Father. Given one human soul, penetrated to its depths by the sense of an infinite love, of an all-surrounding divine presence, and the earth becomes full of the knowledge of God, as the waters cover the sea.

Forever welcome, then, be Christmas!—green oasis amid the snows and storms of winter; festival in which all hearts unite, the heart of the aged with that of the infant whose wondering eyes are just opening on this mysterious world; season which ripe experience has not outgrown, and in which the hopes of youth forever rejoice anew. Welcome, Christmas!—teaching us to reverence the vast possibilities sent to the world in each new-born babe, making of every cradle the manger of some coming Messiah. Christmas! which hangs over every home the Star of Hope, and leads the wise men to that childhood which may open the gateway of a new world! Welcome, Christmas! which, in the midst of aimless and cruel wars, repeats the prophecy of "Peace on earth, and good will to men!" We still listen to those angel voices, and they still renew our faith in a better age. Their low, sweet strains fill the air with heavenly music; our sins and shame disappear in the happy hopes of these hours, full-freighted with the destinies of a better day and a nobler race of men. The music does not now come from the outward skies, but flows from within our rejoicing hearts.

And thou, great Brother of the human family, be with us always even to the end of the ages! Be with us to unite heaven with earth, man with God, and all races and nations with each other. By thy sac-

rifice of love put an end to our estrangements; join reason with faith, the things seen and temporal with the things unseen and eternal; earthly joy with immortal hope; the worship of God in nature with that of God in the soul. Teach us to pray once more the trusting prayer of childhood, once more to see the heavens open and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God. Unite all our hearts to love thy Father and our Father, thy God and our God!—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE WISE OLD FOX

"A soft answer turneth away wrath;
but grievous words stir up anger."
—*Proverbs.*

Two foxes lived together in the depths of a forest. They never quarreled. At last one of them said in very polite fox language, "Let us get up a quarrel."

"Very well," said the other, "just as you please; but how shall we do it?"

"Oh, it's easy enough," said the first; "two-legged people quarrel and I don't see why we could not, too."

So they tried all manners of ways, but could not get up a quarrel because they were so used to gentle, peaceful words that one or the other of them was always giving way, and the quarrel never came off.

Finally the fox that had first spoken, brought two stones into his den. Laying them down before his companion, he said, "There, now; you say that these stones are yours, and I'll say they are mine; then we can get up a quarrel and scratch and fight, just as the people do. All ready, now. I'll begin. These stones are mine!"

"Very well," answered the fox very gently, "you are quite welcome to them."

"But we shall never get up a quarrel at all, at this rate," said the first fox, jumping up and licking his lips.

"Don't you know," said the other, "that it takes two to make a quarrel?"

Did you ever notice how completely a calm answer takes the wind out of the sails of one who has been harsh and abusive? He didn't expect to receive a soft answer, and your superior manner and calmness was probably contrary to

his experience. But its effect on him was like that of oil on troubled waters. It immediately soothed and disarmed him, his resentment died away, and he was his natural self again. Try an answer of unexpected mildness on your next assailant—you will like the experiment.

—*Sunshine Magazine.*

Success consists in finding the shortest line

Between two points—

Where you are and where you want to be.

—*Clipped.*

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was dumb and could not speak,
For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun;

A single crow on the tree-top bleak
From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun;

Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,

As if her veins were sapless and old,
And she rose up decrepitley
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

Sir Launfal's raiment, thin and spare,
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbed air;
For it was just at the Christmas time.
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow

In the light and warmth of long ago.

"For Christ's sweet sake I beg an alms"—
The happy camels may reach the spring
But Sir Launfal sees only the grewsome thing,

The leper, lank as the rain-blanchèd bone,
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of northern seas,

In the desolate horror of his disease.
And Sir Launfal said, "I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,—
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns,—

And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side;

Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to thee!"

'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,

'Twas water out of a wooden bowl,—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,

And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,

A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,—

Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,

And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,

That mingle their softness and quiet in one

With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;

And the voice that was calmer than silence said,

"Lo, it is I: be not afraid!

In many climes, without avail,

Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;

Behold, it is here—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;

The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—

Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

—*James Russell Lowell.*

CORRESPONDENTS AND APPEALS

MRS. JOHN A. MCCADDIN, *Chairman*, 21 Ashfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

A correspondent writing to the Exchange for the first time should always give as reference the name and address of her minister.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice should be sent to Headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., and to those persons who have been sending letters and reading matter.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of its magazine by addressing letters asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who disobeys this rule will be dropped from the list, and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by the Central Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to the Chairman of this Department.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

OFFER

The Wellesley Hills, Mass., Branch offers, to ministers only, books of sermons by well-known preachers, and other religious works. Apply to Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, 20 Clark Road, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

APPEALS

1. As it has been a long time since I have made an appeal to you *Cheerful Letter* people, I thought I would call again. I can assure you that I appreciate all you have done for me. I would like to have the following reading matter—moving picture magazines of any kind: fiction of any kind, though Western and Northern stories preferred. My wife likes to piece quilts and would like some scraps and remnants, and she would also like some crochet and other kinds of thread. I have a little boy five years old, who would like to have any kind of playthings. Thanks for past and future kindnesses. Mr. Turner Pettyjohn, R. F. D. 5, Alpharetta, Ga.

2. I want to thank you all for the kindness and help you have been to me in the past. I have tried to answer all my letters. It has been a right smart bit since I have heard from any of you dear friends

and now I am all out of quilt scraps and wonder if someone will send me another supply. I have six children and the oldest girl would enjoy some reading matter. The little ones, ages 8, 4 and 2, would like some cards, toys or just anything to amuse them. My baby is nearly two years old and real sweet. The little magazine is a great help to us and we wish to thank the one who sends it. Mrs. Attie Clark, Route 2, Bassetts, Va.

3. Could you give me any information in respect to Mrs. Mary Russell Day? Fifteen years ago she lectured in Boston and later she was in Georgia where she found her father whom she had not seen since childhood. She has one son John, who is about eighteen. Her husband was living the last I heard. Mrs. W. F. Gallo-way, 108 Lakeside Ave., Burlington, N. C.

4. Mrs. Angie Banks, Athlone, N. C., wants some cheer for the coming winter. She says there is no employment there and the dry weather ruined the crops. She is 58 and her mother, 78; and anything would be appreciated. Her son likes western stories and is interested in getting a chord book for his guitar. Mrs. Banks has not forgotten our many kindnesses in the past.

5. Postage is so high that I take this

way to thank all who have remembered me in the past. How we do enjoy this bit of cheer. I meant to write sooner, but my husband is much worse and must return to the hospital again. The doctor says he has only one more year to live. Please send him some reading material; western and ranch stories he likes fine. I have four girls in the public school and one at home with me. She will be five next March. Mrs. Walter Johnson, R. F. D. 2, Peach Bottom, Pa.

6. Mrs. J. W. Frericks, Route 7, Athens, Tenn., sends word that she has not heard from the *Cheerful Letter* friends for a long time. She is anxious for some quilt scraps, reading for a ten-year-old boy and picture cards for her girl, aged 6. Her best luck to all the readers, she says.

7. Will you kindly print a few words from a lonely widow, 50 years old, who lives far back in the mountains? I cannot get out in the winter months as I suffer so with rheumatism and as I am alone most of the time would be so glad to hear from the dear ladies and would appreciate cheer of any kind. I sure do thank the one who sends me the *Cheerful Letter* paper. I enjoy it so much; especially the little poems and helpful hints, and in fact every word of it. I get so discouraged at times. I do not know which way to turn to try to make ends meet. Thanking all in advance for any encouragement and anything to keep my mind busy, as well as my hands, during the long winter which is just around the corner. Mrs. L. E. Cox, Dodson, Va.

8. Mrs. M. H. Coleman, Critz, Va., writes how comforting the *Cheerful Letter* magazine is. Her health is very poor and she seldom gets to church or any other place. Consequently, she would enjoy some quilt pieces and reading matter.

9. It has been several years since I have had a letter published in the *Cheerful Letter*. I was only a child then and perhaps some of you remember me as Bessie Hill. I am married now and have a little boy about six months old. I wish to thank each one who has ever remem-

bered me with a bit of cheer. I have only one hand and can do most any kind of work. I especially like to sew and do fancy work. I wonder if some one would be kind enough to send me some pink and blue and print scraps for Kenneth's animal quilt. They would be appreciated very much and Kenneth would be overjoyed with some toys or anything to amuse him. My husband would like a dictionary and some good novels. I hope I have not asked for too much. Thank you. Mrs. A. L. Parker, Route 2, Marshville, N. C.

10. Mrs. George Lawless, Route 1, Nettle Ridge, Va., is a poor farmer's wife with five children; three girls and two boys. She asks for some sewing material and reading.

11. I want to thank each and every one who has remembered me in any way. I hope you will remember me the coming winter as I still have the little granddaughter that was left me when the mother died. She was only three weeks old then. Now she is two and one-half years old. I would be glad of anything that a child of that age could play with. She is a jolly fun-loving baby and makes a bright, sunny spot in my life of suffering. I am not able to walk anywhere and I have no other way of going. I feel the Heavenly Father gave her to me to brighten my lonely life and I humbly pray God will help me to raise her up in the way she should go. I would be very glad of any good reading and sewing material with thread. I would also like some story books for my other grandchildren who are in school, especially Bible stories. Hoping to be remembered at Christmas time, I am Mrs. Beulah Moore, Route 1, Lawsonville, N. C.

12. Miss Rebecca Couch, Archey, Ark., sends a request for cheer in the way of quilt scraps and reading to help pass the lonely hours.

13. Mrs. T. A. Campbell, Route 2, Box 7, Crumpler, N. C., wishes us to know that past favors have not been forgotten. She lives in a very lonesome place and hopes to be remembered this winter, especially at Christmas time. There are

three girls, ages 11, 10 and 8, who need some school material and the mother is interested in sewing material.

14. I have not written to the *Cheerful Letter* in a good while. Someone is sending me the magazine every month, I don't know who, but I certainly appreciate it a great deal. I am not able to subscribe to it myself. I am in bad health and can only do light housework. We have had a lot of doctor's bills to pay and low prices on the cotton. We have hardly made enough to pay expenses, much less pay bills and back debts. So you see we cannot afford any kind of reading which we miss very much. We have five children, ages 11, 9, 8, 5 and 1, and we do without everything we can to buy the children schoolbooks. Our home is in a very lonely place and your cheer is most appreciated. We hope someone sends us some second hand magazines. Mrs. J. M. Adamson, Route 3, Bowdon, Ga.

15. Mrs. H. H. Foster, Post, Tex., looks forward every month to receiving the *Cheerful Letter* magazine. She is fifty-three years old and not very well and would consider a little sewing, such as cretonne for pillow covers and curtains to brighten her home. She hasn't had any cheer for nearly three years and hopes to be remembered this winter. She enjoys reading, too.

16. Will you please print a few lines in the *Cheerful Letter* paper as it has been so long since I have had my name in our grand paper? I hope my friends haven't forgotten me. I have been very ill all summer with asthma and hay fever and am not able to do a thing to help on the farm. I get so blue! I'll appreciate any kind of cheer the mail carrier leaves, but want to say that I am very fond of tating, sewing or reading. Dorris Tuggle, Box 103, Buffalo Ridge, Va.

17. Mrs. Mattie Adams, Stella, Va., is very anxious for some reading material.

18. I am an old farmer's wife, sixty years old. My husband is 76 and not able to do anything on account of his rheumatism. We have one son with us, but it does get awful lonesome living so far off the road. I would be so glad if someone sent

some quilt pieces or any kind of cheer to make our days a little brighter. Mrs. S. H. Shelton, Patrick Springs, Va.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Mrs. Lillie Smith, from Rupert to Rex, Ark.

Miss Dorris Tuggle, from Man, W. Va., to Buffalo Ridge, Va., Box 103.

THE QUEEN OF THE YEAR

When suns are low, and nights are long,
And winds bring wild alarms,
Through the darkness comes the queen of
the year

In all her peerless charms,—
December, fair and holly-crowned,
With the Christ-child in her arms.

The maiden months are a stately train—
Veiled in the spotless snow,
Or decked with the bloom of Paradise
What time the roses blow,
Or wreathed with the vine and the yellow
wheat
When the noons of harvest glow.

But O the joy of the rolling year,
The queen with peerless charms,
Is she who comes through the waning
light

To keep the world from harms,—
December, fair and holly-crowned,
With the Christ-child in her arms.

—Edna Dean Proctor.

Christmas cards were first introduced in 1846. Felix Summerly of London, England, sent a Christmas wish on a card to his friend, Joseph Crandall, a London artist. The latter showed the card to Henry Cole, afterward Sir Henry, who developed the idea of the Christmas card, making drawings, and with the assistance of Crandall published the first cards. The idea has enveloped the earth.

Not what may happen to myself today
Concerns me as I fare upon my way,
But what shall happen each inquiring one
Who meets with me before the day is
done—

That is the test.

A LITTLE MARGIN OF SAFETY IS SOURCE OF CONTENT

There is nothing like having a little margin to give one poise and that delightful feeling of security. A balance in the bank, however close to the line, is most comforting. A spiritual reserve in the recesses of the soul is a very tower of strength. Mothers of all people need to remember this, need to lean hard on their fund of strength. The children eat into it with alarming speed. At the end of each day one is likely to find one's self spent, empty, at the end of things.

The busy mother grows impatient with us when we say with calm aloofness, "Spare yourself. Take it easy. You are getting all tired out and what will it do for you in the end? You can't even help yourself when you are so tired that you snap like an angry turtle at a gesture. Take it easy."

I agree that it is always easier to talk than to act but this matter of holding out on one's spiritual reserve is too important to be dismissed lightly. It is upon this reserve, this inner strength, that we live from day to day. It is upon this reserve fund that the children draw for growth. It is out of this piled up experience, wisdom and power that we give the children instruction and guidance and any sort of help they need. And they need something of us hourly. How can we spend it and save it too?

Give it with gladness. Don't feel that you are working hard when you have to advise or correct a child. First think a little. Be quiet for an instant before you begin. Sit down to the job. Speak slowly and gently. Let the strength come from you as water pours from the spring. If you can do this the strength flows back in again as it comes out. You will scarcely feel the drain because something of the child's spirit comes to meet yours. It is resistance that wears one down.

If you get the child's willing attention to what you have to say the resistance is reduced to a minimum. You can soon disperse it. He will follow you gladly when his spirit harmonizes with yours. That is not always possible but it is possible more

times than not and by piling up the success we reduce the resistance and the wear and tear upon body and mind.

We can cut down the work of the day to the essentials. It is remarkable how many things we do that we need not do. We take too many steps to reach our ends. We say too many words to tell our story. We feel too deeply about things that do not matter. We get all worked up because somebody said something about us or the children. We pant in our haste to keep up to a false standard. We neglect the rest hour, the time for meditation and prayer that is the very source of all our power.

Mothers need to consider this gravely. Take time out to build up a physical and mental reserve so that in emergency you have something to fall back on, and all the time you have that comfortable feeling of being fit and ready. A little margin of safety is a source of content.

—*Angelo Patri.*

COMPENSATION

Straight through my heart this fact today

By truth's own hand is driven:

God never takes one thing away

But something else is given.

I did not know in earlier years

This law of love and kindness;

But without hope, through bitter tears,

I mourned in sorrow's blindness.

And ever following each regret

For some departed treasure,

My sad, repining heart was met

With unexpected pleasure.

I thought it only happened so;

But time this truth has taught me:

No least thing from my life can go,

But something else is brought me.

It is the law, complete, sublime;

And now with faith unshaken

In patience I but bide my time

When any joy is taken.

No matter if the crushing blow

May for the moment down me;

Still back of it waits love, I know,

With some new gift to crown me.

—*Selected.*

For everything you have missed, you have gained something else.—*Emerson.*

ICELANDIC CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS

The Icelandic Jol (Yule), or Christmas, is characterized by certain customs and beliefs that are still retained in the country, particularly in the rural districts. In the capital, Reykjavik, and the different towns certain modes of celebration common to other lands have been introduced, such as the Christmas tree, but, on the whole, there is no special rush to buy Christmas presents. Preparations for the holiday season, however, are evident in the homes early in December. According to old Icelandic folklore, it is very important that every member of a family should get some new garment before Christmas.

A very thorough house cleaning takes place at this time of the year; there is more sweeping, scouring and scrubbing than at any other period. On December 23 the smoked mutton must be cooked in order to be ready to be served cold Christmas Eve. Other favorite dishes include flaky doughnuts, paper-thin pancakes, raisin bread flavored with cardamoms, known as "jolabraud," and Vienna tart ("vinarterta") made of some dozen layers of very thin pastry with a filling of seasoned prunes.

In addition to these the Icelandic housewife who observes a real old-fashioned Christmas, makes a large number of candles, using candle forms that have usually been in the family for generations. From time immemorial it has been customary to present each member of a family with a candle on Christmas Eve. The gift is small, but it has a real significance, for it is to symbolize the light and joy that the Christmas message is to bring to everyone. In former times when candles were the only means of lighting the homes and for economic reasons their use was limited, this gift was a real boon; many an interesting book was read by the glow of the Christmas candle after the other lights were extinguished.

Christmas Eve is more important than Christmas Day in the Icelandic homes. When day light fades, the different members of a family dressed in their best clothes, gather in the living-room of the

house to participate in a short religious service and after that each wishes the other Merry Christmas. In truth, the outstanding characteristic of an Icelandic Christmas is the religious reverence that colors everything. Before and during Christmas the children hear over and over again the story of the Child of Bethlehem.

It is the ambition of the Icelandic housewife to have every nook and corner of her home ablaze with lights on Christmas Eve. Now when oil lamps and gas lights are everywhere and many country homes are even lighted by electricity from a near-by water power, this is not so much of a problem, but when the Icelandic matron had to depend upon candles and small iron lamps in which floating wicks burned in cod-liver oil, the lighting of a home was no slight task. Nature cooperates in this festival of light, for outside the Northern Lights in their full glory at this time of the year shoot like meteors from the polar regions, making everything alive with throbbing of amber and violet, sometimes hanging like streamers of gold from the blue bowl of the sky.

All in all the Icelanders like to think of Christmas as the festival of light.—By *Thorstina Jackson Walters* in *The Christian Science Monitor*.

JUST GOING ABOUT

I read in a book
Where a man, called Great,
Went about doing good.
It is very disconcerting to me
That I am so easily satisfied
With just going about!

—*George Small* in *The Christian*.

The shepherds sing; and shall I silent be?
My God, no hymn for thee?
My soul's a shepherd, too; a flock it feeds
Of thoughts and words and deeds.
The pasture is thy word; the streams thy
grace,
Enriching all the place.
Shepherd and flock shall sing, and all my
powers
Out-sing the daylight hours.

—*George Herbert*.

LET ME BE A GIVER

God, let me be a giver, and not one

Who only takes and takes unceasingly.

God, let me give, so that not just my own,

But others' lives as well, may richer be.

Let me give out whatever I may hold

Of what material things life may be
heaping,

Let me give raiment, shelter, food or gold

If these are, through Thy bounty, in
my keeping.

But greater than such fleeting treasures,
may

I give my faith and hope and cheer-
fulness,

Belief and dreams and joy and laughter
gay

Some lonely soul to bless.

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

EARTH'S MOST PRECIOUS THING

*"There comes a pause in the year's
occupation."*

O'er and o'er at Yuletide, in far-off
romantic Persia, is told the parable of the
man who journeyed one day to the Pearly
Gates, seeking rest from his weary toils.
He was met by a guardian angel who
told him that he could not enter except he
brought earth's most precious possession.

Back to earth the man went, pondering
long as to what could be earth's most pre-
cious treasure. Surely, he reasoned, it
must be the matchless jewels in the crown
of Cyrus, the great King. So he searched
until he found the dazzling diadem, set in
gold, and bore it to the portal celestial.

But the angel scorned it, saying: "The
streets of this city are paved with gold,
and precious stones are its walls. You
must bring something better."

Away the discomfited mortal sped
again, convinced that, since wealth
availed not, power surely would. In time
he returned with the sword of Alexander
the Great, the symbol of completest con-
quest, unbounded in the hope of finding
favor with the guardian of the Gate.

"Alexander is dust," sorrowfully re-
plied the angel, "and the least of our
messengers slew him in his frailty and
shame. Earth's strength is but a weak-
ness before heaven's gate."

Rebuffed, the man gave himself to
thought for a long time, and eventually
returned with the lost Books of Wisdom
of Solomon, for, reasoned he, "It is wis-
dom that wins with the celestial sentry."

Shaking his head, the angel said:
"Man's wisdom is idle folly in heaven,
where all things are known. You must
bring a gift far more precious."

The man once more returned to earth
and ranged far and near, but in vain. He
could find nothing precious enough to
take to the Pearly Gates. So he resolved
that he would return to the angel and
confess his failure, and accept his doom.

On the way he passed a poor, broken,
bleeding beggar by the roadside, and he
stopped to minister to him, weeping in
sympathy the while. He was still weep-
ing when he reached the angel's presence.

Before he could tell of his failure, the
angel stretched forth his hand in joy,
exclaiming, "You have brought it! There
it is!"

"Brought what?" asked the bewildered
suppliant: "I have come only to confess
that I can bring nothing!"

"But see!" cried the angel, picking a
glistening pearl from the man's cheek:
"you have brought earth's most precious
thing—the priceless pearl of compassion.
Enter in and accept of thy reward!"—
Adapted from *William T. Ellis*, for *Sun-
shine Magazine*.

EARLY AND LATE

Go to bed early—waken with joy;

Go to bed late—cross girl or boy;

Go to bed early—ready for play;

Go to bed late—moping all day;

Go to bed early—no pains or ills;

Go to bed late—doctors and pills;

Go to bed early—grow strong and tall;

Go to bed late—stay very small.

—*Sunshine Magazine.*

Wreaths in your window and good will
in your heart make a very Merry Christ-
mas.

My soul is too glad and too great to be
at heart the enemy of any man.

—*Martin Luther.*

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

NATURE'S GIFTS AT CHRISTMAS

By M. LOUISE C. HASTINGS

The telephone was ringing. "You go, Joyce," said Mother. "It is probably for you anyway."

"Hello," said Joyce. "Oh, hello, Cousin Ralph!" . . . "Yes, we'd be glad to go . . . Nine o'clock? . . . All right. We'll be ready. Good-bye."

"Isn't that just splendid?" said Joyce coming back to the dinner table. "Cousin Ralph has invited Arline and me to drive to the Farm tomorrow to select and bring back our Christmas tree. Now you'll get the real Christmas feeling, Arline, for we shall go to the deep woods and Cousin Ralph will cut down the tree which we choose."

Arline was a Southern girl. Never before had she seen the great ocean. Never before had she seen the snow which she saw in sheltered places from the train on her way North. She was looking forward to some real old-fashioned snow-storms while she was visiting her uncle's home in New England.

"How large a tree shall we get this year?" asked Joyce.

"For several years we have had table Christmas trees," said her father, "so why not have a good-sized one this year? There is something about the Christmas tree that stretches from the floor to the ceiling that gives one a different feeling than those pretty little table trees which we have been having."

"It brings back the experiences of childhood, don't you think?" said Mother thoughtfully, "and we live over not only our own childhood days, but those of our children."

And so it was decided to choose a large tree this year.

The next morning dawned crisp and cold, but with the auto robe snugly wrapped around her, Arline was ready to start on this new kind of trip with her cousins Joyce and Ralph in the new Nash car, for the farm which was about sixty-five miles away.

Just as they were ready to start,

Mother surprised them by appearing with her antique footstove, which always stood by the fireplace, filled with red-hot coals! "I don't want Arline to get chilled from her long ride, for she is not used to our northern winters. So here is the appliance which our forebears used when they listened to two- and three-hour sermons in the unheated, barn-like meeting-houses. It will keep you warm around your feet and will take off that chill which you are not accustomed to."

"Sometime I shall have heat in my car," said Cousin Ralph, "but I can't manage it this year."

"Nobody needs heat except Arline," laughed Joyce, "and she wouldn't need it if she lived here with us long. It is all in what you are used to."

"Well, you can all remember that my old foot-stove has done good service for a great many years, and it is by no means worn out," laughed Mother. "And Arline can imagine she is living in colonial America where footstoves were needed."

"Well, Mother, considering we are traveling in a 1931 Nash car, she cannot imagine much about living in colonial America!" ejaculated Joyce, and everybody laughed heartily.

Cousin Ralph was ten years older than the girls, and as they drove along through the attractive towns and villages he told them many historical facts about the houses and the roads and the locality. It made the ride very interesting to both the girls. He drew their attention to many visible preparations everywhere for the Christmas season. Wreaths were seen hung on front doors and in windows—beautiful large wreaths with their rich green foliage intermingled with fruits and berries and pine cones. Already the Christmas atmosphere was making itself felt. House after house displayed not only wreaths, but ropes of green, and window boxes newly filled with tiny spruces and firs. Occasionally they saw out-of-door trees and trellises and gates all wired for the Christmas display of colored lights.

"How beautiful the wreaths are!" ex-

claimed Arline. "But what are the bulbs that seem to be on some of the fir trees in the front yards of some houses?"

"A new custom is growing up in these days," said Cousin Ralph, "of decorating with variegated colored lights. I'll come some evening after more houses are ready with their display, and we'll drive around in our city's suburbs and beyond. You will see sights that will surprise you."

"I have no doubt of that," laughed Arline. "I am surprised most of the time now."

"Oh, look at that wreath!" interrupted Joyce. "Isn't it beautiful against that old

"What do you mean?" asked Arline, rather puzzled at his remark.

"Ships on the water keep Christmas Day," explained their cousin. "All vessels belonging to civilized nations are decorated on Christmas Day. If 'greens' are possible they are used inside and out. This is a custom of every naval service, just as the custom of unusual shore leave is universally granted to sailors on Christmas Day."

This day was only one of the delightful experiences that came to Arline during the holidays. There was the kaleidoscopic display of lights night after night in the



*"Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,
Born is the king of Israel."*

white doorway?"

"To many, the wreath carries a message of endless life," said Cousin Ralph, "for the circle has no beginning or end. The wreath has come to be as much a symbol of Christmas as the tree. It can stand wind and weather, and keeps fresh so long that it is often hung a week or two before Christmas."

"It gets us 'in tune' for the holidays," said Joyce simply.

"That's it," echoed her cousin. "By the way, did you girls know that Nature's gifts are used on the water on Christmas Day?"

suburbs and further from the city. There were more drives to see Nature's gifts in decoration, and, best of all, there was Beacon Hill on Christmas Eve!—(By courtesy of *The Beacon*.)

BOBBY'S PRAYER

To make sure that he would not be forgotten, Bobby ran to his little bedroom corner just before Christmas, closed his eyes, and said: "God, have Santa Claus bring me an engine, a sled, a ball, lots of games, and a pony and cart and saddle; and remember, God, that the Lord loveth a cheerful giver."—*Joys*.

WHOLE PEANUTS FOR OUR BIRD FRIENDS

Peanuts are sometimes placed on our bird table crushed or cut in small pieces; but another way and one that keeps the nuts dry and fresh, is to string them, and fasten the string from one side of the window to the other; or the string of nuts may be hung from the post of a pergola, or the branch of a tree. The birds hold to the string with their claws and peck open the shell, and it is amusing to watch the curious positions they assume, sometimes clinging by one claw and using the other to help open the shell.

The peanuts may be strung on strong thread, as beads are threaded, using a coarse needle and leaving a space of thread between each nut.

Chickadees (tits) and occasionally nuthatches delight in this kind of food, but other birds will come near and pick up a stray crumb that the chickadees may drop. The nuthatch is usually a very shy bird and in order to attract him, the string of nuts should be hung a little distance from the house, preferably against the trunk of a tree, so that he can "hatch," that is, place the nut in a crevice of the bark and then peck open. It is from this practice that the name "nuthatch" is derived.

The writer remembers going to the window one morning and finding a tit and an English robin enjoying the feast together, the blue-green plumage of the one and the brilliant red breast of the other making a vivid and attractive picture.

—Clipped.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

MRS. HARRY A. STEVENS, *Chairman*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

MISS ETHEL L. HERSEY, *Secretary*, Hingham, Mass.

MISS EDITH L. JONES, *Treasurer*, 65 Langdon Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Meetings at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, at 10.30 A.M. the first Friday of each month from October to May inclusive.

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, and to give to those living far from a church some of the inspiration of the printed word by the publication of one good sermon, or similar article in each issue of the *Cheerful Letter Magazine*. Only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed upon by all churches are printed.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To establish Circulating Libraries in isolated communities, schools, and colleges in rural and mountain districts where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available.

WHERE TO WRITE

Letters containing subscriptions to the paper, fifty cents a year, and money from the Sunshine Bags should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

Letters asking for correspondents and appeals to be printed in the *Cheerful Letter Magazine* should be sent to Mrs. John A. McCaddin, *Chairman*, 21 Ashfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

Letters asking for help in studying at home should be sent as follows: *General Information*, Mrs. Rachel J. Sands, *Chairman*, Brimble Avenue, North Beverly, Mass.; *help in elementary subjects*, Mrs. Isaac Sprague, Jr., *Assistant Chairman*, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, *Chairman*, 20 Clark Road, Wellesley Hills, Mass. A circulating Library will be started in any small community that is in need of one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references given.

The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

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JANUARY, 1933

No. 7

NEW YEAR CHALLENGES!

*"Swift years, but teach us how to bear,
To act with strength and skill
And speed our courses where we will."*

The beginning of a new year is always a good time to take an inventory of not only our material but also of our intellectual, moral and spiritual possessions. To learn from past mistakes and to resolve not to break any resolutions we make to ourselves or promises we make to others. To write off losses and sum up gains and to budget our accounts for another year. To try to comprehend that our "problem is the whole of Reality" and to pray that we may "see life steadily and see life whole."

Seldom in the history of Humanity has the soul of man been tested by so many and serious problems as it is being tested today. Seldom have there been in our midst so many bewildered souls, irrational and fuzzyminded thinkers (there are chameleon minds as well as chameleon animals), so much intellectual and moral vandalism, so much crass materialism, so many unbalanced lives or so many blind leaders of the blind. Never has the challenge been greater for wisdom, sanity, fortitude, loyalty, patience, faith and heroism. Never the need more urgent for us to "prove all things and hold fast that which is good."

The New Year Challenges are none other than 365 golden opportunities to live stronger and larger lives than we did last year; doing this in spite of what some other people think, say and do that violate well-tried and well-established standards of thought, faith and conduct. A good time to lessen the shouting distance between profession and performance and to furnish less building

material for the streets in the nether world. To have fewer regrets each day "at the setting of the sun" for things left undone.

A good time to set each morn our "little watch by the great clock of Humanity." To give freely and unselfishly of our best to others, to love, lift and serve. These challenges, these 365 golden opportunities, constitute the one supreme challenge of life itself and are brought to our front-door step by "Father Time," at sunrise on each new-born day of 1933.

"Each day is a fresh beginning,

Every morn is a world made new."

These challenges of the new year include three periods of time and help us to adjust our lives, thought, belief and conduct to the past, present and future. The past has a majesty all its own. History is not "bunk" as the thoughtless imagine. History is the Biography of Humanity. "Thine ears shall hear a voice behind thee saying this is the way walk ye in it." In the unfolding process of Creation our lives are submerged in the past as an iceberg is submerged in the ocean, seven-eighths below and one-eighth above the surface. "Our past travels with us from afar, and what we have been makes us what we are."

"Other men have labored and we have entered into their labors." We have received and are constantly receiving blessings upon which we ourselves have bestowed no labor. We cannot live entirely upon the past, neither can we take one step without it. The past is firmly linked to both present and future. Dr. Theodore Parker spoke truly when he said,—*"We are to live upon the past in the present for the future."* Our actual life and the arena of our activities are in

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October 3, 1917, authorized July 17, 1922."

the Eternal Now, and one moment of time
is a moment of Eternity: Eternity is kind
to us in expressing itself in units of time.

The present is enriched by "all the
good the past hath had, to make our own
time glad"; likewise, it is enriched by all
the plans, dreams, anticipations and faith
for the future. We can only make our
contributions of thought, belief, example,
love and service to oncoming generations
in the Eternal Now, inspired by memory
and upheld by hope.

In spite of the dull and prosaic Peter
Bells who say they have outgrown senti-
ment and romance and in spite of those
peculiar people who say they have no
longer any use for Christ or Christianity
and who flippantly denounce Religion as
an "opiate," the challenge of our Chris-
tian Faith is still the greatest in our
lives and in the lives of our fellowmen.
Christ was never humble before men and
their opinions, but before God and His will
his humility was most profound, and we
have him as our inspiration and example.

Make no mistake, to take faith in God
out of human lives, experiences, trials,
vicissitudes and aspirations is like taking
the sun out of the sky, fertility out of the
soil, hope out of the soul, honor out of
statesmanship, truth out of science,
patriotism out of citizenship, friendship
out of the Social Order, virtue out of
individual lives and love out of home
life. So long as we enshrine in our lives
the spirit that was in Christ we can go
forward to meet the New Year Chal-
lenges with a song upon our lips and a
prayer of gratitude in our hearts.

We are not asked to do the work or
bear the burdens of 365 days in one day
or in 11 months, but in 12 months and

day by day.

"One by one thy duties wait thee;
Let thy whole strength go to each,
Let no future dream elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach."

A small girl was busy with her little
shovel and pail carrying coal from the
sidewalk into the cellar of her home. A
friend asked her if she expected to get
that large load of coal into the cellar in
her little pail and she answered,—*"Yes,
if I keep at it long enough."*

So it is with all of us. We are to bear
the burdens and meet the challenges of
each new year day by day and hour by
hour, as George Klinge has so beauti-
fully expressed it in his poem,—*"Hour by
Hour."*

God broke our years to hours and days,
that—

Hour by hour

And day by day,

Just going on a little way,

We might be able all along

To keep quite strong.

Should all the weight of life

Be laid across our shoulders, and the
future rife

With woe and struggle, meet us face to
face

At just one place,

We could not go:

Our feet would stop; and so

God lays a little on us every day.

And never, I believe, on all the way,

Will burdens bear so deep

Or pathways lie so steep,

But we can go, if by God's power,

We only bear the burden hour by hour.

—*Rev. Frederick W. Smith.*

HIGH LIVING ON THE AIR-LINES

A month-old baby girl who had been
severely ill was being taken by airplane
from Los Angeles to Atlanta with her
two-year-old brother and a nurse.

The physicians who had attended her,
Wayne Weishaar reports in the New
York *Herald Tribune*, "compounded a
special baby food, and directed that it be
mixed with a certain proportion of boil-
ing hot water at stated hours."

But how to do it?

Including a diet kitchen, or even water-boiling facilities, in the limited space available in a plane is something to figure over.

But the American Airways, in one of whose planes the journey was being made, figured on the problem and solved it—thereby proving once again that radio has other uses than the dissemination of entertainment.

As the plane flew eastward, continued Mr. Weishaar, "radio messages preceded the travelers, and at every airport of call attendants were on hand with steaming tea-kettles."

This is only one example out of several related by the writer of how commercial air-lines are meeting the problem of feeding passengers en route.

In the days of ox-teams, we read on in *The Herald Tribune*, "the journey from New York to San Francisco, according to the cook's reckoning, was matter of 600 meals. By air now it is five meals."

But it has taken thought and work to get in those five, and it has been necessary to develop "a new technique of catering." Some features of this technique follow:

It is only a little more than three years since the first regular meals were provided on the air-liners, and from that day until recently the service has ranged from lavishness to Spartan rations. Now, however, the chefs have contrived a simple and more adequate fare, the means for keeping foods hot and cold, and a knack for knowing what to serve or, more important, what not to serve.

When the line which is now Transcontinental and Western Air, Inc., flew its first aerial meal service, it offered a veritable café in the clouds.

Silver service shone on immaculate linen, in a manner to rival dining-cars. It was all very nice pictorially, even if the forks and spoons clattered a bit occasionally. Gradually officials of the line decided that a simpler cuisine would be more appropriate.

Now if you are flying over its route some morning, about 7 o'clock, the copilot will ask you and your fellow passengers

if you would like some tomato juice as an introduction to breakfast. He will serve it to you in a paper cup and a little later he will produce napkins and a conveniently contrived lunch basket, the top of which folds back handily to form a lap table. In it there is fruit and breakfast rolls.

Or you can order ahead by radio, and your meal will be ready at the next stop. This seemed almost too good to be true to one air-minded "Doubting Thomas," who liked to be sure of his dinner. So he planned and carried out this test:

He ordered (by radio) T-bone steak with French fried potatoes, a salad, apple pie, and his favorite brand of cheese. The meal as ordered awaited him at Cheyenne, and the passenger, by this token, said he was convinced that the radio had other uses than grinding out syncopated music.

United Airlines fed 11,888 persons during August. Its experience, like that of other services, is that people enjoy air travel more if they eat moderately and with regularity. However, the stewards and mates in charge of its food service are instructed to humor patrons' appetites.—*From article in Literary Digest.*

THE SNOW-STORM

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the
fields,

Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the
heaven,

And veils the farm-house at the garden's
end.

The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet

Delayed, all friends shut out, the house-
mates sit

Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm. . . .

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

The deaf and dumb alphabet was invented by a Portuguese, Jacob Rodrigues, who evolved the sign language in order to communicate with a mute girl he loved.

CORRESPONDENTS AND APPEALS

MRS. JOHN A. MCCADDIN, *Chairman*, 21 Ashfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

A correspondent writing to the Exchange for the first time should always give as reference the name and address of her minister.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice should be sent to Headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., and to those persons who have been sending letters and reading matter.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of its magazine by addressing letters asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who disobeys this rule will be dropped from the list, and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by the Central Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to the Chairman of this Department.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

APPEALS

1. Dear Ladies of the "*Cheerful Letter*" Meeting: Will you please allow me to attend your meeting in the form of a "letter"? The first of October I was visiting my daughters in Canton, Mass., and my dear friend, Miss Martha Suter, invited me to attend a *Cheerful Letter* meeting with her. I would loved to have accepted, but daughter Ethel and husband were going to Maine on that very day, so I did not want to lose such a good change to return home. I wanted to thank those people who have so kindly sent me the magazine these many years. I became acquainted with the Exchange through Miss Suter's notice in the paper for those wanting postcards. It was the beginning of much pleasure for me and my mother through her letters. I think you are doing a wonderful work and will say Thank You again so much for the paper and the finding of a very dear friend. Mrs. Lillian Watson, Smithfield, Maine.

2. Mrs. Nora Franks, Route 4, Box 4, Chillicothe, Texas, writes the following for publication: I have been a member quite a while and I think your work is wonderful. I wish to thank each and every one who has remembered me

and I hope to be remembered sometime in the future. I have six children; one boy, aged 12, five girls, ages 9, 7, 6, 4, and 5 months.

3. It has been some time since I have heard from the Exchange and I just allowed that the dear sisters had forgotten me. I hope not. My father is now living with us and he would appreciate some books or magazines. He is too old to work and reading is a good pastime for him. Please send me some cheer. Mrs. Johnnie Crum, Route 8, Box 90, Palestine, Texas.

4. Dear *Cheerful Letter* friends: It has been over three years since I have heard from any of you, except Miss Ethel Hersey. I hear from her at Christmas time and I do enjoy the Magazine and other cheers that have been sent. My children are getting older and it is hard for me to even get the things they really need. The girls are 14 and 9 years old and the boys are 12 and 11. Reading material would be very acceptable. Mrs. Mary Camden, Madison Heights, Va.

5. Mrs. Tom Saunders, Tellico Plains, Tenn., writes that she and her husband are almost past work and wish to be remembered with reading for him and quilt scraps, thread and embroidery for her-

self. He is 71 and she is 67. She is most grateful for past favors.

6. I am glad to know that my name is still on the *Cheerful Letter* list and hope to hear from some of the good friends before the winter is over. My name is now Mrs. Esther Griffiths instead of Pennington. My health is poor and I am not strong enough to do much work, and times are so hard for us. My husband cannot get any work and we have a little girl four years old to care for. I could use some sewing material and some magazines. There are long, lonesome days ahead and a little bit of cheer helps so much. Mrs. Esther Griffiths, Rugby, Va.

7. I am just now able to sit up, due to a severe attack of pneumonia. I won't be able to do any work this winter except handwork that I can do in the house. I live six miles from church and three miles from the post office. I would be glad to receive sewing materials of any kind and also some good reading matter. Mrs. J. P. Reeves, Rupert, Ark.

8. My mother has been dead for about three years and I keep house for my father, brothers and sisters. The boys' ages are 13 and 16 and the girls' 9, 3 and 18. We were out so much for doctor's bills that we had to sell our home and it just seems that things go from bad to worse. But I guess everybody has their troubles. I am trying to live a Christian life, which was my mother's last request. Poor woman, she was ready to go, but she did mind leaving us. It is hard trying to raise the baby, but I know God will help me. I hope you can send me some pieces, we need bedding so badly; and we certainly would enjoy reading of any kind. There is so much to be done every day that I don't get to go any, so if you can send some cheer it sure will be appreciated by this family. Miss Violet Shaw, R.F.D. 2, Box 241, Gainesville, Tex.

9. Mrs. James Honeycutt, Route 4, Albemarle, N. C., would be glad to receive some quilt scraps and books to help pass the time through the lonely winter days. She also would like some cards and pictures for the children; one girl, aged 10,

and three boys, ages 8 to 4 years. She also looks forward to receiving the *Cheerful Letter* magazine each month.

10. Could you spare space to print a few lines for me in your dear little magazine? I haven't written for a long time and I want you all to know how thankful I was for past remembrances. A long, hard winter is here again and may I please have some bits of lace, embroidery material, and a few quilt scraps? It will help so much, and the little ones are asking for some cards and pictures. My prayer is, May God's greatest blessing rest upon you all and the great work you are doing. Mrs. Lee M. Kilby, Route 1, Rugby, Va.

11. I have been reading the *Cheerful Letter* paper for some time and I certainly would be lonesome without it. My husband is dead and I have two girls and one boy to care for. One of the girls, aged 17, has been very ill and she is confined to the house all the time. We would welcome some cheer of most any kind. We are located in the mountains and it gets pretty lonesome during the winter. Mrs. Lydia E. Farmer, R.F.D. 1, Box 50, Rugby, Va.

12. Mrs. John Howell, Silas Creek, N. C., wants to thank each and every one for past kindness and is hopeful that the dear friends will not forget her this winter. She would greatly appreciate any kinds of reading and sewing material. Daughters' ages, 17, 14 and 12; son is 7.

13. As I haven't heard from any of the *Cheerful Letter* friends for three years, I thought I would love to be remembered again. I hope I am not asking too much. I have three children with me, one boy, 16; girls, 14 and 8. They all attend school. I will be so thankful for any kind of sewing and any secondhand school material. Please don't forget us, as it does get so lonely here. Mrs. Lochie Ashley, Lansing, N. C.

14. As I am now in my seventy-sixth year, I am unable to write and thank those who remembered me as I used to. So I take this way once a year of letting you know how much I appreciate any bit

of cheer. I have been a faithful member of the exchange for many years and your cheerfulness has brought me many comforted moments. I hope I can still be remembered. My subscription to the *Woman's Home Companion* and *McCall's* magazines has expired and I do miss them greatly, as I enjoyed so much the reading and quilt piecing. Also I would like some good books for my dependent daughter. Mrs. J. C. Anglin, R.F.D. 3, Spencer, Va.

15. Mrs. A. H. Jones, Route 3, Box 84, Ferrum, Va., sends thanks to all who have remembered her in the past. She has three children, one boy 11 months and two girls, ages 7 and 5. Mrs. Jones has been in bad health for some time and hopes some cheer can be sent her to help pass through the lonely winter months. Anything will be acceptable to the family.

IN MEMORIAM

"Some time ago our little sister Fannie Singleton passed away to that Great Beyond. She had been afflicted for thirty years, unable to walk, but she lived a useful and happy life, although suffering untold pains. We want to let you know that we greatly appreciated your sending her the *Cheerful Letter* magazine for these many years and am trusting that you will get a great reward in that other world. With many thanks, her brother, D. T. Singleton."

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Mrs. Emma Williams from Marshville to R.F.D. 2, Polkton, N. C.

Mrs. Goldie Walker from Nago to Dabney, Ark.

Mrs. Zenna Blevins from Helton to Grassy Creek, N. C.

MARRIAGE

Mrs. Mary Corn, Critz, Va., to Mr. W. B. Tudor, Spencer, Va.

So long as we love, we serve; so long as we are loved, I would say, we are indispensable. No man is useless while he is a friend.—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

A NEW YEAR'S MOTTO

"I asked the New Year for some motto sweet,

Some rule of life with which to guide my feet;

I asked and paused: he answered soft and low,

'God's will to know.'

"Will knowledge, then, suffice, New Year? I cried;

And ere the question into silence died
The answer came, 'Nay, but remember,
too,

God's will to do.'

"Once more I asked, Is there no more to tell?

And once again the answer sweetly fell:
'Yes, this one thing all other things
above:

God's will to love.'"

Selected.

THE SUPREME PRAYER

The supreme prayer of my heart is not to be learned, rich, famous, powerful or even good, but simply to be radiant. I desire to radiate health, cheerfulness, calm, courage and good-will.

I wish to live without hate, whim, jealousy, envy, fear. I wish to be simple, honest, frank, natural, clean in mind and clean in body, unaffected—to say "I do not know" if it be so, and to meet all men on an absolute equality, to face any obstacle and meet every difficulty unabashed and unafraid.

I wish others to live their lives, too, up to their highest, fullest and best. To that end I pray that I may never meddle, interfere, dictate, give advice that is not wanted, or assist when my services are not needed. If I can help people, I'll do it by giving them a chance to help themselves; and if I can uplift or inspire, let it be by example, inference and suggestion, rather than by injunction and dictation. That is to say, I desire to be Radiant—to Radiate Life!

—*Elbert Hubbard.*

There is no man living who cannot do more than he thinks he can.

—HENRY FORD.

WHAT 57 CENTS WILL DO

The faith that moves mountains is the faith that has in it the courage to start something when everyone else is shutting down.

There's a church in Philadelphia which cost considerably more than a hundred thousand dollars to build, but which was started on a capital of fifty-seven cents. There's an orphanage in England which has spent millions of pounds, but which for years ran without any apparent means of support. And so it is quite possible that if someone were to announce today that he intended to build an institution with only "three ducats" in hand, he would not be ridiculed, in view of past experiences.

It was St. Theresa, in the sixteenth century, who first made that assertion, and she was laughed at by everyone. "It is true," she answered, "that Theresa with three ducats can accomplish nothing, but with God and Theresa and three ducats, there is nothing which Theresa cannot do." And Theresa built the orphanage.

Nearly everyone has some good work that he has put off because he lacks the means to finish it. But what is it that is really lacking? Not money! Not opportunity!

Money? Money alone never accomplished anything worth while, any more than the lack of it ever held back a determined soul for long.

Education? Ten years ago Russell Conwell, founder of Temple University, looked up the record of the four thousand and forty-three men in this country worth more than five million dollars, and found that only sixty-one of them had even a high school education.

Opportunity? Opportunity is always knocking, needing only to be recognized. "Opportunity?" said Napoleon, "I make opportunity!" But all Napoleon did was to tear off its disguise. Opportunity is always at your elbow in some guise."

Some say, "I live in a small town—there is no chance here." But you are not confined to the small town. In these days of air mail and radio and rapid

wire communication, the whole world is your opportunity. There was a great mail order business built in a little town with one hundred dollars of borrowed capital. Another started in the country with a forty-dollar advertisement. A big publishing house began on two hundred dollars. And there was a man who started a business in prison.

But there are two things responsible for these achievements — *courage* and *faith*. Courage knows no obstacles, and faith steps out on seeming void and finds the solid rock.—*From Robert Collier.*

OLD LADY JANUARY

BY HELEN HERR WICK

Old Lady January
Makes cherries out of noses,
She pinches all the children's cheeks
And turns them into roses.
She turns the snow
To little stars
Upon a moonlight night,
And makes them whirl
In little swirls,
So everything is bright.
Old Lady January
Freezes crust on snow,
She is very, very busy
'Cause she knows that she must go:
For Old Father February
Soon will hustle in,
And after him the crust will get
Very, very thin;
And March will make
The snow all melt,
And April make warm noses;
So hurry out for her to pinch
And turn your cheeks to roses!

(*From The Beacon*)

He: "There never was a table that didn't have legs to stand upon."

She: "Oh, yes there is,—the Multiplication Table."

"There is a destiny that makes us brothers:

None goes his way alone;

All that we send into the lives of others

Comes back into our own."

—*Edwin Markham.*

ON THE SLAVE BLOCK IN "GOLDEN SAMARKAND"

A hundred yelling Turkoman raiders, bent on the capture of human merchandise for Central Asian slave markets, attacked in the darkness.

The inhabitants of the village on the Russo-Afghan frontier, on the road to "Golden Samarkand," defended themselves bravely but briefly. The rifles of attackers and attacked "spat viciously." Flashes of flame spurted in the darkness. Men fell in the streets and rolled "like sacks of corn down the slopes of the hills. The shrieks of women mingled with the savage laughter of the man-lifters."

The battle was soon over and the slavers were on their way with their human loot.

They had secured, although they did not know it, one item of booty they had not counted on—Sirdar Ikbāl Ali Shah, an upper-class Afghan. The Sirdar is the author of a number of books on Asia, and is now a member of the Afghan legation in London. He tells the "almost incredible" story of his capture, sale as a slave, and escape from bondage, in the current *Good Housekeeping*. It is a tale as thrilling as *Eliza's* famous crossing of the ice.

The Sirdar had wandered into this wild and "insalubrious" territory in his "usual charmingly casual manner," for the same reason that people swim the English Channel and fly the Atlantic. He wanted adventure. This time he found plenty.

He was wounded in the fight at the village where he had been stopping, and in whose defense he had joined. Rendered unconscious, he did not come to his senses until the next morning.

Then he found himself at the oasis of Kizil Kum, miles away from where he had been the previous night. Near a stack of wood "three women and an aged man were being questioned about the escape of their relatives. Behind the rocky platform eight young men were being untied so that they could have a bowl of soup." The Sirdar's "had been upset during the period of his unconsciousness." The sun was already hot, he tells us as he continues his tale:

My garments stuck to my body, and here and there were reddened in color. I scarcely knew whether I stood on my head or my feet. The desert-brewed ale which they wanted to pour into my mouth I spat at them—and earned a kick for it. So exhausted was I that even the position of my wounds was unknown to me.

Then four hefty men got hold of me and resorted to the original method of forcible feeding. For three days I was subjected to the process of "taming," that is, being fed forcibly and then tied up again.

On the fourth day, when some strength had been gathered and my wounds had been dressed, I swore in the choicest terms of the desert; then the mulberry switch was liberally applied upon my back, so that I might know that slaves can not indulge in bad language—toward their captors, at any rate.

As escape was impossible, I resigned myself cheerfully to fate and marched on foot every inch of the long road to "Golden Samarkand," to be sold in the marketplace there. There was one advantage in the situation: they fed me well and gave me double water rations, and, if you have been through the back desert of Kizil Kum, you will know what a blessing water is. They treated me in this manner, for they thought I would fetch a good price in the slave market.

Fourteen days' journey brought us to the outskirts of the town of Samarkand. Although I did not dread being sold to an unknown master, from whose clutches I could get out, to escape thereafter to Afghanistan or Persia presented difficulties to my mind, as, in either case, it would be necessary to pass the slave traders' country.

It was a hot afternoon when, in the suburbs of Samarkand, our captors swelled the throng with three male and two female slaves. In the city itself the slaves were not sold publicly, so that in order to carry on this trade it was necessary to get up a fair, which was ostensibly an ordinary village fair for the public, but was, in reality, the largest

slave market in Turkestan. One by one the slaves were put up for auction. The women fetched the record price of £30 each, while a robust youth, a fellow captive of mine, was sold for only half as much.

The fun of the fair was in full swing. Engrossed in the color and movement of the spectacle, the Sirdar, while his companions were being sold, almost forgot that he, too, was a human chattel, bound for the auction block. He was roused from his reverie by a rude tug at his sleeve, and a voice that commanded:

"Mount the steps. It is thy turn to be sold."

Meekly I ascended the three steps of the tumble-down public water cistern. Hundreds were passing and repassing before me, but not a soul took pity or considered it worth his while to make a bid. To European minds such a sale of unfortunate human beings is incredible, but these are actual facts.

For hours together no one would even make a bid for me; an old Turkoman lady would not even exchange her nag for me. At long last, some one threw his handkerchief over the hand of my captor, under which their hands met, and thus the deal was secretly fixed for £4, and a horse, and I became the slave of an old merchant, who promptly asked me to follow him to draw water from the adjoining well for his womenfolk.

When the fierceness of the heat had abated a little with dusk, and the old merchant and his ladies had eaten well and rested, a baby was given to me to carry, but when the infant did not like the look of me and tore savagely at my cheeks, its mother took it back, and the old merchant gave me his prize fighting-cock to carry while I accompanied him through the fair.

That night the Sirdar slept on hay in a tiny cell. But it was neither his cramped quarters nor other discomforts that kept him awake, he tells us.

As I wanted to escape, I was afraid to sleep and began to devise schemes. By the time it was daybreak I had worked out the details. I should go, I thought, by

the direct desert route toward the Caspian Sea; not the day after tomorrow, nor tomorrow, but that day I should escape.

Early in the forenoon my master ordered me to set about sweeping the courtyard, where in the afternoon a cock-fighting contest was to take place. I could hear another slave going around the bazaar, shouting:

"To the cock-fight! To the cock-fight go all the brave and the young, my sweet ones!"

Soon the shopkeepers put up their shutters, and the place was crowded. A circle of about eighteen feet in diameter was drawn in the center of the courtyard, and a peg was driven in the middle of it.

Old and young brought their birds to the contest. A cock was thrown in the arena, and a cry arose from the spectators. The rival parties shouted, urging on their respective birds.

Occasionally the sympathizers of various parties engaged in a free fight. Each round of the contest never lasted longer than six minutes. Betting was heavy on these fights, although it was done in a curious manner. A man would sell an old whip or a saddle or a walking-stick to another man, a bookie, for, say, twenty or forty times the value of the article, and whisper the name of his fancied cock. The surplus of the actual cost of the article was "on the bird"—so that it often happened that the winner received a camel in return for the old whip which he had staked.

The game was proceeding fast and furiously when I bolted and never looked back. An old nag in the back premises helped me, and by sundown I was many miles from Samarkand.

As the entire winnings of my master happened to be with me, I bought a fairly decent camel, when the desert was reached, to carry me on my journey westward to the shores of the Caspian Sea.—*From Literary Digest.*

Would you be younger than your years,
Then let your laughter drown your tears.

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

STRANGE!

BY GRACE A. GOODERHAM

Both dogs and bushes have a bark
Which does seem rather funny,
While birds all have both bills and notes,
Yet not a cent of money!
And though the horse will work all day
His only answer will be "nay."
Though elephants have each a trunk
You never see them packing.
Though pigs have pens, it seems to me
The ink is strangely lacking.
All deer have horns they do not blow,
And trees with needles never sew!

Clipped.

A SNOWBALL AND BEEFSTEAK

BY RUTH E. CLINTON

It had been snowing for three days. The yard looked like a big frosted cake, the tops of the fences seemed to be covered with whipped cream, and the trees were like crisp, sugary candy.

Marjorie had never seen so much snow. Indeed, it was quite unusual for the early spring even in the Colorado city where Marjorie lived. But this morning the sun was brightly shining and as soon as she was dressed, Marjorie ran to the window to see how pretty it was.

"Oh, Daddy," she called. "There's the funniest big snow ball up in the tree! How do you 'spose it could get up so high?"

"Well, well," said Daddy, as he looked out of the window. "That looks as though it might bear investigating." So he put on his big rubber boots and his heavy sweater and Marjorie watched him from the window as he waded through the snow to the big maple tree. He had to get the bench that stood under the kitchen window to stand on so he could reach up and pick the snowball off the tree. And what do you think it was? A Robin Red Breast all huddled up in a ball and so cold and hungry he couldn't even shake the snow off himself. With such a heavy snow fall, he hadn't been able to find any food to keep him warm.

Daddy brushed him off, shook the

branches clear of snow and put Mr. Robin up in the tree again. Then he got the shovel and cleared the snow away from under the big tree. After that he went into the kitchen where Mother was getting breakfast and begged a big piece of raw meat. He cut it into small pieces and put it in the clear place under the tree where Mr. Robin was sitting. At first he didn't seem to notice, but just sat all huddled up like a ball, but by and by he opened one eye and perked his head on one side and took a peek at the nice red meat on the ground, but he couldn't seem to make up his mind to find out what it was.

Marjorie watched and watched from the window and after Mr. Robin had perked his head on first one side and then the other and looked down at the meat for a long time, he finally flew down to the ground, or rather, he nearly tumbled off, for he was 'most too cold and weak to fly. If Marjorie hadn't been so anxious for him to get something to eat she would have laughed at the way he tumbled off that tree.

When he got down on the ground it didn't take him long to sample that nice red meat and he ate and ate. Then he flew up in the tree and Marjorie watched to see what he would do next. All of a sudden away he went in the direction of the park nearby. Marjorie was so disappointed she nearly cried, for she had hoped to watch Mr. Robin all day, but Daddy told her not to cry, for he was sure he would come back.

And, sure enough, back he came, but he didn't come alone, for he had half a dozen other robins with him and pretty soon there were so many robins in the cleared place under the big maple that neither Marjorie nor Daddy could count them. Daddy had to go to the store three times that day to buy red meat for all those robins to eat.

"Daddy," Marjorie said, "I just believe Mr. Robin went down to the Park and told all the other robins about his breakfast."

"I'm sure he did," replied Daddy. "He said 'Come on, fellows, I know where you can get a good feed' and they all came along."

"I never knew robins liked meat, but I'm glad you knew what to feed 'em, for they couldn't find any worms with all that snow on the ground. I hope they keep coming till the snow is gone and they can find their own breakfasts," Marjorie said.

Marjorie had her wish, for every day until the snow melted twenty or thirty robins came to get the meat that was so lovingly provided for them and no doubt they said "Thank you" many times. At least Marjorie thought so. And this is a true story.

(By courtesy of *The Beacon*.)

Sense is a better inheritance than dollars.



NOW WHY?

BY ETTA F. GILBERT

"Polly wants a cracker!"

My parrot calls to me
Whenever I come near him,—

He's as smart as he can be.
But why can't Robin Redbreast,
Away up in the tree,

Speak just like Polly Parrot,
Instead of "chir'up" and "chee"?

(Courtesy of *The Beacon*)

THERE'S A ROYAL ROAD

Politeness is like an air-cushion. Although apparently nothing in it, it eases the jolts very much.

A tastily attired woman had just taken her seat in a car on a train from New York to Philadelphia. Presently a somewhat stout man, seated directly in front of her, fingered in his pocket, brought out a cigar, and lighted it. A breeze from a window annoyingly blew the smoke back.

The woman coughed, and moved uneasily. She coughed again. There was no effect. Then she leaned forward and touched the man on the arm. "Pardon me, sir," she said, with a quiver in her voice, "you probably are a stranger in this country, and do not know that there is a smoking car attached to this train; smoking is not allowed in here."

The man made reply, simply, with "I beg your pardon," and threw the cigar out of the window.

A few minutes later, the conductor of the train came through the car and informed the woman that she had entered the private car of General Grant. She immediately withdrew in great confusion, but the same fine courtesy which caused the General to throw away the cigar without a word of protest impelled him to cast no amused glance at the hastily retreating figure.

"Politeness is to do and say the kindest thing in the kindest way."

One day, quickly rounding the corner of a crooked, narrow street in London, a young woman ran with much force into a frail little beggar-boy, knocking his ragged cap to the walk.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she exclaimed with great concern; "I should have been looking where I was going; I'm sorry!"

The beggar-boy stared at her in amazement, lost for a word to say. He had encountered many a similar incident, but no one had ever before accepted the blame. Removing his bedraggled cap, which he had just replaced on his head, he smiled and said:

"You has me parding, miss!" Then, as if suddenly realizing the kindness of the young woman, he called after her, "An' the next time ye bump inter me, ye kin knock me clean down an' I won't say a wurd."

Ross Winans was the owner of a fourth-rate locomotive factory in Baltimore. One day two foreign-looking men called at his office and asked to see the plant. Winans personally accompanied them through the plant, courteously answering questions and explaining the operations clearly and interestingly.

After the departure of the two men, he dismissed the incident from his mind, thinking the visitors to be a couple of curious foreigners.

It was several weeks later when he

received a communication from the Russian Government, stating that its representatives, who had visited him and inspected the plant, had reported favorably, expressing confidence in his ability to deliver, and inviting him to establish locomotive works in Russia.

It was through the means of a little courtesy that Ross Winans found the way to millions of wealth.

—*Sunshine Magazine.*

Happiness in this world, when it comes, comes incidentally. Make it the subject of pursuit, and it leads us a wild-goose chase, and is never attained. Follow some other object, and very possibly we may find that we have caught happiness without dreaming of it.—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

MRS. HARRY A. STEVENS, *Chairman*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

MISS ETHEL L. HERSEY, *Secretary*, Hingham, Mass.

MISS EDITH L. JONES, *Treasurer*, 65 Langdon Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Meetings at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, at 10.30 A.M. the first Friday of each month from October to May inclusive.

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, and to give to those living far from a church some of the inspiration of the printed word by the publication of one good sermon, or similar article in each issue of the *Cheerful Letter Magazine*. Only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed upon by all churches are printed.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To establish Circulating Libraries in isolated communities, schools, and colleges in rural and mountain districts where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available.

WHERE TO WRITE

Letters containing subscriptions to the paper, fifty cents a year, and money from the Sunshine Bags should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

Letters asking for correspondents and appeals to be printed in the Cheerful Letter Magazine should be sent to Mrs. John A. McCaddin, *Chairman*, 21 Ashfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

Letters asking for help in studying at home should be sent as follows: *General Information*, Mrs. Rachel J. Sands, *Chairman*, Brimble Avenue, North Beverly, Mass.; *help in elementary subjects*, Mrs. Isaac Sprague, Jr., *Assistant Chairman*, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, *Chairman*, 20 Clark Road, Wellesley Hills, Mass. A circulating Library will be started in any small community that is in need of one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references given.

The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

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THE PRAYER OF THE PUBLICAN

"God, be merciful to me a sinner."

Luke 18:13

It requires no great acumen to realize that when a man admits a fact in so many words, he tends to establish that fact in his conviction. There is a curious defense-mechanism in us that puts us on our guard against inconsistency. Thanks to this mechanism, our inner beliefs are made to feel a certain responsibility for the views and opinions we outwardly express, and are asked to assume the task of making those expressed opinions really true. To give outward spoken utterance to an opinion is to crystallize that opinion into a conviction. Sometimes we propose a novel plan to a friend, and hastily add, "Don't give me your answer now. Think it over first, and tell me your decision later." We know that the answer, even though hastily given, tends to commit our friend definitely to that decision.

Was not the Publican guilty of very poor psychology when he admitted, in so many spoken words, that he was a sinner? Was he not confirming himself as a sinner, simply by saying so? Was he not putting himself under obligation to be consistent, and to justify his declaration by being what he said he was?

At first sight, it would seem so. But we handle the concept of sin in a rather careless way. Only the Jew, the Puritan, the Quaker, the man who, like Paul, is conscious of a law in his mind, really knows what sin is. In the little Epistle of James we have a good definition of sin—To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin. No outward act is sinful in itself. The same act may be moral, immoral, or unmoral—good, bad, or indifferent. All depends upon the intention—for sin exists only in the intention.

Therefore when the Publican confessed himself a sinner, it was equivalent to his saying, O God, I know what I ought to do but I have not done it. He has consciously fallen short of his own standard. The confession that he was a sinner contained, by implication, two definite statements. One was an assertion—"I have a standard. I know what I ought to be and do." The other was an admission—"I have fallen short." If there is a psychological injury in the admission, I have fallen short, that injury is more than counterbalanced by the psychological benefit of the assertion—I have a standard. Only the man who has a moral standard to betray can truthfully declare that he is a sinner, and in making that admission, he is really making a positive, invigorating affirmation—that he has a moral standard—that he has a certain self-respect. True penitence always springs from a background of self-respect, and always emphasizes that note of self-respect.

This is one of the shortest of Christ's parables, and one of the most rewarding. It lays before us a matter that does not have as much of our attention as it might, not as much perhaps as it should. The common law, the city ordinance, the police regulation, the social code, the example of others—these have relieved us in large measure of any need of a private conscience. We think and talk much less than we once did about sin, and conscience, and penitence, and moral duty, and self-betrayal, and self-respect. We are satisfied to conform our private conduct to the restraints and permission of the law or the code. And it is well for us that these are, on the whole, so high in their standard.

But the Publican is one of the most morally stimulating friends we could

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cultivate, because he reminds us of another standard, a private and a sacred one, given in some moment of clean self-perception, when a Divine voice has said—Son of Mine, this is what you ought to be: this is what I expect of you. You may fall short of this, and Society will be none the wiser, and will think no less of you. But only by meeting this standard which I have placed in your heart, can you win that self-respect which is your taste of the pride and the loving approval I feel toward you.

—*Rev. Charles E. Park, D.D.*

AN ARCTIC MOSES

Pull your chairs up to the fire and hear this saga of an Arctic Moses—it's the story of as strange and daring a pilgrimage as you've ever heard.

Go back to a summer's night in 1929. Two men talked together in the drawing-room of a luxurious apartment in a New York hotel. Occasionally one of them stopped to look down at the fairyland below him.

But his thoughts were thousands of miles away—in a wild bit of frozen, wind-swept land lying against the polar seas. Richard Island, they call it. There some thousands of Eskimos were trapped in a prison of ice, sleet, and snow, facing starvation. Death sat on the ice and waited. Between them and help lay Alaska's uncharted forests, treacherous swamps, snow-covered mountains, frozen rivers, and all the chill armor with which the North can array itself against the unbidden guest.

One of the men, as Hans J. Adamson tells the story in *Liberty*, was William Cory, Canadian Deputy Minister of the

Interior, charged with the responsibility of averting the impending famine among these Canadian Eskimos on Richard Island. The other man was Carl Lomen, whom men call the reindeer king of Alaska. There was only one way to get help to Richard Island, and that was to drive a herd of reindeer more than a thousand miles through a wilderness practically unknown to man.

Suddenly Lomen's eyes brightened. "I have it," he cried. "I'll take your order to deliver three thousand deer up to Richard Island. I'll see Andy Bahr."

"Who is Andy Bahr?" asked the Deputy Minister of the Interior.

"The man who knows more about reindeer and the North than any living person," answered Lomen. "If anyone can do this thing, it's Andy."

Andy Bahr, the writer tells us, was past the threescore mark, and had long since retired from reindeer herding. He had settled down to running a little apartment-house in Seattle. Born in Lapland, he had come to this country at the age of twenty to herd reindeer in Alaska.

"It'll be a hard job," Andy said, when the question was put to him, "but there ain't no reason why I can't do it. I can't see them poor devils starvin'. I'll go." Let Mr. Adamson go on with the story:

In November, 1929, there was a great round-up of deer at Naboktoolik, a tiny Eskimo village at the mouth of the Selawik River on the western coast of Alaska. The work of selecting three thousand choice specimens to be driven to Richard Island was in progress when a terrific storm wrecked the corrals, releasing the deer. While a second round-up was in progress, Andy's carefully trained sled deer ran off, which necessitated delay until new animals could be broken in. And so it was not until after Christmas that Andy got under way.

It was a sight that Naboktoolik will never forget when the little Laplander began his march to the Arctic Sea with the horde of deer, his companions, several dogs, and some fifty sleds piled with tons of supplies.

"We'll be there in about a year 'n' a

half," he said as he departed.

Andy's twelve-hundred-mile serpentine route was to take him north to the Arctic coast, then east to the Mackenzie delta and Richard Island—journey's end. He had purposely chosen winter as the time of departure because the first half of the long course was to lead him through mountain valleys and a bewildering labyrinth of rivers, creeks, and swampland—territory that is impassable in summer.

Within a fortnight Andy was well out in the godless stretches of endless white where, from October to April, high-velocity winds come howling down from the Pole; where blinding blizzards rage for weeks on end, and gray, ghostly twilight takes the place of day.

Grimly, intrepidly, this modern Moses led his strange pilgrimage onward into the land that was neither heaven nor earth nor hell, while the wind and the snow and the cold chanted an ominous chorus of impending doom.

Storm followed storm, each one increasing in severity. Some of the sled deer, half-wild and poorly trained, ran amuck, splintered the sleds, and made a dash to freedom—and merciful death. The herd itself, hungry and storm-lashed, milled about in frenzied confusion. Andy, using every cunning device that he had learned during his years of experience, finally got the beasts under control. Then came a new menace—wolves. The herd stampeded and separated, and Andy spent several days getting it together again.

The Arctic Moses had weathered the first crisis, but others were in store for him.

In February the little Laplander began casting about for a crossing over the frozen Selawik River. For two weeks he was thwarted by dense, impenetrable brush and high, steep banks which the herd couldn't negotiate. When finally he found a suitable place, a lashing wind suddenly swept the river clear of snow and left it with a skating-rink surface on which the deer could not find footing. So there was a delay of eight valuable days while the herders, wielding picks

and axes, corrugated a mile-wide stretch of ice across the frozen stream.

Toward the end of February Andy reached a point on the Hunt River and made camp. He had made less than a hundred miles in two months—with more than a thousand to go!

(Concluded next month)

THE PLAIN MEMBER

I like the little fellows who don't count
for very much;

It isn't from the 'cellos that you get the
finer touch;

The roaring of the basses and the rattle
of the traps

May have their proper places in the har-
mony perhaps;

But down there in the middle, inconspicu-
ously there,

Is the little second fiddle that is carrying
the air.

The crashing of the cymbal shakes the
ceiling with its "Blam!"

The piccolo is nimble; "Boom!" you hear
the drummer slam;

The trombone slides and screeches; "Tut,
tut, tut," the proud cornet

Just a little higher reaches than it's ever
tutted yet;

The Main High Diddle Diddle runs his
fingers through his hair—

But the little second fiddle still is carrying
the air.

We talk about the bosses with the big and
busy brain

Making profits, taking losses—but the
boss would boss in vain

If he didn't have assistance, some one
handy he could trust,

He would never go the distance and the
company would bust.

Here's the secret of the riddle for suc-
cesses everywhere—

There's some little second fiddle that is
carrying the air.

—Douglas Malloch.

A gentleman went to the sunny South
but on his arrival found it much colder
than he expected and promptly dispatched
this telegram to his wife: "S. O. S.
B. V. D. C. O. D. P. D. Q."

CORRESPONDENTS AND APPEALS

MRS. JOHN A. MCCADDIN, *Chairman*, 21 Ashfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

A correspondent writing to the Exchange for the first time should always give as reference the name and address of her minister.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice should be sent to Headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., and to those persons who have been sending letters and reading matter.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of its magazine by addressing letters asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who disobeys this rule will be dropped from the list, and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by the Central Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to the Chairman of this Department.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

APPEALS

1. Mrs. W. R. Hill, Route 4, Marshville, N. C., has been very ill with a nervous breakdown. She would like some reading, quilt pieces, and thread. She has a ten-year-old girl and an eight-year-old boy who attend school. They would like to be remembered.

2. It has been a long time since I have heard from any of you people, so I thought I would get started again. We are back in New Mexico now, as we had to leave Arizona on account of the heat. We just couldn't sleep nights. Here it is more comfortable and we can get a little more done. It seems like I haven't time for hardly anything—and I should have written my friends long ago. Hoping to receive a little cheer before the winter is over, I am, your Friend, Mrs. C. C. McDonald, Mesilla Park, New Mexico.

3. It has been a long time since I have written to the *Cheerful Letter Exchange* and I hope I will be remembered again, especially with pieces and thread for my quilts, and some reading for my little girl, aged 14. I seldom ever get out, so you can well imagine what a little cheer would mean to me. Mrs. Katie Merritt, Martinsville, Va.

4. Mrs. A. R. Parler, Evergreen, Va., is very anxious to receive copies of "The American Magazine." She is ill and has no one to help her.

5. Mrs. Maggie Eller, Bina, N. C., is very lonesome and would be glad of some quilt pieces, reading material and thread.

6. Mrs. Opal Rawls, Route 4, Box 4, Chillicothe, Texas, is a new *Cheerful Letter* member. She is just sixteen years old and has a baby girl who was born February 15 last year. Her husband is about nineteen and does farming when he is able to get any work. They have been living with their folks, but are now trying to make a home of their own. They have no reading matter and the mother is trying to get a few quilts together. So will some of the *Cheerful Letter* friends see that this young family gets some reading material and quilt pieces pretty soon?

7. I wonder if someone would send us some embroidery material and thread. My sixteen-year-old girl and I like to sew very much. I would also like some picture cards for the little ones. There is not much cheer down this way and any kindnesses will be more than appreciated in this home. Mrs. Lilla Smith, Sandy Ridge, N. C.

8. Mrs. Leona Farmer, Sturgills, N. C., sends a request for good reading and sewing material. She appreciates past favors.

9. It has been some time since I have heard from you all and I would much appreciate bits of cheer in my lonesome home. My boy has started in our country school, so I am alone quite a lot. I seldom see anyone passing by or is there any excitement of any kind. We live in a back place and comfort along any line, whoever can spare it, will be welcomed. Best wishes to all, Mrs. Dora Smith, Route 1, Polkton, N. C.

10. I wish to thank each and every one who sent cheer last winter. It meant a great deal to us. And now I have another request, which I hope will be answered. The kiddies, Kathleen 10 and Billie Joe 3, would like some cards and books. I would be glad if someone would send me the *Boston Sunday Globe* now and then, and some quilt scraps. There are lots of cold winter days ahead for us. Mrs. Owen Watson, Leo, Texas.

11. It has been a long time since I have written to the *Cheerful Letter* or heard from any of the dear ladies. I used to have a very dear friend, but she moved away to Canada and I haven't heard from her for two years. I am an afflicted girl, having to give up school on account of my trouble. I would appreciate a bit of cheer to pass the winter months, as they are quite dreary on account of the drought this past summer. I like good books or magazines or sewing material. I thank all for past cheer and hope to be remembered before the winter is over. Alice Haynes, R. 2, Bassetts, Va.

12. Mrs. Roy Coppenger, Route 1, Tellico Plains, Tenn., is making quilts and wonders if it is possible for someone to send her some patchwork pieces of solid colors and cretonne, thread and embroidery material. She lives on a farm and the drought and the depression have hit her family very hard. She has four little children, one girl and three boys.

13. Will you please print a few lines in the *Cheerful Letter* paper, as it has been three years since I've had a letter

printed? I hope my friends haven't forgotten me. I have had two deaths in my family recently, and my boy, 8 years old, isn't very strong. He cannot see very well and cannot attend school regularly. We would enjoy some cheer of any kind. My three other boys are at school and some remembrance to help pass the lonely hours would make us very happy. Mrs. Mattie Pugh, Lansing, N. C.

14. Down here we are having some cold weather, but the sun shines warm. It is pretty dull around these parts and hardly any work for the men. We didn't have a very cheerful holiday season, and the children have been ill. When I get a cold, I know what to do, but it is so hard to take care of the children. It certainly is a job to make ends meet and it is very easy to get a good case of the blues. *Cheerful Letter* friends have been kind to us in the past and we are hopeful we won't be forgotten this winter. I have three babies, so please send something to make our life a little brighter. Mrs. Callie Newton, Ansonville, N. C.

15. It has been a long time since I have written the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange and I would like to hear from some of the dear friends again. I am a widow sixty years old and am not able to do anything much. I live in the mountains where there are not any roads, and so cannot get out very much. The winter is all about here, awfully cold and so lonesome. I have two daughters at home with me. My youngest daughter has just had an operation and has not fully recovered and the other one is not very strong. Her side hurts her terribly and probably she will have to have an operation for appendicitis. And that's the way it goes. We would be glad of any kind of cheer, especially sewing material, to help pass away the lonely hours. Mrs. Lydia E. Farmer, Route 1, Box 50, Rugby, Va.

16. Mrs. L. B. Jones, Clifton, N. C., is another new member of the Exchange. She is a shut-in and her health very poor. Her girl is twelve years old; and they would both like some reading matter or any kind of sewing material.

IN MEMORIAM

Miss Nancy S. Bond, of Waltham, died November 26, 1932, after many years of ill health. Miss Bond was a *Cheerful Letter* worker, connected with the Waltham Branch from its early days until within a few years of her death. Although herself a "shut-in" for many years, she had a large number of correspondents to whom she wrote constantly and faithfully, until failing health obliged her to give up the work.

PETER'S LOAN

Lend me thy boat, the Master kindly said
To Simon, wearied with unfruitful toil.
He lent it gladly, asking but the smile
Of him who had not where to lay his head.

But Jesus knows our need of daily bread,
And will be no man's debtor. If awhile
He uses Simon's boat, in kingly style
He will repay—a hundred-fold instead.
And Peter's Lord, as yesterday the same
Walking, though now unseen, among his own,

Still condescends to ask from each a loan.
O, humble toiler, when he calls thy name,
Lend him thy all. The Master ne'er forgets

Discouraged fisherman or empty nets.

—*Selected (Luke V:IV).*

EGGS AS A FOOD

It used to be thought that when eggs were high-priced other foods should be substituted for them. However, since fairly recent studies have been made, it has been found that the vitamin and mineral content is such that it warrants their place especially in the diet of children each day.

Eggs are especially valuable for their iron and protein content as well as vitamins, phosphorous and calcium. All these materials are important in building strong, healthy bodies. The white of the egg is richest in protein, while the yolk contains most of the minerals and vitamins.

It is now recommended that every family include in their daily menu a whole egg for each person over two years,

and a yolk for the baby. An egg a day will supply about 10 per cent of the day's iron requirement, 8 per cent of the day's protein, and 5 per cent of the calcium and phosphorus requirements, thus helping insure good muscles, red blood and strong bones and teeth.

There are three vitamins in the yolk, Vitamins A, B and D. Of these Vitamin A is present in the largest quantity. This is the vitamin that is needed in the growth of young bodies and the one which helps build up resistance to colds, sinus trouble and tuberculosis. The egg yolk is fairly rich in Vitamin D, especially, it is thought, if the hens have been fed cod liver oil or food containing Vitamin D. It is valuable in the prevention of rickets and in giving body resistance to colds. The third vitamin, Vitamin B, that one helping to give an appetite, is present in about the same quantity as Vitamin D.

Eggs may be utilized in a greater variety of ways in cooking than almost any other food. They are used to make omelets and souffles, to thicken custards, to give color to yellow cake, to weld dressings and sauces, to flavor cornstarch pudding, to give a crisp coat to croquettes, to improve the texture of batter mixtures, to garnish or decorate either hot or cold dishes, to emulsify mayonnaise dressing, and to act as a binder in French dressing. They may be served at any meal.

Success in the cooking of eggs depends on slow cooking at even, low heat. Because intense heat makes the white of the egg become tough and difficult to digest, it is found advisable to cook it below the boiling point of water, and oven cook between 250° and 300° F. This principle holds true in preparing all eggs.
—*Helen Monsch and Lucille Brewer, N. Y. State College of Agriculture, in New England Poultryman.*

DEPRESSION CURE

The bluffers may bluff,
And the cynics may cyn;
The scoffers may scoff,
But the cheerful will win.

—*Ruth Smeltzer.*

**BUSINESS IS SWELL—
NORTH OF 63**

It's just another Main Street—the Arctic seacoast.

It is not at all "a wild and wooly waste, full of uncivilized Eskimos who go about grunting gutturals and chewing on blubber as they dodge the wily polar bear."

Today they're bargain hunters. And the coast-line of northmost Alaska is "just another Main Street where they like their radios, their flash-lights, their portable phonographs, their combs, and their cigarettes.

"A Main Street far removed from the blare of traffic with rumbling street-cars and raucous horns, but with all the elements of any old Main Street in anybody's home town. The adventures, the thrills, and the perils of the region that have been novelized and filmed are no more."

So writes Alan Sherwood in the *Seattle Sunday Times*, telling us of the experiences of youthful Capt. John Backland, Jr., skipper of the four-masted schooner *C. S. Holmes* and president of the Midnight Sun Trading Company.

"And Captain Backland brings with him news of the one place in the world where there apparently has been no depression—northmost Alaska.

"The bears up there are not of the stock-market variety as they go up and down the ice-floes. Silver and white foxes, martens and minks don't have to worry about quotations or gold standards. Native Eskimos must eat, so the trading business on the Alaska coast has remained good."

What does the bargain-hunting Eskimo like best in exchange for his pelts and whalebone? Well—

Most interesting among the trends toward modernity noticed by traders in Eskimo waste from the St. Lawrence to Barrow is the terrific consumption of phonograph records and portable phonographs.

Backland took 1,000 records and several phonographs, large and small, with him on this year's trip, and they went like hot-cakes. There is a taste growing

for radios, slowly but surely, Captain Backland reports, and he expects to take more than ever with him next spring.

Radio reception during the far-North summer is the best in the world, German stations coming in with particular clarity; but the long winter nights and action of the *Aurora Borealis* render it negligible in winter. And the more tubes an Eskimo's set has, the better he will like it. Tonal quality means little.

As the popularity of phonographs increased, one of the oldest staples of the trader's cargo, glass beads of many hues, went completely out of demand. Captain Backland has discontinued carrying them this last two trips. And it was right at this point that your observer got laughed at, loudly and long. I asked the captain how much carved ivory he bought from the Eskimos during this past season's trading. He looked at me with a peculiar expression for a moment and then laughed.

"Why, I still have last year's supply of uncut ivory on hand. You see, this year the Chinese have been so busy cutting and getting cut up by the Japanese that they haven't had time to carve up the ivory tourists buy in Alaska as examples of Eskimo culture. That market has collapsed altogether." Was my face red!

There's a little table out in the mess hall next to the captain's cabin where the *Holmes's* trading is transacted. The trader allows the Eskimos the run of the ship with the exception of his quarters. The business of trading consists simply of a native laying his skins or baleen on the table, Captain Backland telling him what they're worth, and issuing the required staples in return.

The Eskimo squaw allows her man to do the trading and buy the sugar and flour, but she reserves the right to pick out the calico in the color schemes she fancies, and steps in with loud protest if she thinks her husband is making a mistake in the price he is about to accept. And usually, the captain amusedly explains, the calico which strikes her fancy is the one at the bottom of the pile.

Sugar and outboard motors, canned

goods, cloth, guns, and stoves are among the thousand and one items carried by the trading ship, for it must supply everything to last the Eskimo village through the year—

Introducing new things to an Eskimo buyer is the toughest job Captain Backland has experienced. He claims for the Eskimo a sales resistance that would gladden the heart of any demon "go-getter." The quickest way to introduce anything new is to let the native see the trader using it, he has found. Thus, this past trip, when Captain Backland wanted to introduce a new brand of cigarettes which would allow him a greater margin of profit, he first allowed the natives to see him smoking them himself and left his package on the trading table so they could try them out.

One curious native found that the tobacco was stronger than that he had been using, and the stampede for the new brand was on, with the result that there was only one carton left in ship's stores when the *Holmes* pulled out for home.

Similarly, a rifle from the captain's own gun rack seems a far superior weapon to any that comes out of a case, a trade fact Captain Backland learned early in the game. Now nearly all rifle sales are made from the captain's private rack.

Although staple prices along the Arctic coast are virtually double what they are in the States—"don't take that as a hint and rush out to buy a schooner and enter the Alaska trade," Mr. Sherwood advises. Because those in the business find that after freight, dockage, storage, stevedoring and insurance charges are paid, little profit remains—

In the north a prime raw white fox pelt is worth, approximately of course, and dependent upon the fur-market prospectus three months in advance, forty pounds of coffee.

Flour brings \$1.50 to \$2 a sack, and sugar, surprisingly, is down to 3 and 5 cents a pound. Calico—and all kinds of cloth regardless of color and weave, are known as calico—is priced higher proportionately than anything else.

Conversely, if you wish a safety-razor blade, the trading-post will supply you for far less than your local drug store.

Credit business, once the bane of the trader's existence because the Eskimo never could understand interest, and wouldn't pay it, has been virtually eliminated by Captain Backland.

The Eskimo is rapidly catching the Western idea of bargain sales, and more and more each year he waits until the *Holmes* is about ready to begin her homeward trip. The cargo is just about gone and the trader wants to get rid of all broken lines of goods. The natives know they will be able to buy these at bargain prices.—*As told in The Literary Digest.*

THE MODERN WOMAN'S REDISCOVERY OF RELIGION

"I can't think what keeps her going!"

"Perhaps she has a religion."

"Oh, no! It can't be that. She's too intelligent!"

They were discussing a woman whose gaiety and courage had withstood circumstances that would crush an ordinary mortal and had commanded the respect and affection of their entire community.

Sitting thoughtfully sewing by the fireside that winter afternoon, the woman who suggested that religion might be the most invincible protection in time of adversity was Helen Cody Baker, a youthful grandmother, ex-journalist, and resident of a Chicago suburb.

Soon she discovered that most of the enlightened women of her community unconsciously assumed, as had her fireside friend, that religion and intelligence had nothing in common. At her reading and discussion club subjects ranged all the way from psychology and philosophy to drama, poetry, and fiction. Only at last, out of the growing frankness and intensity, did the talk get down to essentials of life, and finally focus on religion.

Then, so Mrs. Baker tells us in *The Survey Graphic*, she made the discovery that to the majority of these women—good wives, devoted mothers, conscientious members of the social order, possessed of keen intelligence—to most of

them "religion was nothing living or vital. They might not openly deny it, but they seldom thought about it at all. It had no definite part in their lives."

Helen Cody Baker confesses that she felt backed up against a wall. She was not smug enough to believe that all her women friends were wrong and she alone right. At last they asked her frankly: "What is your religion, that you care enough about it to defend it?" At the request of these friends, "and at the risk of being taken for an amateur missionary," Helen Cody Baker composed "a modern woman's catechism."

It is too long to reprint here, but the following excerpts reveal the audacious modernity of its quality:

"Q. Do you realize that you are only a tiny atom of humanity, and that humanity is a transitory scum on the surface of a minor planet?"

"A. What you say is true. But it is just as true that if we think of ourselves as scum, we will behave like scum. If we think of ourselves as significant parts of a scheme that has meaning, consistency, and possibilities of growth, we may—even while we realize that the wind passeth over us and we are gone, and the place thereof shall know us no more—accomplish something of eternal life.

"In our own time we have an example of this in Gandhi. The powerful radiations of the thinking of that one tiny atom of scum have profoundly troubled a great empire and threaten the economic stability of the whole world.

"Q. Why are you a Christian rather than a follower of some other teacher?

"A. Because I believe Christ's great contribution to the religious philosophy of mankind, 'A new commandment I give unto you, that you love one another,' is the surest way to human happiness.

"And because I believe that when the story of His life is stripped of every superstition—every miracle, even—though I do not take it upon myself to deny His miracles—enough is left of fineness, of courage, of steadfastness and of hope to make Him the greatest of our teachers."

Among the clever women of her

acquaintance, Mrs. Baker is willing to wager that "ten have read a dozen books on psychology since one has read the New Testament from cover to cover. They think clearly and deeply on every other subject, but some door of their minds is closed and bolted to religion."

And this typical American woman, who is now on the staff of the Chicago Council of Social Agencies, concludes with an eloquent appeal to American women to reopen their minds to religious faith. Helen Cody Baker writes:

"Shall we turn our backs on the adventure of Christianity because it is inconvenient or difficult? If we do, we shall lose from our lives something that sustained and comforted our fathers, in which there is still help for us in these troubled years.

"If our mothers and grandmothers needed a religion in their relatively simple lives, how much more do we require one in these days of terrific speed and blinding glare? To meet the challenge of this age we must call on all the beauty, and all the strength, and all the selflessness that there is in the world. Religion is no more nor less than that call and the answer to it."—*Clipped from The Literary Digest.*

CO-OPERATION

No man can long stand alone. Co-operation is the keynote to successful business, winning play and a highway to wealth and happiness.

He who tries to go alone is like a man with one leg—a succession of jumps and not much progress.

We are made for co-operation. Humanity is built to the rule of two—two feet, two hands, two eye-lids, two rows of upper and lower teeth. Trade—the interchange of commodities is made to the same rule.

To learn the art of cooperation is to win the game, succeed in business and find happy friendships.

—*Art of Living.*

Kindness is more powerful than compulsion.

LITTLE BOY IN A SHOE STORE

By CARILYN STEVENS

It all happened in a shoe store where mother was buying her new fall shoes. Usually to be present on such an occasion is a more or less trying ordeal for a little boy on the near side of seven. So when I saw this particular chap sitting on the edge of his seat in eager expectation, his brown eyes shining with joyous excitement, I thought something unusual must be going on. I therefore sat down near them to see if I could discover the secret that this mother had.

"Don't you think these brown shoes look well with this dress?" she was asking. "They match very nicely, don't you think?"

Little Boy nodded emphatically as he put out his small finger and touched the shoe. She handed it to him.

"They are a good quality," she said. "It doesn't pay to buy shoddy shoes, do you think?"

Little Boy shook his head positively. By no means, certainly not, the action said.

"We will look at just one more pair," said the mother as the salesman returned with another selection.

Little Boy leaned over and watched closely as the shoe was adjusted on his mother's foot. He cocked his head from side to side to get a better view. It was evidently all so important to him. She stood up and took a few steps. He leaned over still lower so as not to miss a single point. Then she returned to her seat and he looked up expectantly into her face.

"I believe the first pair is better after all, don't you?"

The curly head bobbed up and down again in quick assent. Then she sat down, and held up a shoe from each of the two pairs for inspection.

"They are both pretty, aren't they? But this material will wear better and not be so hard to clean. Suppose we decide on the first pair, don't you think?"

Of course he thought so! He watched the salesman make out the check and his mother hand over a bill.

"I didn't have the change so I will get \$1.65 back," she explained as the salesman went away to tie the package up.

When it came she counted it, allowing him to follow her. Then she put it carefully into her bag. She handed him the package containing "their shoes" to carry, and he skipped along happily beside her holding to her hand while he held the precious bundle tightly under the other arm. As the two comrades left the store they were still engaged in a pleasant review of the happy event that had just taken place.

Such a little incident, but so full of magic secrets.

The mother never talked down to the child even when she was explaining things to him that he didn't know. She treated him as an equal, one might have thought she was talking to a friend of her own age. She wanted him to like her choice, so she gave him reasons for doing so intelligently. She was evidently sincere in this, and children are quick to respond to sincerity. Moreover, she encouraged his interest by showing him the articles and (because it didn't harm them in this case) allowing him to handle them—to see with his fingers—a thing children dearly love to do.

And oh, what lessons Little Boy was learning through such a simple business transaction! Lessons there were in economy and wisdom in buying a needed article, in care and accuracy in the handling of money, in courtesy toward the salesman, in chivalry in carrying the package for his mother. But more than all else how wisely that mother was building for the future confidence of her son. She was inviting him in that morning to share the simple details of her everyday life with her in such a spirit of friendly camaraderie. Might she not well expect that he in turn as he grows older will enlist her interest and enthusiasm in his affairs; will seek her advice and good will in his choices; will continue the relationship of confidential pals, always interested in the doings of each other, however great or small.

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE BOY WHO HAD TO LIVE
WITH HIMSELF

One day a bank messenger boy, when emptying a waste-paper basket after all the others had gone, noticed a peculiar looking parcel lying behind the basket. He opened it and found that it contained a roll of bank notes.

"Isn't that lucky!" exclaimed the boy in delight at the sight of so much money. "Now I can go to college like I always wanted to. I'll never amount to anything unless I get more education, and here's my chance."

He put the money into his inside pocket, finished his work, then locked the building and hurried home. He didn't tell his parents about it, but after supper he began to wonder whose it was, and how it had gotten behind the wastebasket. "Someone must have dropped it as he was going out of the bank," he said to himself; "I wonder if he has missed it!"

After a while he went up to his room and looked at the money again. "H'm!" he said, "guess if I'd lost that much money I'd feel pretty bad. Maybe whoever owns it is hunting all over everywhere for it."

He said nothing about it to anyone that evening, but he got ready for bed earlier than usual. He sat down by a table near the window trying to think of his good fortune. On the table was a verse that he had cut out of a paper a few days before. He read it again:

"I have to live with myself, and so
I would be fit for myself to know.
I want to be able, as days go by,
Always to look myself straight in the
eye;
I don't want to stand in the setting sun
And hate myself for the things I've
done."

He jumped into bed but he could not go to sleep for a long time. When he did go to sleep, it was because he had decided on something he would do in the morning.

He woke up earlier than usual and surprised his parents by getting up so

early. He hurried through breakfast and almost ran over to the bank. He got there long before the manager came, but the moment the manager went into his office he followed him in and laid the package on his desk.

"Found this behind the wastebasket last night," he told the manager awkwardly, and started to go out.

"Hold on," said the manager, opening the parcel; "tell me about it."

So the boy told him just where he had found it, and how it had been hidden from sight by the paper in the basket.

"How did you happen to bring it back?" asked the manager; "no one saw you take it, and you know there is not likely to be a reward. You might have kept it!"

The boy looked up at the manager, and straight into his eye. "I wouldn't want to have anything to do with a fellow mean enough to do a thing like that," he exclaimed, "so I decided I'd bring it back, 'cause I have to live with myself."—*Adapted from "Christian-Evangelist" in Sunshine Magazine.*

THE CHIMNEY-CHILDREN

Climbing upwards through the smoke

I can see a lot of folk—

Little people dressed in red,

Marching, marching up to bed.

Some of them are glad to go;

Some of them are rather slow;

Some of them, so small are they,

Drop asleep along the way.

If they linger, Father Fire,

Shoos them up a little higher,

And old Mother Soot comes out

Just to see what they're about.

Up the long, long stairs they creep

Soon to lie in bed and sleep,

Till old Father Fire next day

Calls them down again to play.

—*Elizabeth Fleming.*

A young college fellow wired to his father: "No mon, no fun, your son."

Promptly his father answered: "How sad, too bad, your dad."

WORTHWHILE

If some poor burdened toiler o'er life's
road,

Who meets us by the way,
Goes on less conscious of his galling load,
Then life indeed does pay.

If we can show one troubled heart the
gain

That lies always in loss,
Why then we, too, are paid for all the
pain

Of bearing life's hard cross.
If some despondent soul to hope is
stirred,

Some sad lip made to smile,
By any act of ours, or any word,
Then life has been worth while.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

God loveth a cheerful giver.

A GOOD LEAD!

A minister, substituting for a friend
in a remote country parish, was greatly
surprised on observing the old verger,
who had been collecting the offering,
quietly abstract a fifty cent piece before
presenting the plate at the altar rail.

After service he called the old man into
the vestry and told him with some emo-
tion that his crime had been discovered.

The old verger looked puzzled for a
moment. Then a sudden light dawned on
him.

"Why, sir, you don't mean that old
half-dollar of mine? I've led off with that
for the last fifteen years!"—*Patchwork.*

No man is justified in doing evil on the
ground of expediency.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

MRS. HARRY A. STEVENS, *Chairman*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

MISS ETHEL L. HERSEY, *Secretary*, Hingham, Mass.

MISS EDITH L. JONES, *Treasurer*, 65 Langdon Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Meetings at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, at 10.30 A.M. the first Friday of each
month from October to May inclusive.

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, and to give to
those living far from a church some of the inspiration of the printed word by the
publication of one good sermon, or similar article in each issue of the *Cheerful
Letter Magazine*. Only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed
upon by all churches are printed.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies
by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To establish Circulating Libraries in isolated communities, schools, and col-
leges in rural and mountain districts where public libraries and other educational
privileges are not available.

WHERE TO WRITE

*Letters containing subscriptions to the paper, fifty cents a year, and money
from the Sunshine Bags* should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon
Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the
Cheerful Letter Exchange.

*Letters asking for correspondents and appeals to be printed in the Cheerful
Letter Magazine* should be sent to Mrs. John A. McCaddin, *Chairman*, 21 Ashfield
Street, Roslindale, Mass.

Letters asking for help in studying at home should be sent as follows: *General
Information*, Mrs. Rachel J. Sands, *Chairman*, Brimble Avenue, North Beverly,
Mass.; *help in elementary subjects*, Mrs. Isaac Sprague, Jr., *Assistant Chairman*,
Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries should be sent to
Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, *Chairman*, 20 Clark Road, Wellesley Hills, Mass. A cir-
culating Library will be started in any small community that is in need of one, if
proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references given.

The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

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No. 9

THE LIFE WHICH IS LIKE THAT — AND THAT

For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. Rom. 14:7.

For we shall all stand before the judgment seat of God. Rom. 14:10.

Possibly the first text has never been more definitely illustrated than in our own day. It is almost an axiom, self-evident to every thoughtful person, true of an individual, of any group and of a nation. The second text affirms not only a future and final judgment, but one that is constantly being enacted, for every day is a judgment day, whether you call it God's or man's. We are standing at a judgment bar. Not only our outward conduct but our inward motives and desires are being opened to man's view as they have been known to God.

Most of us read a daily paper every morning, even though such reading is not helpful to a good appetite or cheerful beginning of the day's work. Someone has recently given a report of his examination of the front page of a large number of daily papers and tells us that a large part of the space is devoted to crime in its many forms. We all knew it before, so such a study was hardly necessary, yet our scholars must study something. But why should it not be true? "Life is like that," we say, and so it is, or the newspapers would not print such stuff.

But the tale is not yet told. Look at the pages devoted to the theatre and movies. There is much good there, but we all know that much appears on the stage and screen that no boy or girl can see and hear and not be stained by it; and that little, if any, effort is put forth to have things better.

When we turn to current "literature," a considerable proportion of it follows hard after the front page.

When we read such stuff—if we do read it—we wonder at times if God does rule and cares, or is the devil running things—but of course the devil is not a popular character now, polite society long since retired him.

Then we are solemnly assured by others that this is all new, never known before, and some of them have the effrontery to tell us that the chief cause of it all is the Eighteenth Amendment. Just as if a similar tale could not be told, with variations in detail, of every successive generation since our Pilgrim and Puritan forefathers reached our shores.

We have always been a law-making and a law-breaking people, and chief among law-breakers has been and still is the liquor traffic.

Yes, we are obliged frankly to admit that life is like this, and that a horrid mess of it has been made by much of our so-called Christian civilization. Life is like that, "BUT THIS IS NOT ALL OF LIFE, or to put it another way, ALL LIFE IS NOT LIKE THAT.

Life was not like that when my friend, the judge, who had been accustomed to the moderate use of wine all his life, and who had ordered the usual supply before national prohibition, refused to accept the delayed delivery when it would have been illegal to do so, for he must obey the law even if it did interfere with his personal liberty.

Life was not like that when another friend, against whom a ghastly crime had been committed and the criminals arrested and sent to Auburn State prison, left his home in an eastern city more than once to visit these men and try to persuade them to live a better life. And as a result, each of the three went out a new man in Christ Jesus, was helped into earning an honest livelihood, and went

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October 3, 1917, authorized July 17, 1922."

straight to the end.

BUT LIFE IS LIKE THAT!

Here are two recent little stories that did not attract much attention from the front page. One of them told how a man after twenty-four years had succeeded in paying the last cent of a "debt of honor" of \$400,000 bequeathed him by his father, the head of a chain of banks that failed, and who begged his son to see that the depositors were paid in full, and now they had been.

A merchant in the city sent the following letter to his customers: "We take the liberty of cancelling your debt to us. We hope this will meet with your approval. After careful consideration, we feel a higher will is guiding. May God bless and prosper you is our prayer." This was signed by the merchant and his wife and the debts cancelled amounted to about \$75,000.

Friends, LIFE IS LIKE THAT—and like that much more frequently than many people suppose.

I think of Paderewski at seventy, working just as hard to play his programs which enthral great audiences everywhere, telling in a casual conversation with a friend what is the secret of his wonderful power to express and interpret musical compositions and to keep everlastingly at it: "My ability to play is a gift, a gift from God, and I could no more use that gift merely for my own material gain, denying to share it freely with those less gifted than I am, than I could keep my purse closed against an appeal for help from a starving child." And his friend adds, "He has never done either."

Of Fritz Kreisler and his gifted Ameri-

can wife, who says: "I was born with music in my system. It was a gift of Providence. I did not acquire it. So I do not even deserve thanks for the music. Music is too sacred to be sold. And the outrageous prices musical celebrities charge today are a crime against society. It is only a fund entrusted to my care for proper disbursement. I am constantly endeavoring to reduce my needs to a minimum. I feel morally guilty in ordering a costly meal, for it deprives someone else of a slice of bread—some child perhaps of a bottle of milk.

"My beloved wife feels exactly the same way about these things as I do. In all these years of my so-called success in music we have not built a home for ourselves. Between it and us stand all the homeless in the world."

Then there is "Bill" Borden, heir to millions, who could not afford a car that year, but could afford to give \$100,000 gladly to help others. Of an "unknown friend," who recently gave \$8,000 to the Salvation Army of Los Angeles to furnish Christmas dinners to homeless and needy men and women. And Ezekiel Crumpton, Negro fireman on the all-Pullman special of the L. & N. R. R. The engineer had fallen dead at the throttle, and when the fireman discovered it, he saw at the same time the red light which told of an open draw too late to stop the train. He could have jumped and probably saved his life; he did jump and set the emergency brakes and then with the dead engineer plunged into the open draw. Minus the locomotive the train stood on the bridge, all saved, but one.

Life is like THAT—like Crumpton, the Unknown, Borden, Kreisler and Paderewski, or else these things would not have been.

I look back and think of the many homes into which I have entered through a long lifetime where there were families worth knowing, and especially during the last few years. Some of them are homes of dear old friends which have often opened to me, others those of comparative strangers where I was made welcome. Few of them were homes of wealth, some

of them homes of poverty, most of them homes where a little less would have caused the future to look dark, where a little more would have eased life's burdens and perplexities; none of them perfect, few of them free from suffering, sorrow and care. But they were homes where love ruled, and God was honored, and that with all their faults were havens of rest and comfort to many of earth's weary ones, a little foretaste of heaven. It has been a joy to watch the love of husband and wife, of parents and children.

Before some of them were apparently long years of happiness, before others the day had passed its meridian, but over them all brooded the peace of God. And you could not think of them and Reno and the front page at the same time.

And once more with a thankful heart I say, LIFE IS LIKE THAT!

But I am not quite through yet. Back through the centuries thought swiftly takes us to another land and another people and to a village carpenter's home. Into this home a Baby Boy came one day. We are told very little of the years in which He grew to manhood, but out of this home went a Man whose short life and words and deeds, and death and regnant power since, have transformed individual lives as none other has ever done, and who gave this old world an impulse that shall not be lost until the front page is no longer needed and the angel's song once heard by shepherds has had glorious fulfillment, and there is peace on earth and good will to men everywhere.

But listen, for I hear Him saying to us: Life is like that—an opportunity for glorious, unselfish living, full of joyous adventure in fellowship with others of like mind; and you are here to live such a life and help create such homes. And the reason why there are not more of them today is that you, my disciples, have not followed closely in my footsteps and found in Me that abundant life which I am, and which I came to give.

The trouble today is not, primarily, nor chiefly, economic, and it cannot be

remedied by more buying of extravagant luxuries. It is a moral and spiritual disease, and the remedy lies in a return to a higher moral and spiritual plane of living.

I sat at a well-filled board in a pleasant home with a goodly company, mostly young people, where the conversation wandered over many topics. Suddenly it took a turn that led one of the younger ones to ask, What is the good of it all; is it worth while; what do you get out of life anyway, and others in substance repeated the question. It is an age-long question, and the answer is equally aged. You get out of life just about what you put into it; not much if you are living it for yourself; everything that makes it worth living if you live with the Man of Nazareth. You can make your choice, you are making it—for LIFE IS LIKE THAT—AND THAT!

*"To every man there openeth
A Way, and Ways, and a Way.
And the High Soul climbs the High Way,
And the Low Soul gropes the Low,
And in between, on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro.
But to every man there openeth
A High Way and a Low,
And every man decideth
The Way his soul shall go."*

—Rev. John Quincy Adams, D.D.,
in Boston Transcript.

THE FOUNTAIN

A fountain is the loveliest thing
In all of the world to see;
It catches the sunlight colors,
Weaving them prettily
Into a thousand rainbows,
Never two quite the same.
A fountain is always singing
And playing its musical game.
A fountain is loved by robins,
And even the stately trees
Bend over to see their branches
Sway in the passing breeze.
The song of the fountain echoes
Deep in my heart all day,
And I wish I could be as merry,
Giving my gladness away!

—Eleanor Alletta Chaffee.

CORRESPONDENTS AND APPEALS

MRS. JOHN A. MCCADDIN, *Chairman*, 21 Ashfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

A correspondent writing to the Exchange for the first time should always give as reference the name and address of her minister.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice should be sent to Headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., and to those persons who have been sending letters and reading matter.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of its magazine by addressing letters asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who disobeys this rule will be dropped from the list, and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by the Central Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to the Chairman of this Department.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

APPEALS

1. Miss E. F. Cooper, Route 2, Unionville, Va., writes asking for quilt pieces of silk and prints of any kind, also some good reading matter.

2. Mrs. M. F. Floyd, Palestine, Tex., writes that she thought we must have forgotten her, as she has not heard from us in a long time. She would enjoy a magazine to read.

3. Mrs. Elsie Jamison, Dodson, Va., was unable to write to thank each and every one for their Christmas remembrances, as they have all been sick with the flu. Her oldest boy, Eldren, is unable to go to school on account of a bad throat. His birthday will be April 13, and he will be fifteen years old.

4. I am still interested in the Exchange, and as I am not able to do much work on account of rheumatism, I would enjoy some reading. My mother, father, husband, and brother are dead and I have no one to encourage me now when times are so hard. Mrs. Joe Broadaway, Oakboro, N. C.

5. Miss Geneva Goats, Copeland, Ark., a new member of the Exchange, writes that they went to the bottoms this summer to pick cotton, but were not able to make anything, you might say. Her

father and mother are both old and she would enjoy some reading for them and some sewing material for herself.

6. Mrs. I. J. Osborne, Route 1, Box 17, Rugby, Va., another new member, would like some reading for her two grown girls and for a boy twelve years old, and some sewing material for herself.

7. Mrs. Kate Whitley, 900 Edgemonte St., Albermarle, N. C., would like to correspond with someone again. She has two children, a girl, three, and a boy, one. She has pelegra and never feels well any more. Her husband works in the cotton mills three days a week. She would be pleased to receive some reading and quilt pieces, as she cannot get out to go anywhere.

8. I am a lonely mother, having lost my dear boy fifteen years old on December 12. I have four more at home, and would enjoy some reading material for them very much, and some quilt scraps for myself. Mrs. Emery Roland, Clifton, N. C.

9. I thought that I would write to you, as I would love to hear from some of the *Cheerful Letter* friends. I am nineteen years old. I have been to the hospital and had an operation for appendicitis. I am not able to go out much, and get very

lonesome. I would love to get some cheer. Would enjoy reading, sewing material or anything you would like to send, writes a new member. Miss Mamie Greer, Route 1, Box 50, Rugby, Va.

10. I am a poor widow woman fifty-nine years old, and I haven't good health, either. I would be so proud of any reading you would send me. Mrs. Nettie Brogan, Ferrum, Va.

11. I have recently moved from town to a very lonely home in the mountains, and would enjoy corresponding with friends, as I get very lonesome. Would appreciate some cards and story books for the children, boys eight and four, and a girl six, also some magazines for myself. Mrs. Vera Hall, Route 1, Endicott, Va.

12. I would love to hear from the *Cheerful Letter Exchange*. I am thirty-four years old and the mother of seven children. The oldest is sixteen, and the two youngest are twins 15 months old, a boy and girl. As I am confined with the babies, I would enjoy any kind of cheer from the Exchange. Mrs. Ader Hart, Husk, N. C.

13. Mrs. Julia Byrum, R.F.D. 7, Athens, Tenn., would enjoy some good reading for her husband and herself, and something to amuse her little boy, six years old.

14. Mrs. Claude Wallace, Grassy Creek, N. C., is happy to hear from us again, and would like some reading and bits of thread.

15. I have heard that your organization is instrumental in securing reading matter for those desiring it. I would be grateful to obtain books by Zane Grey, William McLeod Raine, Peter B. Kyne, Clarence E. Mulford and Jackson Gregory, or by any of the other Western authors, and good reading of any kind would be welcome. I am an eighteen-year-old schoolboy, and owing to my primeval environment, good books are hard to obtain. Hale Reeves, Rupert, Ark.

16. Mrs. Lucy Phillips, Box 118, Cleveland, Ark., another new member of the Exchange, would enjoy some reading and sewing material for making quilts.

17. I am a crippled girl thirteen years old and very small for my age. I have been a cripple since I was five years old. I have three brothers, 4, 9, and 11, and a sister two years old. I would appreciate some reading matter, Bible stories, and stories for my brothers and some cards for my sister. I only get to attend school part of the time, as my health is bad. Miss Lillian Joyce, Route 3, Martinsville, Va.

18. My husband and myself are trying to beautify an old place, and we would appreciate it so much if some of the readers of the *Cheerful Letter* could send us any kind of bulbs and seeds for our yard and lawn. Seeds of old-fashioned flowers such as petunias, phlox, or any other flowers suitable for beds and borders would be appreciated. There are many ugly spots to cover. Also would someone send me a few copies of the *WRITER'S MONTHLY*, and a few copies of *NATURE MAGAZINE*. Thanking any who may help us, I am Mrs. T. C. Phillips, Formosa, Ark.

19. I have been a member of the Exchange for some time, but am not hearing from anyone. The children and I are not in good health and in hard luck during the depression. Will you please print my name in the magazine so that I may correspond with some of the members, writes Mrs. Ben Wilson, Route 4, Decatur, Tenn.

20. I wonder if some of the *Cheerful Letter* folks would have some books, magazines and scraps for quilts that they could send me. I would appreciate them so very much. I am seventeen years old, and have most all the housework to do for our family, as my mother is an invalid, and has been unable to walk or even use her hands to do any work for several years. I have two little brothers, ages 13 and 9, who would also appreciate books and magazines. Miss Ida Haynes, Elamsville, Va.

21. Will someone send me some cheer? Several years have gone by since I have had a letter published and I would be glad to hear from some of the *Cheerful Letter* friends. I am a widow with poor health and it is so lonesome living in the

country many miles from a city. I have seven children, three married, and three girls and a boy with me at present. We are lonely and discouraged and would welcome cheer in any way. Mrs. R. A. Austin, Route 2, Box 51, Marshville, N. C.

22. I wish to thank all who have remembered me. I have tried to answer all letters and cards. I hope that you won't forget me, as I would be so glad to get any magazines and books. We like to read and enjoy Western stories very much. Would it be asking too much for someone to send us bits of embroidery and thread and scraps for quilts? Mrs. Covie Nance, Route 2, Polkton, N. C.

23. Mrs. Sam Blanton, 604 Bourbon St., Harlan, Ky., has lost her husband and had lots of sorrow since she last heard from the Exchange. She has three boys, 8, 6, and 4 years. She would be glad to have books for the children and sewing material of any kind for herself would be appreciated.

24. I am a widow 67 years old and live with a married daughter. I get very lonely and would appreciate any reading or bits of embroidery and thread to pass the lonely hours. I live far from the city on a small farm. I would be glad to have a correspondent. Mrs. C. M. Weaver, Rugby, Va.

25. I have married again, and have one more addition to the family, a little son thirteen months old. My aged uncle is still living with me. He will soon be 87 years old, and I am confined at home most of the time. If not asking too much of the friends, I would like some silk and velvet pieces to finish some pillow tops that I have commenced and haven't enough pieces to finish, also some reading matter. Mrs. E. L. Kilby, Route 1, Box 46, Rugby, Va.

26. It is some time now since I have heard from the *Cheerful Letter* friends and I hope we will be remembered before the winter is over. It is very lonely way up here on the mountains, and the times so bad. I certainly would be glad to receive some books, magazines or any kind of sewing material that anyone might care to send. My children are ages 7 and

3 and would be more than grateful for some cards. Mrs. Cozie McCutcheon, Copeland, Ark.

27. Ethel Ballard, Route 2, Box 123, Wadesboro, N. C., sends just a few lines to thank all those who have sent her reading in the past. Now she would like some more and a few quilt scraps. Country life is very lonesome these days.

28. Postage is very hard to get in these hard times, so I am taking this way of thanking all the *Cheerful Letter* friends for what they have done for me. I have just returned from the hospital and still in a pretty bad condition and quite a burden on my family, both financially and physically. We are trying awful hard to get through. While I am convalescing perhaps some of the members will send me a card or some reading matter. Mrs. Zenna Blevins, Grassy Creek, N. C.

29. Mrs. C. M. Kingsley, Copeland, Ark., is 53 years old and the mother of eight children. Her family keeps her pretty busy, but she has a few spare minutes in the evening when she enjoys embroidery or knitting. Geographic magazines would be welcome or any school material. In fact, Mrs. Kingsley would be more than grateful for any kind of cheer.

The following members of the Exchange would be very happy to receive cheer in the way of reading or quilt scraps:—

Mrs. H. D. Brainerd, Captiva, Fla.

Miss Bulah Brooks, Route 2, Box 83, Wadesboro, N. C.

Mrs. E. R. Bryant, Ferrum, Va.

Mrs. N. A. Coleman, Amherst, Va.

Mrs. Hattie Davis, R.F.D. 1, Jamestown, Ohio.

Mrs. L. P. Davis, Peachland, N. C.

Mrs. S. W. Howell, Sturgills, N. C.

Miss Lillie A. Jones, Star Route, Tellico Plains, Tenn.

DEATHS

Mrs. J. A. Campbell, Jefferson, N. C.

Mrs. William Strong, Water Mill, N. Y.

Miss Mary Thornton, Lowesville, Va.

MARRIAGES

Mrs. Maggie McMilin to Mr. E. L. Kilby, Route 1, Box 46, Rugby, Va.

Mrs. Florence Bryant, Bassetts, Va., to Mr. Horford Spencer, Philpott, Va.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Mrs. Edmond Jones from Rupert, Ark., to Beech Creek, N. C.

Mrs. P. E. Kirkpatrick from Telephone to 408 S. Main St., Bonhom, Tex.

Mrs. Bertha Williams from Archey to Copeland, Ark.

Mrs. C. C. McDonald from Florence, Ariz., to Mesilla, N. Mex.

Mrs. D. F. Welliver from Bennettville to Route 2, Aitken, Minn.

Mrs. Bonnie Walker from Quartz to Clayton, Ga.

Mrs. M. B. Gregory from Tenn. Colony to Route 2, Palestine, Tex.

BIBLES

For a limited time, Bibles will be sent to those applying to Mrs. William B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

NOTICE

The Wellesley Hills Branch offers hymn books (odd volumes). It also offers, to ministers only, books of sermons and other religious works. Address Mrs. Henry Bowser, 20 Clark Rd., Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Pupils for French will be accepted by the Home Study Department of the Exchange.

THE PLANT WINDOW

Few of us, in these days of crowded streets, are able to enjoy the view from our windows. The window which looks upon a blank wall, as so often happens in the city, must be made interesting enough in itself to attract the eye. One usually resorts to concealing curtains, which, beautiful as they may be, only succeed in keeping out precious light. Another method is to convert the window into a miniature conservatory. Rows of attractive plants, though hardly thick enough

to screen the view, will hold the eye of the observer.

The plant window should be shadeless and curtainless, too, unless the curtains are arranged so that they will hang away from the plants. Thin, narrow shelves will be used to hold the plants, placed so that there is sufficient headroom. The distance between the shelves should depend upon the type of plants to be used. Low-growing types will produce a more desirable effect. Shelves of plate glass are the best, but if this is not possible they may be of metal or thin wooden strips. The shelves should not be placed too close to the window panes, and some advise a heavy window shade for protection on unusually cold nights.

The flower pots should be alike, and of an inconspicuous color. An attractive effect is produced through the use of two species of plants, say begonias and English ivy used alternately. Vines are most important for this window, since their trailing greenery adds a note of luxuriance. Paper-white and yellow narcissus, as well as Chinese lilies, might be grown for special effect. Since the flower window will become an important feature of the room, the plants must be in first-class condition at all times. It might be best to rely upon foliage plants such as coleus, wandering Jew, or croton to supply the color.—*Christian Science Monitor*.

WITH A ROSE

A Persian fable says: One day A wanderer found a piece of clay So redolent of sweet perfume Its odor scented all the room. "What art thou?" was the quick demand, "Art thou some gem from Samarcand? Or spikenard rare in rich disguise? Or other costly merchandise?" "Nay, I am but a piece of clay!" "Then whence this wondrous sweetness, pray?" "Friend, if the secret I disclose, I have been dwelling with a rose!"

—Anon.

It isn't always the best-read people who speak volumes.

AN ARCTIC MOSES

(Concluded)

He had planned to go far beyond, to Howard Pass, before making camp; but the fawning season was approaching and to have pressed onward would have meant infinite hardship for the mother animals and their young. Then, too, a rest now would give both the men and the beasts a chance to put some fat on their bones, the better to withstand the rigors that awaited them. The ground was beginning to loosen up a bit, which made it easier for the deer to feed.

Andy was beginning to think the worst was over. But as the summer came on it brought ravages of its own. In July the mercury ran up to more than 100 degrees. Flies and mosquitoes came across the tundra in clouds and attacked men and beasts. The reindeer tried to escape, and the herd did finally split in two, the groups drifting thirty miles apart. Many weeks passed before the herd was rounded up.

One day, early in November, more than ten months after the journey had begun, an Alaskan Airways plane swooped down to take Andy pathfinding. Through his powerful binoculars Andy saw that the pass he had decided upon was a death-trap. He sighted another, where the Ambler River cuts through the Brooks range of mountains. Six tons of supplies were delivered to the advance base by dog-team, and on Thanksgiving Day, 1930, the pilgrimage was resumed, with Howard Pass as the next objective.

But, we read on:

Hardly had they started when the elements once again raised a savage chant of doom in their faces. A churning blizzard suddenly cut a hideous swath over the territory that Andy had chosen, and he and his men were forced to abandon the herd temporarily and dig caves in the ground. The deer wandered at will, but that didn't particularly worry Andy. Reindeer always travel with the wind, and Andy is a past master at estimating wind direction and velocity and the speed of roaming deer. When the storm was over he went out and located the herd

with little difficulty.

But bad weather continued to hound the procession, and often some of the herders would be lost in the blinding wilderness for days. One Eskimo with his train of four sleds disappeared for two weeks and was listed as lost. But one morning the little man with the black eyes and the olive skin straggled into camp, frost-maimed and exhausted.

"Me get back," he said simply, as he dropped in his tracks.

The pilgrimage was not far from its immediate objective, Howard Pass, when Andy met his supreme test. Things had been going along fairly smoothly for several days. Suddenly, out of the polar silences, swirled the worst storm that the party had yet encountered. Visibility ceased to be and the herders, half frozen and virtually in tatters, swarmed around Andy. The wise old Laplander knew that for the first time during the trek he was threatened with mutiny.

"We're lost!" roared one of the men above the shrieking wind. "Y'understand? We're lost! You got us into this!"

Andy glared witheringly at the speaker, then at the others around him. At length, smiting his chest, he roared:

"You men can see me, can't you?"

"Well," he went on, "as long as you can see me y'aint lost. When you're with me you're home!"

His supreme self-confidence quieted them down for the time being, at least.

Finally came the day when the Arctic Moses crossed the last of the mountain ranges. Before him lay the promised land of the Colville basin. In March, 1931, Andy made camp. But here came another staggering blow. Food was running low, and the whole caravan faced starvation. Only a miracle could save them.

Then the miracle happened—on a day when the specter of mutiny was once more stalking abroad. Andy was arguing with the herders when suddenly, from above, there came the drone of an airplane motor!

Circling, the plane—one of the Alaskan Airways fleet—landed on the surface of

the river and taxied up to the camp. The pilot, Joe Crosson, greeted Andy.

"Can't stay but a few minutes, Andy," Crosson explained. "A storm's brewing. Carl Lomen is worried about you—asked me to try to locate you."

Andy told his story simply, briefly. "And if we don't get food quick," he concluded, "we're stopped—and what about all them folks up Richard Island way?"

"I'll see that you get food," said Crosson. "But it may take some time for a plane to get through to you."

Prospects of relief quelled the rebellion among the herders. Three weeks later Crosson landed with a thousand pounds of food.

Four months afterward—in July of last year—Andy reached the bleak Arctic coast. He penned a homespun letter to the reindeer king, setting forth the hardships that he and his band of pilgrims were going through.

"But I ain't kickin', Mister Lomen," Andy concluded. "We will make it."

The letter reached Lomen in September. And that was the last heard of Andy Bahr until April of this year, when a search instituted by the Canadian Government revealed that the herd had again been split in twain. Half of it was located some three hundred miles from its destination. The herders in charge said that they had not seen Andy in more than four months—not since he had left in a blinding blizzard to locate the other half. Later, natives along the hilly country that skirts the shores of the Polar Sea said they had heard reports that the gnarled little figure of the Laplander had been seen with the other half of the herd in tow, beating his way eastward toward the Mackenzie delta.

From a brief account in *The Wall Street Journal* we learn that the herd of 3,000 has increased to 3,400. The Canadian Government's contract with the Lomen Brothers calls for the payment of \$195,000 on delivery of the reindeer. Andy's remuneration is not mentioned. His crew consists of four Laplanders and six Eskimos.—*From The Literary Digest.*

SERVICE THE MEASURE OF SUCCESS

It isn't the cut of the clothes that you wear,

Nor the stuff out of which they are made,

Though chosen with taste as fastidious care,

And it isn't the price that you paid;

It isn't the size of your pile in the bank,

Nor the number of acres you own,

It isn't a question of prestige or rank,

Nor of sinew and muscle and bone;

It isn't the servants that come at your call,

It isn't the things you possess,

Whether many, or little—or nothing at all,

It's service that measures success.

It isn't a question of name, or of length

Of an ancestral pedigree,

Nor a question of mental vigor and strength,

Nor a question of social degree;

It isn't a question of city or town,

Nor a question of doctrine or creed,

It isn't a question of fame or renown,

Nor a question of valorous deed;

But he who makes somebody happy each day,

And he who gives heed to distress,

Will find satisfaction the richest of pay,

For it's service that measures success.

—*The Cave Scout, Boy's Life.*

A hearty laugh is like a stone

Into the quiet water thrown;

It starts up ripples o'er and o'er,

That travel till they reach the shore.

—*Moody Monthly.*

A live-wire salesman rushed up to the house of a doctor in a small village about 3 A.M. and asked him to come at once to a distant town.

The doctor cranked his flivver and they drove furiously to their destination. Upon their arrival the salesman asked, "How much is your fee, doctor?" "Three dollars," said the physician, in surprise. "Here you are," said the salesman, "I missed my train and the blamed garage keeper wanted \$10."

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

JIMMY ARCHER, ENGINEER

By ALLAN P. MITCHELL

Twelve-year-old Jimmy Archer felt as though his feet were winged as he left the Yard Master's office. He had secured the job of Crew Caller for the N. & S. W. Railway.

By the time vacation was over, he told himself, as he skipped across the tracks, he would be able to buy that set of furs at Guinness's that his mother wanted so badly. Jimmy's heart glowed at the thought of the surprise he would give her.

He would have to work at night, but Jimmy didn't care, just so he could be around where engines were puffing, and the trainmen were shouting orders and swinging lanterns. For, above and beyond anything he could imagine,—to be an engineer like Pop Anders and jerk the cars about the yard, or maybe after a while pull one of the fast passenger trains down the line, was the summit of his desire.

Before many days, or rather nights, Jimmy learned that being Crew Caller at Nuncey wasn't a thing to be just sneezed at.

Every little while, the Yard Master would start him out to wake up the crew for a train, a Conductor, Engineer, Fireman and the Brakeman, and it seemed to Jimmy that they lived as far from the Yard office as they possibly could, and in as many directions.

Then too, sometimes, he wouldn't have a moment's rest before another crew was wanted and his journeying began again. But don't imagine that Jimmy considered becoming a quitter, not a bit of it, those furs for his mother were always in his mind.

And it wasn't always work; some nights there were hours when he could climb up on the switch engine, sit on the fireman's box and watch Pop Anders work the engine. Always this was fascinating to Jimmy, and he soon began to think he could run a switch engine just as Pop could.

"Let me just try it, Pop," he urged one night, a few weeks after he became an employee. "I believe I can."

Pop smiled, "You must wait a while, Jimmy,—and grow a little more,—then maybe I'll let you try it when no one is looking.

Jimmy had to be content with promises, although far from being convinced that he couldn't fill the engineer's job, and he kept his eyes open and watched everything Pop did,—how he worked the throttle, and the reverse lever; sometimes he would call attention to the water being low in the gauges in a way that astonished the old engineer.

"Why bless me, kid, first thing I know the company will be retiring me and hand the job over to you."

"No, Pop," the boy protested, "I wouldn't take your job,—maybe they will need another switch engine, when business gets heavy."

"That's so," Pop agreed, "and when you have grown a bit, I bet you you'll be at the throttle of her,—I do."

All of these conversations of course strengthened Jimmy in his ambition toward the engineer's profession.

One night shortly after one of these conversations with the old engineer, about midnight, Jimmy found himself at liberty and struck out for the engine and Pop.

He found it far down the yard hung to a train of cars alongside the huge cotton platform. No one was about except Jud, the colored fireman, and he was fast asleep on his box. Pop and the others were no doubt eating their lunch in the round-house.

For some minutes Jimmy stood off and admired the engine, with almost paternal interest.

"Old 987 is sure some locomotive," he said to himself, "the old girl is just ready to sling cars tonight, I bet you." This was of course borrowed from Pop Anders,—he always called the machine, "old girl."

After a while Jimmy crawled into the cab, and settled himself in the engineer's seat. The fireman slept on in unconscious

happiness.

Jimmy ran his hand over the throttle, pretended to throw his weight on the brake lever, and then the reverse gear.

"Fine," he muttered, "plenty water in the gauges,—ninety pounds of steam; we are all ready to go."

In imagination, Jimmy felt all the pride of an experienced trainman, and leaned back in luxurious enjoyment.

Suddenly he was brought back to reality by a wild, blood-curdling shriek,—the fire siren was bellowing.

Jimmy thrust his head through the cab window. He could see nothing at first, then as his eyes swept the far end of the cotton platform, his heart jumped wildly. A blaze shot up like a pointing finger,—the bales of cotton were burning. For a few minutes he watched the flame, then his face blanched deadly white.

It had flashed through his mind that a portion of the string of cars behind the switch engine were tanks of gasoline! If any fumes were leaking from them,—the whole community was in jeopardy.

Where was Pop,—why didn't he come,—the cars should be pulled away from the burning cotton. Jimmy knew what should be done, and his helplessness weighed upon him.

He looked across the yard,—nothing to be seen of Pop or any of the crew.

Suddenly a resolution was born. Jimmy grasped the throttle lever. The 987 quivered gently; he pulled it wider, and heard the steam whistle through the cylinders,—the engine was moving slowly. Another pull on the throttle, and the "clack, clack," as the drawheads between the cars felt the pressure, and Jimmy saw the long line of cars following the engine. A little more and the platform and the dangerous flame would be left behind. He was frightened at what he was doing, but exultant too; he could run an engine, even though he was little.

The movement brought Jud, the fireman, to consciousness,—partially at first, then fully; his eyes bulged alarmingly as he glanced toward the engineer's seat.

"Wh-a-a-t you doing here, boy? Where

is Mr. Pop?"

"I am running her tonight, Jud,—give us some more coal."

Jud fell back into his seat speechless; he was convinced that he was seeing ghosts.

Just as Jimmy pushed in the throttle, and threw the brake lever, there came cries,—yells and other noises,—lanterns were being swung out there in the yards; everything appeared in confusion. Presently, running feet were alongside the engine; a moment later Pop Anders swung into the cab, panting for breath, looking scared half to death. At the sight of Jimmy occupying his seat, his mouth dropped open.

"You!—did you move the train, Jimmy?"

"Yes, sir," he answered, "I saw the fire and knew the gasoline might explode."

Pop grabbed the boy in his arms. "What a boy!" he cried. "Why, Jimmy, you don't have to grow,—you are an engineer right now,—I couldn't have handled the old girl better myself."

Jimmy was proud of Pop's praise, but it wasn't to end there. The Yard Master and the Superintendent, and all the shop force soon collected around the 987 and were loud in their praise of the substitute engineer.

The Yard Master lifted Jimmy from the engine. "You run along home for the night, son; you've done plenty for one night. And say,—" he added, "when you are through school, you are going in the shops here and learn how to build engines as well as run them."

Next afternoon as Jimmy was going past Guinness's store, Mr. Guinness called him aside.

"Jimmy," he said, "the Superintendent of the railroad was in here this morning, and bought this set of furs; he asked me to send them up. But the funny thing about it is, when I looked at the address the package was marked to you,—now what do you know about that?"

"Not a thing, Mr. Guinness," Jimmy answered, "but I'll take them."

(By courtesy of The Beacon.)

COMMANDEERING RESOURCES

One of the sayings of the Talmud is to the effect that Israel is like the olive, yielding her best oil only under pressure. What applies to Israel in that respect applies equally well to the whole world, for humankind the world over is much alike in many matters and most alike in what concerns its own welfare. Now that economic disorder and financial stringency have begun to be reckoned in years rather than months, it would seem to be time to turn from theories based on hard material reckoning and to remember spiritual values.

Some words of former President Calvin Coolidge have particular point today, though they were addressed to an assemblage at Wheaton College a few years ago:

"We do not need more material devel-

opment, we need more spiritual development. We do not need more intellectual power, we need more moral power. We do not need more knowledge, we need more character. We do not need more law, we need more religion. We do not need more of the things that are seen, we need more of the things that are unseen."

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

TREASURES

I keep before my inner sight so much of
sun and stars

That I shall always have two candles
there to pierce the gloom;

And I have filled my eyes with so much
garnered loveliness

That I can walk through barren waste
and see a wealth of bloom.

—*From "Rain on the Roof,"*
by Anna Balmer Myers.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

MRS. HARRY A. STEVENS, *Chairman*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

MISS ETHEL L. HERSEY, *Secretary*, Hingham, Mass.

MISS EDITH L. JONES, *Treasurer*, 65 Langdon Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Meetings at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, at 10.30 A.M. the first Friday of each month from October to May inclusive.

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, and to give to those living far from a church some of the inspiration of the printed word by the publication of one good sermon, or similar article in each issue of the *Cheerful Letter Magazine*. Only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed upon by all churches are printed.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To establish Circulating Libraries in isolated communities, schools, and colleges in rural and mountain districts where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available.

WHERE TO WRITE

Letters containing subscriptions to the paper, fifty cents a year, and money from the Sunshine Bags should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

Letters asking for correspondents and appeals to be printed in the Cheerful Letter Magazine should be sent to Mrs. John A. McCaddin, *Chairman*, 21 Ashfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

Letters asking for help in studying at home should be sent as follows: *General Information*, Mrs. Rachel J. Sands, *Chairman*, Brimble Avenue, North Beverly, Mass.; *help in elementary subjects*, Mrs. Isaac Sprague, Jr., *Assistant Chairman*, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, *Chairman*, 20 Clark Road, Wellesley Hills, Mass. A circulating Library will be started in any small community that is in need of one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references given.

The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

Vol. XLI

APRIL, 1933

No. 10

EASTER

Old winter with his spell of gloom
Has passed away:
The sunshine and the Empty Tomb
Are here today.
Spring's call comes echoing o'er the hills,
Through copse and bower,
And, on green graves are daffodils
A-flower.
They knew, those mourning ones of old,
Their Risen Lord,
And at His feet in joy untold
Bowed and adored.
So, at His Altar we with faith
And hope re-born,
Will hail Him conqueror of death
On Easter Morn.

—Beatrice Rosenthal.

LIVING AS IMMORTALS

"Now are we Children of God"

Once more we are asked to consider the "Immortal Hope" of the Easter season and to re-value our lives in its light.

It was their memory of the unconquerable faith of Jesus in God and the superb heroism with which he had met the challenges of life and death that drove doubt and despair from the sorrow-stricken and terrified hearts of his disciples, after the crucifixion. It was the triumph of the life he had lived in their midst.

It was the beginning of the most powerful influence that has ever gone forth from one life into the lives of others. It was so powerful that it frightened Judas to death, blinded the eyes of Saul and conferred upon him immortal leadership in the cause he once despised; so powerful that it took the weak and vacillating Peter and made him the bravest of the brave.

"Life, death and immortality" were in Christ's thought of God. To him no thought was greater than the thought that there was a kinship between the human and the divine. It was this divine kinship that made human life, human relationships and human conduct so sacred and full of meaning to him; he considered an offense against one's brother to be an offense against God. This feeling of divine kinship is nowhere better expressed than in his sayings that,—"My Father and I are one," "The Kingdom of God is within you," "Our Father who art in heaven" and "Father into thy hands I commend my spirit."

True to these sayings is the saying of a noted divine that,—"The life of the spirit is the evidence of immortality." And Emerson was right when he said, "Christ was the one person in all history who was true to what is in you and in me." This profound regard for man was something new in the world. In most ancient countries a man's life did not count for much. He might be a fighting unit in the army of a world conqueror. He might be a marching unit in the pomp and show of a great public parade in honor of his King. He might be a working unit in building the mighty sepulchers of the Pharaohs. But it was always as a means to an end and the end did not centre in him.

How different the belief of Jesus. No one ever loved man as he did, or saw such worth and dignity in human souls. If a poet can find in the meanest flower thoughts that lie too deep for tears, if a scientist can find in the tiny atom an introduction to the deepest secrets of the visible creation, how much more could the Prince of Life find of marvel and surprise, of wonder and suggestion

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in a conscious, living, throbbing and loving personality, including his own? Jesus is forever saying to man that the life of God, the Kingdom of God is within you.

Jesus did not claim an immortality for himself that he did not claim for his disciples.

Eternal life was God's plan for those whom he had created. The supreme Architect had deemed it best to write immortality into his Blueprint Plan of his Universe. The Plan involves the conservation of human values and likewise the integrity and trustworthiness and love of God himself.

According to this belief man is asked to deepen the quality of his life, sharpen its outlines, enlarge its vision and exercise all the powers with which he is endowed; and, withal, supremely desire for others what he supremely desires for himself. In other words, as children of God, we are to live as we believe he would want us to live and as we in the rare and exalted moments of our lives know we ought to live: Living As Immortals.

We in our day are learning to use the language of both understanding and faith. In the not remote past the people of faith and those of understanding were not on the best of terms. This resulted in what is known as the warfare between Religion and Science.

More and more people are coming to realize that no faith that cannot survive the most searching examination of the mind can have any lasting authority over the lives of men. The ceasing of this warfare means a new life and a larger usefulness for both Science and

Religion; because Science without Religion spells atheism and Religion without Science spells superstition and necromancy.

Many of the foremost scientists of our day are allies of Religion and dogmatism in both realms of life and truth is vanishing before the truth seeking spirit that so characterized the life and teachings of the humble Nazarene. These men of Science speak almost as one voice in saying that "God is not a word to be defined but a reality that can only be known in experience" and the world seems to them more like a "Great Thought" than like a "Great Machine."

The light is dawning upon us that we are all dealing with the small end of large problems and that the "Reach" of faith exceeds the "Grasp" of understanding. It is said that,—“If you take a small pebble in your hand and allow it to drop to the earth you are introduced to a force that swings the planets and stars in their orbits. Grind the pebble and you touch upon the subject of cohesion and crystallization. Melt the pebble to a liquid and add still more heat and you are carried far into the secret of world formation.”

The man of science in seeking the meaning of life starts with the atom and the man of faith begins with human personality, and they both are led into realms of life and truth and experience that transcend all human understanding. In this realm, however, the language of faith speaks with the greater authority; for personality stands at the pinnacle of the Creative Process. Man is its flower and fruitage. Someone has well expressed this conception by saying, “That which makes the essential thing in me, my thought, my love, my feeling and my hope is no part of that which science can explain and this is a basis on which to found our most magnificent hopes.”

And the same one adds that,—“All the inorganic forces and laws are told in the best crystal. All the organic and vegetable truth culminate in the best plant. All the wisdom of every degree, from every kingdom rushes to a focus in any

single human form."

Yes, the language of faith speaks the final word to our hearts in the supreme moments of our lives. It so spoke to Henry James when he said,—“No, no, no,—I reach beyond the laboratory brain.” It so spoke and moved another to say,—“When I am asked if I have a soul, I say, No, I am a soul; I have a body.” The language of faith inspired Henry Van Dyke to say,—“There is only one way to get ready for immortality and that is to love this life and live it as bravely and cheerfully and faithfully as we can.”

“I stand amid the eternal ways, and what is mine shall know my face.” “Whatever his providence has in store for us it must be something large and generous and in the great style of his works.” “In thine eyes I have seen the Eternal.”

“Nothing is so completely beyond the power of death as a noble love. Parting can only shatter its outer shell. Under that strange touch, love in its inmost recesses kindles and glows with a fire divine.”

“Whom of the living do we love as we love our dead? Whom else do we hold so sacredly and so surely. Not as a memory of a lost past,—nothing in our present is so real as they, and toward our unknown future we go with great and solemn gladness, beckoned by their presence.”

The all compelling voice of faith is still asking to be heard and heeded and it has an authority that is divine. Its language is the language of hope and wisdom and power, of health and happiness, of love and service. “The life of the spirit is the evidence of immortality.” “We do not live to die; we die to live. Along the path of life we tread; they have but gone before.”

“Now are we children of God.” “The Kingdom of God is within you. Father into thy hands I commend my spirit.” This is the re-valuation of our lives in the light of our Easter message;—

Living As Immortals.

—Rev. Frederic W. Smith.

COURAGE, COURAGE, COURAGE!

By EDGAR A. GUEST

When the burden grows heavy, and rough
is the way,
When you falter and slip, and it isn't
your day,
And your best doesn't measure to what is
required,
When you know in your heart that you're
fast growing tired,
With the odds all against you, there's one
thing to do:
That is, call on your courage and see the
thing through.
Who battles for victory ventures defeat.
Misfortune is something we all have to
meet;
Take the loss with the grace you would
take in the gain.
When things go against you, don't whine
or complain;
Just call on your courage and grin if you
can.
Though you fail to succeed, do not fail as
a man.
There are dark days and stormy, which
come to us all,
When about us in ruin our hopes seem to
fall.
But stand to whatever you happen to
meet—
We must all drink the bitter as well as
the sweet.
And the test of your courage is: What do
you do
In the hour when reverses are coming to
you?
Never changed is the battle by curse or
regret,
Though you whimper and whine, still the
end must be met.
And who fights a good fight, though he
struggle in vain,
Shall have many a victory to pay for his
pain.
So take your reverses as part of the plan
Which God has devised for creating a
man.

Put any burden upon me, only sustain
me; send me anywhere, only go with me;
sever any tie but that which binds me
to Thy service and Thy heart.

CORRESPONDENTS AND APPEALS

MRS. JOHN A. MCCADDIN, *Chairman*, 21 Ashfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

A correspondent writing to the Exchange for the first time should always give as reference the name and address of her minister.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice should be sent to Headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., and to those persons who have been sending letters and reading matter.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of its magazine by addressing letters asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who disobeys this rule will be dropped from the list, and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by the Central Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to the Chairman of this Department.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

APPEALS

1. I want to thank the one who is sending me the *Cheerful Letter* magazine and also any who have remembered us in the past. All this thought is certainly appreciated very much. Just now we are very anxious to get hold of some reading matter. I have a daughter, aged 14, and a boy, aged 12, and they attend a one-room school regularly. Anything to help them in their school work would please them very much. My mother, who is 75 years old, lives with us and something to cheer her would be very helpful, too. Mrs. Claudia Webster, Ferrum, Va.

2. Mrs. John Clark, Stella, Va., has been quite ill, so sick she did not know day from night. Now she is recovering and it would please her so much if some of the members would send her some reading matter. She is about 61 years old. A dictionary would help her with her spelling, she concludes.

3. Will you please print a few lines for me in the *Cheerful Letter* paper? We live in a lonely district and a long ways from Church. It is pretty lonesome here when the children are off to school. My husband has been in the hospital for seven years and there is no

hope of his ever recovering. There are five children, ages 18, 16, 13, 10 and 7 years, and any kind of cheer that you can send would certainly cheer us up a bit. Hoping to hear from you, good people, I am, Mrs. M. L. Rorrer, Route 2, Box 56, Stuart, Va.

4. Mrs. Madge Grant, Monroe, Va., hopes that the *Cheerful Letter* members are well and happy. She wants to tell us that since last writing she has been married and has a large family to care for. There are four girls and two boys, all attending school. She would appreciate books or literature suitable for young people and she is very anxious to get a copy of "Creole Days." This family is particularly interested in good reading.

5. I was so glad to hear from the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange and know that I have not been forgotten. I am a widow and have four children to support and I would be thankful for any kind of reading or quilting scraps. One of my daughters enjoys needle work. Here the middle of winter is upon us. It is sure cold and the mountains are covered with snow; and the wind is chilly. Summer is the beautiful time in North Carolina. We have two high mountains here, Mount

Michal in Ashville and White Top in Virginia. They charge a dollar for every car that climbs the mountains and they made about two thousand dollars last year. The mountains are covered with wild grass and evergreen. They close them in September and open again the first of May, because it gets so cold. We live about ten miles away. Please remember us sometime soon. Mrs. Mary Thompson, Tuckerdale, N. C.

6. I want to say hello to all my *Cheerful Letter* friends and thank them for all their past favors. We are so tickled when we get a package. I would like some real good fiction and here are my favorite authors:—Zane Grey, James Oliver Curwood, Georgie Sheldon, Mary J. Holmes and Laura Jean Libby. I have two boys, ages 6 and 8; picture cards and stories would interest them a whole lot. I enjoy embroidery, too, and as I said above a package of any cheer would gladden our hearts. Cheer that is within the limits of the good work. Mrs. Edna Smith, Rupert, Ark.

7. Edith Torrence, Wehuty, N. C., hopes some good friend will send her copies of "The American Home," "Literary Digest," "Better Homes and Gardens," or any good magazines. She has not heard from the Exchange for over a year.

8. Miss Anna Wright, Clinchburg, Va., has just discovered that the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange sends out books. She would appreciate some reading matter if we are pleased to do so. Her mother is quite old and cannot do much except a little reading and sewing.

9. I take this method of expressing my sincere thanks to those of the *Cheerful Letter* who have remembered me the past two years. I have been a member of the Exchange for some time and have found they were indeed friends to me and my family. Had it not been for the gifts that were sent us at Christmas time the past two years my family would have gone without at that time. As times have been so hard with us we could scarcely get the essential needs of the family, but I want to thank our Heav-

enly Father that everything is as well with us as it is. We have been wonderfully blest with good health during these depressing times and trust that things will not always be in the future as they have been in the past. I especially want to thank the one who is sending the magazine. I enjoy reading it so much. I have moved to this new address and not very well acquainted. We live far from town so it gets rather lonesome these wintry days. Would like to be remembered with some good reading matter, embroidery, and quilt scraps if not asking too much of the Exchange. May God's richest blessings come your way is my prayer. Mrs. J. R. McFarland, Route 3, Rush Springs, Okla.

10. Mrs. Edmond Ingram, Dodson, Va., was married last December. She writes that they haven't gone to house-keeping yet and wants to make some quilts before they move. Will someone send her some scraps, thread and embroidery material if possible? She says she got a good Christian husband, and wants to know, "Isn't that good?" He isn't rich, though. Times are pretty dull down that way and she wants to hear from some of the *Cheerful Letter* friends.

11. It is a pleasure to write the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange. We have had a great deal of sickness in the family in the past which has put me behind in my writing. Then another thing, the lack of money for postage. It is so hard to get any work in these hard times, which limits us in a great many ways. We enjoy reading of any kind and perhaps some of the members can think of something else that would cheer us up. Mrs. Delbert Meeks, Hattieville, Ark.

12. Mrs. Daisy McAlexander, Endicott, Va., says it has been a long time since she has made an appeal to the Exchange. She thought she would call again and tell about her family. She has three children, one boy, aged 10, and two girls, ages 8 and 4. The children would like some sort of amusement and Mrs. McAlexander would like remnants of cloth or thread. Past kindnesses have

meant a great deal to them.

13. I never receive any reading matter and how I would love to. We are so poor we cannot take a paper of any kind. I have two sons, ages 18 and 15 years. They like western stories and boys' magazines. I just hope someone will remember us with some cheer. Mrs. A. F. Warren, General Delivery, Mineral Wells, Tex.

14. I am a dear lover of the *Cheerful Letter* magazine. I just think it wonderful. It has been my most cheer for several years. I wonder if some of the dear friends will send me some sewing material. This mountainous place is very lonesome and any news from the outside world is more than welcome. I know you won't forget me. Mrs. Kittie Vaughn, Route 2, Stuart, Va.

15. Miss Madie Walters, Route 1, Box 89, Athens, Tex., is writing the Exchange for the first time. She would like some cretonne scraps to piece chair cushions and quilts. She is 31 years old and has never been with a man or boy friend like other girls. She helps her mother all she can and is hopeful that a few pleasures will come to her soon. There is not much excitement in her life and not much chance of ever getting any, so any cheer that can be sent will please her very much.

16. I would like so much to receive some good books or any kind of cheer to bring a little happiness into our dull lives. I cannot promise to write thanks because we have no money for stamps. My husband is an invalid and needs a great deal of care. I have to bathe and shave him, and he is the same care as a baby. I never get out any more and my own health isn't any too good. I am really not strong enough to do the work I have to do but I keep on trying and do the best I can. We have two children, a boy, 16, and a girl 14. The boy would like to go to school regularly but there is so much to do at home that I don't think he can finish. He is in the seventh grade. I would be so thankful to hear from some of the friends—it would mean so much to me. Mrs. Fannie Moorefield, Route 3, Madison, N. C.

17. Emma E. Weaver, Amy, N. C., wonders what has happened to all her old friends. It is a long time since she has heard from them. She likes good reading and any kind of sewing, and is still very much interested in the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange.

18. I would like to join the *Cheerful Letter* Club. I am the mother of seven children, ages two and one-half months to nineteen years. As I have no way of going and spend all my time between the four walls would enjoy good books and magazines to read. Scraps of any kind would be acceptable. Mrs. S. G. Clay, Route 3, Jacksonville, Ala.

19. Mrs. Donnie Jones, Tuckerdale, N. C., sends thanks for the *Cheerful Letter* magazine. She says if it wasn't for the little paper she would get mighty lonesome. She has two children, ages 1 and 4. Toys and sewing pieces would help.

20. I have moved to the address below because my blind father, 85 years old, needs constant attention. I must be in the house all the time, so you can see some cheer would certainly help me out. Mrs. Belle Mason, Rupert, Ark.

21. I have been borrowing the *Cheerful Letter* magazine from my sister-in-law and enjoy it fine. I am married and my husband is not very stout and doesn't get very much work to do. I do all I can to help out but that is very little in our town. We have three children, one girl, aged 10, and two boys, ages 9 and 6. We are having a hard time trying to school them. We cannot afford a thing in the amusement line for the children, and I do like to sew, but that is impossible, too, because we just haven't the means to buy embroidery work or thread. Just anything will make us so happy. Mrs. Carl Saunders, Tellico Plains, Tenn.

22. We are a little family of four living in a lonely mountain district and would be so glad of any kind of reading matter to help pass the long evenings. My husband likes to read mechanical magazines and my little son, aged 6,

likes any kind of stories and picture cards. We have a baby girl aged six months. I also would love to receive a copy of the *Cheerful Letter* magazine after someone has finished reading it. We will gladly pass them on to others who are lonely. So, please don't forget us. Mrs. Ella Pack, Copeland, Ark.

23. Ella Testerman, Helton, N. C., sends a short note saying she would like any kind of cheer. Times are pretty dull down her way and hearing from the *Cheerful Letter* friends is rather comforting.

24. Mrs. T. W. Hurley, Route 2, Box 34, Whitetop, Va., would like to receive some magazines.

25. Mrs. Bessie Moody, Route 3, Malakoff, Tex., would enjoy any kind of reading. She hasn't heard from any of the members for a long time.

26. It has been some two years since I wrote you, dear people, but all the time I have thought how I would love to write more but on account of postage I just can't write much. The cheer I have received has been most helpful and I hope the little paper will continue to come. My husband has been gone now sixteen years and I find the winter months very lonely and they make me so blue. I look after two boys, ages 12 and 6 and they look to me for cheer. I shall look forward to hearing from some of the ladies. Mrs. C. E. Marshall, Foster Falls, Va.

27. I am the mother of nine children, six girls, ages 5, 8, 12, 19, 20, 23 and three boys, ages 10, 14, 16. My health is failing and I am not able to do much, although I can manage a little sewing now and then. We are out in the country a long ways from any town. Mrs. Nannie Pierce, Route 1, Box 86, Athens, Tenn.

28. The following magazines and books would be very suitable for first year High School grade, writes a teacher in Oklahoma: — Geographic Magazines, an Atlas of the World, Boys' Scout Books, Girls' Scout Books and Radio Boys. Miss Mary Elizabeth Standidges, Fort Gibson, Okla.

29. Mr. Lee Phillips, Route 1, Fall Branch, Tenn., is a one-armed lad of 22 years. He has been suffering from tuberculosis for the past six months and gets very blue. His means are very limited and he wonders if some one could send him some books, games, a book on music, and some pictures of travel. It would certainly be appreciated.

30. Can you spare me a little space in your magazine? My husband and I would like some reading matter and if some one could spare their copy of the *Cheerful Letter* magazine, when they are through with it, that would help, too. Our health isn't very good and a little bit of entertainment would help so much. I enjoy sewing of any kind. Mrs. J. H. Blevins, Box 70, Grassy Creek, N. C.

31. Mrs. Albert Wann, Forreaston, Tex., sends thanks for all past favors. The magazines that have been sent have proven very interesting and useful. She asks for reading matter again and some quilt scraps. She is making a flower garden quilt and needs pieces badly.

32. Miss Hazel Saunders, Route 1, Tellico Plains, Tenn., writes for reading for her sick father and crippled brother. Hazel is eighteen years old and would like some thread and quilt scraps for herself. The days have been very cold and something to keep them busy is what they need.

33. I am very much interested in the *Cheerful Letter* work and hope to receive a little cheer before summer time. There is no employment here these days and we don't have money to buy the things we would like. Needle work interests me a great deal so perhaps some one will send me some; something they cannot use. I have been afflicted for six years and in the hospital twice. Please don't forget me. Mrs. Nannie Staten, Route 2, Box 49, Wadesboro, N. C.

34. Mrs. Opal Rawls, Route 1, Bellevue, Tex., sends word that she lost her baby girl last January. She and her husband find it very lonesome without her. They live one hundred and twenty miles from their people and any kind of cheer would be gratefully received.

35. Mrs. Kate Mills, R. F. D., Bassetts, Va., is about 83 years old and is not able to do any work. She loves to read and would appreciate most any kind of reading matter. This lady is a real shut-in and news from us here in the North or elsewhere would surely gladden her heart.

36. Mrs. Mamie Stokes, Route 2, Box 139, Malakoff, Tex., is the mother of three children; two boys, ages 5 and 14, and a girl, aged 10. The children are not able to attend school and any material along this line would be appreciated; pencils, blocks, pictures, etc. Mrs. Stokes is eager for reading matter of any sort.

37. Many years have gone by since I have heard from any *Cheerful Letter* friends. Now I am married and have three children, two boys and one girl; ages 6, 4 and 1 years. The children would love entertainment of any kind. It is impossible for us to buy them any extras, and I like to keep them busy on something worth while. I am interested in good reading and sewing appeals to me, too. Mrs. Aaron Foley, Route 3, Box 99, Martinsville, Va.

IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. Elizabeth M. Smith, of Waldo, Maine, passed away on February 7, 1933. She was a correspondent of Miss Agnes W. Bartlett of Brooklyn, N. Y., for thirty-one years. Mrs. Smith suffered with arthritis and had been confined to her chair for the past seven years.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Mrs. J. R. McFarland from Mountain View to Route 3, Rush Springs, Okla.

Mrs. Opal Rawls from Chillicothe to Route 1, Bellevue, Tex.

Mr. Turner Pettyjohn from Alpharetta to Route 6, Cummings, Ga.

Mrs. L. E. Spaulding from 70 Chestnut St., to 4 Oak St., Nashua, N. H.

Mrs. Belle Mason from Morrillton to Rupert, Ark.

Mrs. Walter Hurley from Colora to Pylesville, Md.

Mrs. Garfield Reid from Archey to

Rock Springs, Ark.

Mrs. Sallie Luster from Era to Gainesville, Tex.

Mrs. Emma Plowman from Polkton to R. D. 3, Wadesboro, N. C.

Mrs. Ella Simmons from Athens, to R. D. 1, Malakoff, Tex.

Mrs. L. A. Gibson from 5 Depot St., to 521 Mason St., Albermarle, N. C.

MARRIAGES

Miss Lena Pendleton to Mr. Edmond Ingram, Dodson, Va.

DEATHS

Mrs. Minnie Little, Ansonville, N. C.

Mrs. L. O. Aycock, Wadesboro, N. C.

GRASS

Grass is so friendly a thing:

It lends itself so joyously to covering the earth,

Not caring at all how much it is trodden on;

And is there any miracle more wondrous than its coming

In April?

Look out some morning at the threadbare brown fabric of the dooryard

And see, just piercing through, the tiny green needles that presently will be stitching and stitching,

Until their deft embroidery makes a great carpet for the lawn,

And the armies of grass will shoulder their needles and march away to conquer field and hill.

—Dolores Cairns.

Some day people will learn that material things do not bring happiness, and are of little use in making men and women creative and powerful. Then the scientists of the world will turn their laboratories over to the study of God and the spiritual forces, which as yet have hardly been touched. When that day comes, the world will see more advancement in one decade than it has in the past four hundred years.

It is easy to find fault—and people love easy things.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN

A great deal of adverse criticism has been directed against the young people of today. They have been accused of extravagance, carelessness, indifference to spiritual things, and disregard for law and order. In many instances there has seemed much reason for these complaints, but there are also many instances where the criticisms are not just, or where the cause of the complaints can be traced to a lack of training in the home.

Many of those to whom are entrusted the care of children feel that these children should be given every material advantage; and sometimes so much energy is devoted to the gaining of such advantages that little time is left for the most important part of their education, namely, the spiritual—the spiritual understanding of God and man, which will enable them to lead happy and useful lives. Although the advance of civilization may change the conditions surrounding them, children remain very much the same in nature; and there never was a time when they did not need to be taught the difference between right and wrong, never a time when they did not need to learn to choose good and to disdain evil.

From infancy, children need to be taught to overcome their little temptations in order that they may be able to withstand the larger temptations of later life. One cannot teach moral maxims to children and expect them to use them in the heat of temptation, unless they have been helped to apply them. They must be taught how to overcome evil tendencies in their own thinking, and must be helped and encouraged to nurture their good inclinations. And parents need to be honestly endeavoring to do this themselves. The greatest need in the home is for the religion that will help both parent and child to love and obey spiritual law, and to apply it to all human relationships and daily problems.

There is a theory which claims that in order to develop a child's individuality one must place no restraint on him. While it is highly necessary that children be given the most tender love and under-

standing, they must also—if they are to have real freedom—be taught to overcome the wrongful tendencies of the so-called human mind. Through obedience to moral demands and spiritual law, children, as well as adults, recognize and gain their dominion, their health, happiness, and harmony.

In the book of Samuel a story is told of the behavior of two parents. Of Hannah it is related that she said of her little son Samuël, "I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord." In her day, this resolve to put the spiritual first in her son's education took the form of sending him away to serve in the temple. And what tender mother-love shines through the record as we read further, "Moreover his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice." The modern mother who desires her child's spiritual welfare above all else will emulate Hannah's self-sacrifice. Whatever may be the cost to her in time, energy, and desire, she will desire him to love God, good, and to overcome evil.

In contrast to this is the story of Eli the priest, of whom it is written, "His sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not." We look across the centuries and see the indulgent father, who himself ministered in the temple but allowed his children to grow up without restraint, without respect for the law of God.

One of the greatest advantages we can give to our children is an appreciation of and respect for the Bible. In doing this we need to identify joy with the practice of religion. The Bible message contains tidings of great joy, and this message can be made practical in the every-day life of the child.

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

TROUBLES

If you talk about your troubles

And tell them o'er and o'er,

The world will think you like 'em.

And proceed to give you more."

—*Pittsburgh Post.*

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS



Green the meadow grasses grow,
Lovely are the flowers that blow,
Butterflies are on the wing,
Oh, how sweet the early spring!

—Caro A. Dugan.

(Courtesy of The Beacon)

stood for several years on a tiny shelf on the Kitchen Wall. "I've just changed my work—"

"Oh? What are you going to do now?"

"Well—I—don't quite know. But I know my usefulness will find some way of service. I'm sorry to leave my friends. . . . The other Kitchen folk have become very good friends. The family may have had to wind me each day, but I've never failed them. Think how many cakes I've saved for my mistress when she wanted to finish some typing! Think how many reminders I have given the family with my dependable alarm. Oh, my work is waiting—"

The Alarm Clock's noisy ticking kept right on, and his face was as bright as ever.

"Well, you're plucky about it anyhow," commended the Cleaner as he rolled off into his cupboard, "and I wish you well."

Inside of his works the Alarm Clock didn't feel quite as cheery as his shining face pretended. To be sure, he knew he was telling the truth, . . . but sometimes it is just a little hard to remember it every second while you are waiting for the proof! But he never lost a tick!

The door flew open and two boys came rushing in.

"Whew! Just on time," said the blue eyed one as he glanced at the Alarm Clock, "and I thought I was late! But that clock is always right on the sec'!"

"Perhaps Mother will let us have it, now that the new one has come," suggested the brown-eyed boy.

Just then Mother came in.

"Oh, Mother, could we have this clock now all for our own?" asked the one who had spoken first.

"Why, I thought it would be just the thing to set in the front window for your little friends to depend on. You know how often they run in and ask if it's 'time to go yet?' And it might be used in games, too."

And that was how it happened that the Alarm Clock found himself in a living-room window, held on to the sill by

A NEW TASK FOR THE KITCHEN CLOCK

"So you've lost your job?" said the Electric Cleaner as he leaned against the Kitchen Table, "and the new clock doesn't even have to be wound. Well, I'm sorry for you."

"No, I haven't lost my job," said the little nickel Alarm Clock which had

leaning against the back of the davenport, with his face turned toward the glass. The big Marble Clock that weighed a hundred pounds, and had chimed the hours for 60 years in this family, was rather astonished to see so humble a clock sharing his domain.

"We can't see the Marble Clock from the porch," said Ernest, happily, "but we can see the little Alarm Clock's face clear from the sidewalk. I beat Seeley at going round the block by a minute! And we don't have any more arguments about 'taking turns' now with the swing and the other things. The Alarm Clock is our referee for everything."

"Let's set the alarm for 5 o'clock," said Seeley, picking it up. "Earl and Billy have to go home at 5."

"Set it for 4.30 first, please," shouted Tom through the window, as he saw what they were doing. "I have to go then."

"All right," said Seeley, "I'll set it at five minutes before 4.30 and then the repeater will give us five minutes' warning to finish the game up in a hurry."

"That clock helps us to have fun and to get home on time, too," said Jack gratefully, remembering times he had "forgotten" to get home on time.

"Didn't I tell you my job was waiting for me?" the Alarm Clock asked the Cleaner one morning as it leaned against the davenport, "and I'd have missed out if I had become discouraged and quit doing my best to keep good time just because a new electric clock had seemed to displace me. Why, it didn't take my place, did it? It just freed me to do work for the whole neighborhood. Sometimes folks passing by to the bus will glance at me and begin to walk quicker. Small boys run up and count my minutes. I tell them when to go home. I help them play harmoniously. I believe I'm really grateful that I 'lost' my kitchen job, though I still like to spend a little time there of an evening with my old friends."

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

AN ALL-ELECTRIC HOUSE

By using a key and a kite the genial old philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, stood on the threshold of the Home of Happiness. But he did not at that time realize the fact that by using this key he was gaining entrance to such a Utopia as has been made possible for his descendants.

Almost two centuries have passed since Franklin sent his kite into the storm-tossed clouds—but through his efforts, which led to unending discoveries and countless experiments, that same electricity has been literally brought down to earth, and the average home owner will now step into an all-electric home.

The electric home has been years in the making—but it is now here to stay. It has been predicted by engineers and creators who had the foresight to see its possibilities and its utility that it will be within the reach of the average home owner. Says a press account:

"The new electric home is not an experiment nor is it a house built by the 'trial and error method'—it is a proved project that is both practical and economical.

"The first fuseless, all-electric home in New York has recently been opened to the public at Stewart Manor, Long Island. The home incorporates the following devices: electric range, electric refrigerator, washing-machine, radio, vacuum-cleaner, sun-lamp bulb, Westinghouse-New Haven clock, No-Fuze load center.

"In this home special emphasis was made in planning the kitchen so that the housewife's work would be at a minimum. The new dome-shaped kitchen ceiling, designed by Frank J. Forshee, has attracted an unusual amount of attention.

"Forshee planned the kitchen and the placing of the equipment so that unnecessary steps and 'running around' would be eliminated. He has had a great deal of success in planning kitchens according to the problems encountered in the individual home, and has spent over twenty years in designing and experimenting with culinary work and routine. Women

Better be small and shine than be great and cast a shadow.

who have examined this home have testified to Forshee's ability as a designer of more than usual ability.

"The kitchen is deserving of more than passing comment. The ceiling is dome-shaped, and has four vents on either side. There is a space behind the dome and the regular ceiling through which fumes in the kitchen escape. These fumes are immediately withdrawn by a ceiling exhaust-fan.

"The refrigerator, range, and cabinets are so arranged that they make for a minimum amount of work on the part of the housewife. They resemble the production line of an efficient factory, and the woman in the kitchen soon finds that the equipment is so placed that her work is cut down to the lowest level.

"The basement has a large recreation

room finished in cypress, a laundry, a wash-bowl, a lavatory, and an automatic oil-burner. The home is of all-brick construction.

"Other electrical features are two bathrooms with sun-lamp units in the ceilings, and electric-heaters built into the walls.

"Willie Vocalite, the Westinghouse mechanical man, attended the official opening of the fuseless, all-electrical home, which was opened under the supervision of the Realty Associates, Inc. The first day the house was opened to the public more than 6,000 persons came to view it. During the first week 10,000 visitors expressed approval of the project—housewives even going so far as to name it 'the home-maker's paradise.'"

—*The Literary Digest.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

MRS. HARRY A. STEVENS, *Chairman*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

MISS ETHEL L. HERSEY, *Secretary*, Hingham, Mass.

MISS EDITH L. JONES, *Treasurer*, 65 Langdon Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Meetings at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, at 10.30 A.M. the first Friday of each month from October to May inclusive.

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, and to give to those living far from a church some of the inspiration of the printed word by the publication of one good sermon, or similar article in each issue of the *Cheerful Letter Magazine*. Only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed upon by all churches are printed.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To establish Circulating Libraries in isolated communities, schools, and colleges in rural and mountain districts where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available.

WHERE TO WRITE

Letters containing subscriptions to the paper, fifty cents a year, and money from the Sunshine Bags should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

Letters asking for correspondents and appeals to be printed in the Cheerful Letter Magazine should be sent to Mrs. John A. McCaddin, Chairman, 21 Ashfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

Letters asking for help in studying at home should be sent as follows: General Information, Mrs. Rachel J. Sands, Chairman, Brimble Avenue, North Beverly, Mass.; help in elementary subjects, Mrs. Isaac Sprague, Jr., Assistant Chairman, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, Chairman, 20 Clark Road, Wellesley Hills, Mass. A circulating Library will be started in any small community that is in need of one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references given.

The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

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No. 11

A GOOD CONSCIENCE

The answer of a good conscience toward God. I Peter 3:21.

The important word in the text is "good." Our common thought is of a "guilty" conscience. We commit a sin, are found or find ourselves in a fault. The conscience is stung. We are made unhappy. There is no peace until the sting is removed and we have made right our relation to ourselves and to the world around us. We shall never do the wrong again.

That is a restoration of conscience to what we may call a normal level. But there is a higher conscience which will not let us go until we do more than the right. We must find our way to this conscience if we are to grow in spiritual vitality. It is the good conscience which the Apostle Peter finally attained after years of impulsiveness and disloyalty. When he came through his narrow racial and sectarian ways to see humanity in the spirit of Jesus he passed from ordinary right and was able to give the answer of a good conscience. The conversion made him one of the greatest of all the followers of Christ, because his unusual talents were given without stint to persuasive leadership. Peter's conscience would not be quiet until he had committed his whole life and being to the religious ministry of people and the founding of the Church.

There is a modern example of our meaning in the life of Albert Schweitzer. He is regarded by his friends as the most versatile personality on the higher planes of intellectual and artistic and religious life in the world today. He is theologian, musician, philosopher, scientist and surgeon. In all these callings he is a master.

He tells us that one morning, before he got up, he considered what he should do with his life. He was a student then, devoted to his work. With the dawning light came a prompting to his conscience that he could justify himself in living for science and art until he was thirty, and after that he would devote himself to the direct service of humanity. Many a time he had tried to settle the question. Now the answer was found. And the witness he bears is this: "In addition to the outward, I now had inward happiness."

The subsequent years of this modern saint healing the black folk in equatorial Africa are known throughout the world. He has the answer of a good conscience toward God. That is, his inward happiness, or the satisfying of his inmost nature, came to him when he gave his life in direct human service gladly, without salary. Indeed, he himself has gathered all the money necessary to carry on his and his wife's hospital work at Lambarene.

The good conscience is more than the outward happiness that comes of bringing together in unity the parts of one's mind and heart and soul. Our natures are not content in just getting on peaceably with our fellows while they are in any necessity, as they always are. Ordinary callings for gaining our livelihood do not satisfy the utmost needs of our conscience. If we could, we should be glad to give all our time to the service of others. We understand Schweitzer.

Today we see the promise of a good time when we shall be able to provide our means of living with less labor than now. Then we shall have the opportunity to know the answer of a good conscience.

We have intimations of this inward

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happiness when we engage in the occasional work of the church or the community. And it is commitment in behalf of the well-being of others that takes care of the lesser conscience which is concerned with what we do to ourselves and others. The greater conscience works for them. It is a fact that by such service there is put in force the expulsive power of our social emotions. When we are helping others we have no more anger, hatefulness, and desire for revenge in the collisions of life; there are indeed no such mishaps. By free service our lives are purified, transformed and sanctified.

Even with life as it is now ordered for us, we can have the spirit of a good conscience and perform our labors constantly as though they belong to a divine order, as indeed they do. What we seek earnestly is a life beyond the recurring clash of right with wrong. It is not desirable that we should be pursued by the "charger just behind, and hear his hoofs clattering" in our conscience. Life is too sacred for such things.

Of course if we do err and fall short the stings come and we must heal the inner division and be whole. But the real life is that in which we have freed ourselves of shortcomings and in which we never look for another's fault, but rather seek to understand all people, to be near them, to love them and serve them.—*Written for The Cheerful Letter by Albert C. Dieffenbach, D. D.*

Worry is Monday's troubles carried over into Wednesday.

Money makes us comfortable, but it doesn't make us happy.

EVENTIDE

When the shadows lengthen and the landscape becomes indistinct, the common life of men seems to touch the life of Nature most closely and sympathetically. The work of the day is accomplished; the sense of things to be done loses its painful tension; the mind, freed from the cares which engrossed it, opens unconsciously to the sights and sounds of the quiet hour. The fields are given over to silence and the gathering darkness; the roads cease to be thoroughfares of toil; and over all things the peace of night settles like an unspoken benediction. To the most preoccupied there comes a consciousness that the world has changed, and that, while the old framework remains intact, a strange and transforming beauty has touched and spiritualized it. At eventide one feels the soul of Nature as at no other hour. Her labors have ceased, her birds are silent; she, too, rests, and in ceasing to do for us she gives us herself. One by one the silvery points of light break out of the darkness overhead and the faithful stars look down on the little earth they have watched over these countless years. The very names they bear recall the vanished races who waited for their appearing and counted them friends. Now that the lamps are lighted and the work of the day is done, is it strange that the venerable mother, whose lullabies have soothed so many generations into sleep, should herself appeal to us in some intimate and personal way?—*Hamilton Wright Mabie in "Under the Trees."*

I know! blue modest violet,

Gleaming with dew at morn,—

I know the place you came from,

And the way that you were born.

When God cut holes in the heavens,

The holes the stars shine through,

He let the scraps fall down to earth.

The little scraps are you.

—*Phoebe Cary.*

Ah! if men but knew in what a small dwelling Joy can live, and how little it costs to furnish it.

DECAYED TEETH

The exact cause of decay in teeth is a matter on which, apparently, dentists are not agreed.

According to the usually accepted view, decay always begins at the outer coating of a tooth—the enamel—by the deposit thereon of acid-forming bacteria. Accordingly, if a tooth is kept scrupulously clean, it can not decay.

But a more recent view is that no matter how clean a tooth may be, decay may set in if the structure of the tooth is faulty, due to improper diet. This view was advanced in the first joint convention of dentists and physicians, held recently in New York.

Dr. Royal S. Haynes, speaking from the physician's standpoint, attacked the old doctrine that "a clean tooth never decays," with the flat declaration that modern research shows that a clean tooth can decay. He added: "Let us realize that a clean tooth can decay if, because of the diet, that tooth has not a resistant structure."

The opposite, and older, view is upheld by Dr. J. Leon Williams, of New York, who says:

"I coined the phrase 'a clean tooth will not decay' many years ago, and the phrase contains the key to the whole problem of dental caries. It is unqualifiedly true that a clean tooth will not decay. It will not decay because it can not decay if kept free from the acid-forming bacteria, which are the immediate, inciting cause of decay. The implication of that phrase 'resistant structure' always suggests to me the exploded notion of some mysterious, metaphysical vital force that resists the purely chemical process of decay. Decay of the teeth begins on the surface of the enamel, and is a purely chemical process. Bacteria convert starch and sugar into lactic acid, and this dissolves the enamel.

"If we ever succeed in controlling the decay of human teeth, it will not be by changing the structure of the teeth, at least not primarily, but by inhibiting the action of acid-forming bacteria.

"There are striking differences in the

liability of different teeth to decay. No intelligent person can suppose that these are due to differences in structure. It is to the study of the environing conditions that all future research must be directed."

Dr. Williams notes a report, just made by Drs. Bunting, Jay, and Hard, describing the results of experiments with two large groups of children, extending over two years. He writes:

"This showed that a scientifically selected diet resulted in greatly decreased decay. There is not a hint that the arrest of decay was due to a change in tooth-structure.

"No, it was due to some change in the blood and fluids of the mouth which inhibited the growth and action of *Bacillus Acidophilus*. In Dr. Bunting's own words —'an inhibitory effect on the growth of the bacillus and an arrest of caries.'

"This seems to be in perfect accord with my position and predictions."

—*Literary Digest*.

BECAUSE OF THY GREAT BOUNTY

Because I have been given much,

I, too, shall give;

Because of Thy great bounty, Lord,

Each day I live.

I shall divide my gifts from Thee

With every brother that I see

Who has the need of help from me.

Because I have been sheltered, fed,

By Thy good care,

I cannot see another's lack

And I not share

My glowing fire, my loaf of bread,

My roof's shelter overhead,

That he, too, may be comforted.

Because love has been lavished so

Upon me, Lord,

A wealth I know that was not meant

For me to hoard,

I shall give love to those in need,

The cold and hungry clothe and feed,

Thus shall I show my thanks indeed.

—*Grace Noll Crowell*.

War does not determine who is right—only who is left.—*Montreal Star*.

CORRESPONDENTS AND APPEALS

MRS. JOHN A. McCADDIN, *Chairman*, 21 Ashfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

A correspondent writing to the Exchange for the first time should always give as reference the name and address of her minister.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice should be sent to Headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., and to those persons who have been sending letters and reading matter.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of its magazine by addressing letters asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who disobeys this rule will be dropped from the list, and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by the Central Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to the Chairman of this Department.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

APPEALS

1. Miss Gincy Duvall, Rugby, Va., a lonely girl living back in the mountains, would be glad for some reading matter of any kind and some quilt pieces and embroidery thread.

2. I have rheumatism so bad that I can't go anywhere. I like to read the *Cheerful Letter* and wish that you would print a few lines for me. I would like to have some quilt pieces and any kind of good reading if you can spare it. If anyone would send me back copies of the McCall magazine, I would appreciate them very much, writes Mrs. J. L. Mull, Route 4, Riceville, Tenn. Her minister writes that she is a semi-invalid.

3. Mrs. Audrey Moss, Mayoden, N. C., a new member of the Exchange, asks to be remembered with bits of sewing material and reading.

4. I am sixteen years. My mother died about five years ago. I have a little deaf and dumb sister ten years old. I would appreciate any kind of toys and books for her, and pieces and thread for myself. Miss Rosie Brooks, Jefferson, N. C., c/o J. A. Blackburn.

5. I would like to join the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange. I am the mother of six

children living. The oldest is a girl sixteen and one boy ten, and four girls, ages nine, seven, four and two. I am thirty-three years old and get very lonely. My father-in-law lives with us. He is 77 years old. My husband works on a farm but crops have been very bad these last few years. I would appreciate quilt pieces, good reading, cards for the children or any cheer you may care to send. Mrs. W. W. Adams, R.F.D. 1, Stuart, Va.

6. Mrs. Dora Robinson, Route 5, Box 56, Headland, Ala., writes that she has seven children. Two of the little girls would be glad of picture books and cards. Mrs. Robinson, herself, would enjoy patchwork pieces and bits of thread. The whole family would be so thankful for some magazines and reading of any kind.

7. Mrs. James E. Knight, Route 1, Athens, Tex., has two girls ages 9 and 4. She asks for a shower of quilt scraps and reading for us all.

8. I am 58 years old and live with my sister who is a widow with one little girl 8 years to care for. I have had one serious operation and can't walk anywhere as my ankles are swollen. I would be so glad for quilt scraps for patchwork to pass the lonely hours. Miss Alberta Rorrer, Spray, N. C.

9. Will you please publish a few lines in the *Cheerful Letter* paper for me? I am a widow woman and the mother of five children. Reading material, cards, or quilt pieces for patchwork would be appreciated very much. Mrs. Nanie E. Blevins, Crumpler, N. C.

10. I am a young married woman with two little boys. Their ages are two years and one year. I live far out in the country and get very lonely. Last year our house and everything in it was destroyed by fire. I would appreciate sewing pieces, reading, stamped embroidery pieces or anything to pass away the lonely hours. The little boys would enjoy a toy or two. Mrs. Purcell O. Ladd, Cobham, Va.

11. Mrs. Walter Trammell, Route 1, Box 45, Athens, Tex., has recently lost her mother. She would appreciate some reading and sewing material as she is lonely.

12. I am 24 years old, my husband is 30. We have one little girl 10 years old. She would appreciate anything in the way of school supplies. My husband's father who is 69 lives with us. He would appreciate something to read. His married boy lives with us, also. He lost his wife last June. He has a little girl, one year old. We all live together. We would enjoy anything to cheer us. Mrs. Mary Lyon, Route 1, Chillicothe, Tex.

13. Mrs. Willie Cooper, Higginson, Ark., writes asking for cheer. She has been ill and lost her infant baby. Her husband was hit by a car and has been dangerously ill. They are all better, now, and would appreciate any cheer.

14. Mrs. Emma Hicks, Route 3, Amherst, Va., sends thanks to the one who has sent her the McCall's magazine and hopes that it will be renewed this year.

15. I hope to see my request in the *Cheerful Letter* as it has been some time since I have had a letter printed. My father died last August, and we miss him so. It is very sad to go home and find no Daddy there to greet us. Will some one please send me the Needle Craft Magazine, and some cotton print pieces? I am making a Yo-Yo bedspread. I will be glad

of pieces to help me along on it. Mrs. H. B. Craig, Route 2, Bassetts, Va.

16. Mrs. Alberta Davis, Route 2, Box 45, Polkton, N. C., writes that it has been a long time since she has heard from any of the *Cheerful Letter* friends. She would like some good reading and some sewing pieces.

17. Mrs. Maudie Sizemore, Sturgills, N. C., has written to the Exchange asking for silk pieces to finish a quilt top, also old silk stockings to ravel for thread. She would no doubt like some odds and ends of silk thread.

18. Mrs. Jennie Spencer, Volney, Va., a new member of the *Cheerful Letter*, has two children, a girl 20 and a boy 22. The boy has rheumatism and can't walk. As there is no work here at all, we cannot buy reading for him. He would certainly enjoy anything to help pass the lonely hours.

19. Miss Fay Barker, Grant, Va., writes to thank everyone for the cheer that had been sent to her mother who has passed away. There are 10 children at home, and they would appreciate any kind of cheer at this time.

20. Miss Esther A. Ford, Winterport, Me., would like to have some sweet pea and nasturtium seed sent to her for her garden.

21. It has been a long time since I have heard from the *Cheerful Letter* friends. I appreciated the song books that they sent to me. I am a shut-in and not able to do my own work. I have two children, a girl 3 years old and a boy, 2. The little girl knows all the letters of the alphabet and is learning to spell and print. I would be glad to receive books, magazines, embroidery thread, and any kind of reading material for myself and any kind of books or a toy for the children. Mrs. Eula Lewis, Creston, N. C.

22. Mrs. Mattie L. Bennett, Dodson, Va., sends thanks to all those who have sent her cheer. She has three children in school and they would like pencils, paper or any of the things that they need in their school work.

23. Will some one please send me quilt pieces such as cotton print? I am

making a Yo-Yo spread. I have nine hundred made and need enough to make that many more as it takes eighteen hundred to complete a spread. Mrs. E. G. Buchanan, 614 E. 5th St., Charlotte, N. C.

24. I would like some cheer in my home as I live way back in the mountains. We are seven miles from the Post-office and our nearest neighbor is one quarter of a mile away. I have two little girls, 5 and 3 years of age. I would like some quilt pieces and crochet thread, also something for the children. Mrs. Nell Gardner, Scotland, Ark.

25. I wish to thank every one of my dear *Cheerful Letter* friends through this little magazine for their nice remembrances for myself and family this winter. We enjoyed the sewing and reading and hope to be remembered again. Mrs. G. Lee Roberson, Dodson, Va.

26. Mrs. J. R. Foley, Buffalo Ridge, Va., is the mother of three children, two boys 5 and 3, and one girl 1 year old. She has had two serious operations and has just returned from the hospital after the second one. She would enjoy some reading material and a few quilt scraps to help pass the time.

27. Mrs. Flora Lamson, Kernersville, N. C., who has been a member of the Exchange for twenty years, writes that she has not heard from anyone for several years. They lost their home by fire and times have not been so happy for them. There are two children, a boy 13, and a girl 11. She would appreciate any kind of cheer, especially reading.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Mrs. Lilla Smith, from Sandy Ridge to Madison, R. 1, N. C.

OFFER

For the following books write to Mrs. F. C. Brush, 29 High Street, Montclair, N. J.

EDUCATIONAL

A History of the American People. Beard and Bagley.

Psychologic Foundations of Education. Harris.

Natural Education. Winifred Stoner.
The Elementary School Curriculum (1920). Bonser.

The Unadjusted Girl. Thomas.
Business Maxims. Forbes and Drier.
A Short Course in Advertising. Osborn.
Elements of General Science. Caldwell and Eikenberry.

The Repression of Crime. Barnes.
1930 Almanac Book of Facts (paper).
American Red Cross Text Book on Home Hygiene (2 copies—paper).
Friday Nights (Essays on Literature). Garnett.

Redeeming the Republic (1864 of the War of the Rebellion). Coffin.
Three Months in France (1918). Gregg.
With Italy in Her Final War of Liberation (The Y at the Front, 1917-1918). Wannamaker.

Yashka. Maria Botchkareva.
Virginibus Puerisque. Robert Louis Stevenson.
People You Know. George Ade.

NOVELS

A Son at the Front. Edith Wharton.
Magnificent Obsession. Lloyd C. Douglas.
The Green Hat. Michael Arlen.
The House of Mohun. George Gibbs.
Florestane, the Troubadour. Julia Addison.
Sue Chuc. D. R. C.

POETRY

Chaucer's Poems.
Zorabella—a poetic tragedy. Victor Stahl.

RELIGION

The Tongue of Fire. Wm. Arthur.
The Precious Things of St. Peter. Rev. E. P. Rogers.
Applied Religion for Every Man. Best.
Homilies of Science.
What and Where Is God. Swain.
Twentieth Century Religion. Mills.
Science and Health. Mary Baker Eddy.
The Road to Freedom (lectures). Karl Chambers.

A Book of Prayer. Leffingwell.

MISCELLANEOUS

China Today through Chinese Eyes.
Men Around the Kaiser (1913). Wile.
The Balkans—a History (1915). Forbes.
Toynbee, Mitrany, Hogarth.
Pepys's Diary (1666).

WEAVERS OF NORTHERN
FRANCE

BY ELENE FOSTER

The Paris-Brussels express pulled into the little station of Bosigny, and a tall young man pacing the station platform peered expectantly into the faces of the descending passengers until his eyes rested on me with a welcoming smile.

"Wave a handkerchief as you step from the train so that our director will know you." This had been M. Rodier's parting instructions, but I had a better idea than that; thrown over my arm was a big scarf of soft beige kasha which had been woven on the Rodier looms at the Colonial Exposition and the sight of this was more efficacious than the waving of the handkerchief, for it was recognized immediately by the watcher on the platform. As a matter of fact, that scarf proved very useful as an introduction to the inhabitants of the little village through which we motored all through that long, beautiful sunny day, for it provided the opening wedge for conversation with the country people who are naturally rather shy with visitors from the far-off city of Paris.

I had long promised myself a visit to the Rodier weavers but I had not expected such an interesting experience as awaited one. I had known that the Rodier materials were woven by hand by peasants in the villages of northern France, but I was not prepared for the extent of the industry nor for the fact that the loom is quite as much a part of the cottage furniture in this region, as the stove or the great wooden bed.

As a matter of fact, there are between 600 and 700 peasants living in 29 villages in what were once the devastated regions, who are weaving the Rodier materials in their own homes on the old-fashioned wooden looms. Here are smiling faces, rosy cheeks and a genuine enthusiasm for work which it would be difficult to find in any other industrial community.

It was 60 years before the great war that the founder of the Rodier house established the weaving industry in these little villages, and weaving has been the

chief occupation of the peasants ever since, the work being handed on from father to son or mother to daughter (for many of the weavers are women). Today 29 trim little villages of neat cottages set in gay, old-fashioned gardens attest the diligence and thrift of the Rodier weavers.

It would be impossible to visit all these villages in the course of a summer's day, but the five or six to which the director took me were representative of them all. Our first call was on Monsieur, and Madame Marliot, both weavers, who live in a real story-book cottage with a lovely garden of bright, old-fashioned flowers. The kitchen-livingroom has pale blue walls and a floor so highly polished that one could almost see one's face in it. The two looms fill one end and there is a high wooden bed with spotless pillows and counterpane, oaken furniture, a grandfather's clock, and in the very center a shining white porcelain stove.

The clack-clack of the loom ceased as we entered the door and Mme. Marliot came forward to greet us. "We are enchanted to see you, Madam," was her welcome. "You must have some refreshments after your long journey. There is a gâteau de Savoie. I give you the seat of honor, Madam," and she pulled forward a big oaken chair. "It is in that very chair, I tell you truly, that M. Paul Rodier sat when he came to see us."

The Savoy cake was delicious, a first-cousin to American sponge cake, and after this refreshment we turned our attention to the wooden loom. M. Marliot was doing a very difficult piece of work, weaving a lovely soft sinilic velvet with a finely ribbed surface. He explained all the intricacies of the weaving, after which his wife called our attention to the framed document over the door which certified that M. Marliot had won the first prize for weaving at the Great Exposition.

In each of the cottages which we visited we met with the same warm welcome and the same hospitality. The interior of the various cottages differed with the personality of the owners, but

they were all neat and orderly. A number of the looms were run by small electric motors, but the careful attention of the weaver is quite as necessary as when the loom is worked entirely by hand. The average output of a weaver varies from 1½ to 2½ meters, according to the character of the material, but with the motor it is possible to make four meters of the most difficult fabric in a day. The workers themselves, however, much prefer the old-fashioned method, and Mr. Paul Rodier, the present head of the firm, shares this preference, for he feels that the little electric motor savors just a wee bit of the factory idea.

Life in these little hamlets is tranquil and harmonious, husband, wife and children all working together for the common weal. In several of the cottages we found the husband seated on the long, wooden bench before the loom, with the wife on a stool beside him, handing out the long wires which are inserted among the threads to make a ribbed effect. The oldest girl was attending to the household duties, while from the garden came the cheery whistle of the sons who were weeding the flowers or the vegetable patch.

There was one cottage in which there were four looms which almost filled the room, for the father, mother and grown-up son and daughter were all weavers, each working on a different material. It was almost noon when we reached this cottage and the "pot-au-feu" was bubbling in a shiny brass kettle on the stove, sending out the most appetizing odors, while the neat enamel-covered table nearby was set with bowls and glasses, knives and spoons, and offered at least a half meter of crisp French bread, a pat of yellow butter, and a generous slice of cheese. We made a long call at this cottage, for the father, a most intelligent man, an artist as well as an artisan, initiated us into the mysteries of weaving the elaborately embroidered sinilic on which he was at work. The daughter, who looked for all the world like a New England spinster, was much interested in hearing about the winter fashion col-

lections, particularly of the part which the Rodier materials played in them. Was it true that woolen materials were taking the place of silk? Had I seen frocks of the new Rodier velvet and had I noticed how beautifully it draped and what deep shadows lurked in its folds?

"Business goes well for us this season," she said. "We have already so many orders that we must work at night, but we are glad that it is so, for it is a sign of better times. We have not been so busy for the past two years on account of the 'crise Americain.'"

It is a far cry from Wall Street to Bosigny and yet, apparently, the great wave of financial change was felt even in this peaceful backwater.

The aroma of that "pot-au-feu" gave me such an appetite that I did full justice to the delicious luncheon which the wife of the director of the Rodier work had prepared in her charming villa in the thriving little town of Bohain, which is the center of the weaving district.

This intimate glimpse of the life of a typical French provincial family was an unexpected pleasure. After luncheon, I was conducted through the great building which is the receiving and distributing station for the Rodier fabrics. Here the lorries unload their rolls of finished material, which are measured and carefully inspected and if any defects are found these are repaired by skilled needlewomen. As soon as the goods are ready for shipment, the weaver receives his pay; there is no waiting until the end of the month or even till the end of the week, it is "cash on delivery" with the Rodiers.

In this same building the bobbins are wound and warps prepared for the weavers and here are stored the looms and motors and all the other paraphernalia connected with the industry. Here, too, the new designs are tried out before the patterns are sent to the weavers.

The Messieurs Rodier have also established in Bohain a technical school for educating the younger generation in the art of weaving. There are at present between 60 and 70 lads who, after working

hours, attend evening classes in mechanics and drawing and designing as well as actual weaving. Often a pupil develops such a talent for designing that his patterns are used for new materials.

But the interest of the Rodier family does not stop with the education of the next generation of its workers; it cares, as well, for those who have grown old in its service. Standing on a hillside overlooking the surrounding country is a large two-story brick building with long French windows, generous porches and long wings spreading over the ground. Here the aged workers who have not been able to save enough for their old age are given a comfortable room, good food and clothing and an allowance of pocket money by employers who are delighted to show in this way their appreciation of industry and worth.

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

Looking through a friend's library for a book to take with me out under the trees, I came across an old one describing the life of a man who built a little cabin on an island off the Connecticut coast, not far from a little fishing village, and lived there the leisurely life of one who needed little. After working merrily all forenoon with his boat and his fishing tackle he spent the rest of the day loafing.

"All the world's activity," he said, "is prompted by its search for delight, and he who finds it, sitting at his ease, achieves as much as he who opens a new diamond mine."

The trouble with so many of us is that we demand so many material things for our happiness that we miss finding the happiness we seek. We work feverishly to provide for our happiness and find that in our rush and hurry we have missed it somewhere along the road.

We are rich indeed when we have learned that the true riches are of the spirit and that those of us who have happy hearts have already found our way into the kingdom of heaven.

—*The Blue Flower.*

SEVEN SPECIAL AIMS

1. Fill every period of your child's life with the joy of companionship so that none of it will be dreary.

2. Help your child to gain an inner self-control. He will thus be able to endure sharp experiences unflinchingly.

3. From his earliest year teach your child to overcome fear. His freedom of thought and action will fit him for constructive activities of all kinds.

4. Stimulate your child's curiosity. When he asks you questions encourage his interest in and wonder at life by reasonable, satisfactory answers.

5. If your child has a sense of inferiority, seek to overcome it by dwelling upon that which makes him strong. Thus he will lose sight of his weakness in fun and achievement.

6. Remember that a well-rounded child needs to have a zest for life. Your attitude will assist him to deal with his world unsentimentally and with wisdom.

7. Last, but not least, develop in your child a deep confidence in the moral world. This you must feel yourself before you can ever communicate it to him.

—*Ernest B. Groves, professor of sociology in the University of North Carolina and one of the advisory editors of the Parents' Magazine.*

WHAT GOD HATH PROMISED

God hath not promised

Skies always blue,

Flower-strewn pathways

All our lives through;

God hath not promised

Sun without rain,

Joy without sorrow,

Peace without pain.

But God hath promised

Strength for the day,

Rest from the labor,

Light for the way,

Grace for the trials,

Help from above,

Unfailing sympathy,

Undying love.

—*Annie Johnson Flint.*

Be still and know that I am God.

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A TALK BETWEEN FIR TREES

The ice was gone. The brook ran free from distant hills to the distant sea. The sky was blue. Birds hopped about, and here and there the buds were out. Beside the brook two fir trees stood conversing as good neighbors should.

"Well, well, well, brother," said one fir tree cheerfully. "This is spring. This is spring."

"Spring it is," said the other. "But winter's all right, too, what with the white snow by day and the stars so winter-bright at night."

"And no picnickers," said the first fir tree. "Sometimes I wish we didn't grow so near the road."

"It depends on the picnickers," said the second fir tree. "Some picnickers I like first rate."

"You mean those that pick up as well as picnic," said the first fir tree. "They're all right, too."

"I like to see 'em and hear 'em, brother," said the second fir tree.

"Why, if all picnickers were pickuppers I'd rather grow near the road, with a brook and everything to make people stop and keep us company, than anywhere else. But you know how it is. When people stop to picnic and then leave the place all cluttered up and untidy, the right kind of picnickers go somewhere else."

"I suppose those untidy people don't think," said the first fir tree. "If they thought they wouldn't do it."

"That's less and less an excuse for them," said the second fir tree. "It's being called to people's attention. A little bird told me last autumn that a great deal is being printed in the newspapers—"

"That's another thing they leave all over the place," said the first fir tree. "Newspapers! Sometimes I've wished there weren't any newspapers printed. Or paper bags made. Or pasteboard boxes. Or anything to eat put up in tin cans."

"The newspapers don't want to be left

around," said the second fir tree. "As I was saying, they are printing a great deal about how people who picnic ought to pick up afterward. And that's a good thing. The more people read about it the more there will be who will pick up."

"Some people are just lazy," said the first fir tree. "They're too lazy to pick up."

"That may be so," said the second fir tree. "But even the lazy ones, if they read some of the pieces in the paper and realize how unpleasant they make things for other people by not picking up, may be ashamed not to."

"I don't believe it will be so bad this year, brother," said the first fir tree. "You remember last fall there was a new family moved into the house on the hill, and the boy came with his express wagon and cleaned this place all up for the winter."

"A splendid boy!" said the second fir tree. "I remember him well."

"Even if some of the picnickers don't pick up," said the first fir tree, "I don't think that family will let the place stay untidy."

"We'll hope for the best," said the second fir tree.

"So we will, brother," said the first fir tree. "So we will. So we will."

—Selected.

DRAGON AND THE ROBIN

The Dragon yawned and stirred his limbs, tossing them lightly in the wind that played around the fields and woods. He was really an old tree that had fallen down long ago and been too lazy to pick himself up again, although his leaves still grew in the summer and his boughs sheltered the birds.

There was something in the air that he could not quite define, but it was a change from yesterday's cold—a certain softness, a suggestion of music that betokened warmer days and sunnier skies.

The Dragon looked about him at the gray, heavy sky, and the snow-covered grass. His branches—those wonderful

stepping-stones that the children loved to climb—were still draped in a soft, snowy cloak.

He could not make out what the difference was, but he felt quite sure there was a SOMETHING. He wondered if any of his leaves were sprouting and beginning to peep through, or if some birds had spotted a snug corner in the fork of one of his branches and intended to build a nest. But the sight of the white countryside made him realize that nest-building had not yet begun.

A small Robin alighted on Dragon's arm, and hopped around making little happy noises as if he, too, had found an extra "something" to be glad about.

"What is it?" whispered Dragon.

"What is what?" chirped Robin.

"Something—I cannot find it out—but there is something. Is the snow going?"

Robin smiled. "Going? Maybe it is going, some time, but it has not gone yet. Look at it, look at the children skating and tobogganing. Have you not had snowballs aimed at you? I had to dodge some this very morning when the boys were having a big game. It was such fun, and I longed to join in, but they did not notice me."

"Yes, I, too, have had my full share of snowballing. But I still feel something different. Perhaps it is clover," he added softly.

Robin hopped up and down in merri-ment. "How funny you are, Dragon," he cheeped. "Do you really think you can smell clover when it won't arrive for months? Can you really imagine flowers are here?"

Just as he was speaking there came the weeni-est, teeniest tinkle over the snow.

"What is it?" asked Robin under his breath.

"Bells—little bells bringing us some news. Let us ask the Wind what they are saying."

Robin hopped round to the other side of the old tree so as to catch the Wind as he flew past, and there his little bright eyes saw a beautiful sight. Close by Dragon's side, nestling against the sheltering boughs near the ground, was a

bunch of Snowdrops, glowing in the snow.

"Hello!" they called in their tinkly voices.

"Hello!" said Robin. "So it is you who are ringing the bells!"

"Yes, we decided to wake up today, because there is something different, the promise of warmer days—"

"I know what it is!" cried Robin, breaking into a little song, "It is SPRING!" and his sweet voice sang out the loveliest melody.

Dragon stirred happily and rocked his boughs from side to side, for he knew that Spring was close at hand, trailing her flowery garments over the countryside.

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

SIGNALING THROUGH THE GROUND

An Art of Serbian Herdsmen

I must mention now that the pasture lands of my native village lay alongside of a territory of a score of square miles which in some years were all planted in corn. During the months of August and September these vast cornfields were like deep forests. . . .

To prevent the herd from straying into the cornfields at night was a great task, for the performance of which the boys had to be trained in daytime by their experienced leader. It goes without saying that each day we boys first worked off our superfluous energy in wrestling, swimming, hockey and other strenuous games, and then settled down to the training in the arts of a herdsman which we had to practice at night.

One of these arts was signaling through the ground. Each boy had a knife with a long wooden handle. This knife was stuck deep into the ground. A sound was made by striking against the wooden handle, and the boys, lying down and pressing their ears close to the ground, had to estimate the direction and the distance of the origin of sound. Practice made us quite expert in this form of signaling. We knew at that time that the sound traveled through the ground far better than through the air, and that a hard and

solid ground transmitted sound much better than the plowed-up ground. We knew, therefore, that the sound produced this way near the edge of the pasture land could not be heard in the soft ground of the cornfields stretching along the edge. A Roumanian cattle thief, hidden at night in the cornfields, could not hear our ground signals and could not locate us.

Kos, the Slovenian, my teacher and interpreter of physical phenomena, could not explain this, and I doubt very much whether the average physicist of Europe at that time could have explained it. It is the basis of a discovery which I made about twenty-five years after my novel experiences in that herdsman's summer school in Idvor.—*From "Immigrant to Inventor," by Michael Pupin. (Scribners.)*

THERE IS A GARDEN THAT I KNOW

BY ELLA KIRK JELLIFFE

There is a garden that I know
Wherein the loveliest flowers grow.
One day, the Queen of all, the Rose,
Her favorite maids of honor chose:
Sweet Pea, arrayed in violet,
The scented, modest Mignonette,
The Pansy, clad in russet brown,
Alyssum in her pure white gown.

With these for fairest retinue
The Queen walked forth to see the view.
Her courtiers bowed adoringly,
Sweet William smiled quite charmingly,
Gladiolus, so grand and tall,
The bright Nasturtiums near the wall,
Clove Pinks, blue Phlox—they all were
seen
To bow in homage to their Queen.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

MRS. HARRY A. STEVENS, *Chairman*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

MISS ETHEL L. HERSEY, *Secretary*, Hingham, Mass.

MISS EDITH L. JONES, *Treasurer*, 65 Langdon Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Meetings at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, at 10.30 A.M. the first Friday of each month from October to May inclusive.

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, and to give to those living far from a church some of the inspiration of the printed word by the publication of one good sermon, or similar article in each issue of the *Cheerful Letter Magazine*. Only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed upon by all churches are printed.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To establish Circulating Libraries in isolated communities, schools, and colleges in rural and mountain districts where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available.

WHERE TO WRITE

Letters containing subscriptions to the paper, fifty cents a year, and money from the Sunshine Bags should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

Letters asking for correspondents and appeals to be printed in the *Cheerful Letter Magazine* should be sent to Mrs. John A. McCaddin, *Chairman*, 21 Ashfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

Letters asking for help in studying at home should be sent as follows: *General Information*, Mrs. Rachel J. Sands, *Chairman*, Brimble Avenue, North Beverly, Mass.; *help in elementary subjects*, Mrs. Isaac Sprague, Jr., *Assistant Chairman*, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, *Chairman*, 20 Clark Road, Wellesley Hills, Mass. A circulating Library will be started in any small community that is in need of one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references given.